



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

3 3433 08166840 6

THE
RURAL REPOSITORY

DEVOTED TO
POLITE LITERATURE,

SUCH AS MORAL AND SENTIMENTAL TALES, BIOGRAPHY, TRAVELING SKETCHES, NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS, POETRY, AMUSING
MISCELLANY, HUMOROUS AND HISTORICAL ANECDOTES, &c. &c.

ENLARGED AND IMPROVED.

VOLUME XIII.—IV. NEW SERIES.

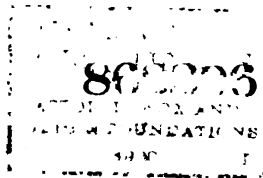
HUDSON:

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY WILLIAM B. STODDARD.

.....

1836—37.

862296



I N D E X.



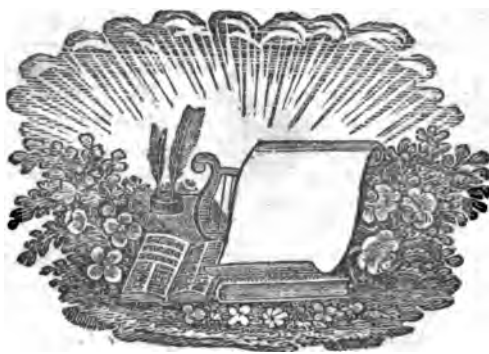
A.		E.		M.	
	Page.		Page.		Page.
A Swiss Retort	7	Extraordinary Fact	31	Modesty	23
A new Volume	ib.	Extract from Wirt	ib.	Madison, James	36
Answer to a Challenge	47	'Eighteen Years Old'	47	Mirror of Taste and Notitia Dramatica	47
Advance pay for Papers	55	Example and Precept	55	Multiplication	63
A Tight Squeeze	ib.	Early Frugality	62	Money	78
A Smart Answer	63	Edward Osborne	126	Madame Firmiani	145
A Glimpse at Mount Vernon	69	Equality	143	Mutability of Fortune	199
A Sorry Anecdote	71	Eulogy on William Penn	150		
Appearances	87	Enterprise is Wealth	175	N.	
An Assortment	ib.	Early Rising	183	New-York Express	31
An Insinuation	95			Nature's Teacher	54
An Odd Blunder mated	103	F.		New-York City	71
Anecdote	119	Fashion	38	Necessity of being well Informed	94
A Sketch	133	Fashionable and Expensive Poor	39	Naval Anecdote	191
A Rogue Outwitted	135	False Notions	71		
A Sleepy Hat	ib.	Fox, Charles James	76	O.	
Affection Strong as Death	139	Force of Habit	95	On Affectation	7
A Freak of Fortune	142	Faith and Hope	134	Ours vs. My	55
American Generals	143	French Women	199	Opinion and Judgment	63
A Late Duke of Northumberland	ib.			Original Anecdote	71
Astor, John Jacob	149	G.		Of Envy	87
Autumnal Musings	151	Gifford, William	117	Oceola, the Indian Warrior	101
Anecdote of William IV	159	General Marion	125		
A Miracle of Honesty	ib.	Getting a Situation	166	P.	
Agrarianism	167	Great Odds	199	Patroon, Life and Character of the	29
An Irish Duel	ib.			Pride	39
Anecdote	183	H.		Poetry	62
A Mother's Love	203	Houston, General	22	Principle, Integrity, Independence	71
		Hard Times	87	Punning	95
B.		Humility	135	Principle and Feeling	102
Books and Woman	63			Philosophy at five years of age	111
Being in Debt	94	I.		Public House in the Moon	151
Beauties of Nature	101	Intelligence	15	Pushmataha	180
Brotherly Love	151	Infidel Wit Repelled	39	Peace	203
Blackbird	172	Inquisitiveness	79		
Buckingham, James S.	202	Infirmity of Purpose	119	R.	
		Indian Honesty	143	Rosanna, the Ugly One	12
C.		Isabel the Orphan	161	Republic of San Marino	46
Credit	23			Royalty in Rags	47
Chase Loring	41	J.		Repartee	52
Church Music	63	Justice in a Turkish Magistrate	23	Resignation	70
Curran, the Irish Barrister	71	Job Printing	31	Reward of Relative Duty	94
Consider the End	102	Judge Marshall's respect for the Female Sex	62	Recollections of a Portrait Painter	174
Commencing Business too Early	111			Recollections of a Portrait Painter	190
Cure for a Passionate Temper	119	L.		Recollections of a Portrait Painter	198
Confessions of a Gambler	165	Laura Lovel	1		
Commentators, alias common tators	167	Lost and Won	34	S.	
Cheating Uncle Sam	175	Love in the Olden Time	35	Setting out in Love	7
Cultivation of Flowers	183	Learning how to say 'No'	38	Santa Anna, Sketch of	22
		Loitering of Travel—Kenilworth	53	Singular Coincidence	47
D.		Loiterings of Travel—The Streets of London	61	Sign	ib.
Distressing Accident	47	Love, Death and Reputation	77	Scenes at Washington	59
Decisive Integrity	149	Loneliness	119	Self-Flattery	63
Disbanding of the Revolutionary Army	151	Last Moments of Lafayette	127	Sentiment	95
Davidson, Lucretia Maria	157	Lord Nelson	150	Self Forgetfulness	119
Death preferred to Dishonor	159	Love and Diplomacy	153	Sweets of Liberty	175
Daughters	183	Landon, Lætitia Elizabeth	163		
		Lydia Ashbaugh, the Witch	177		
		Lawsuits	204		

I N D E X .

T.		Page.	Page.	Page.	
Tomazewski, Antoinette	6	The Wooing at Grafton	97	The King and the Antelope	190
The World	15	The Daughter	105	The Sick Certificate	193
The Fall of Bexar	25	The Falls of Niagara	109	The Present and the Future	199
The Literary Emporium	31	The Spirit of the Night	110	The Borrowed Pelerine	201
The Surprise	33	The Soldier's Return	118	The Family Logues	203
The World—A Vision	37	The Broken Flower	126		
The Devil's Wig	39	The Lost Son	129	V.	
To Parents	46	The Speculator	132	Valuable Water Privileges	155
The Mother of Washington	54	Tendency of True Greatness	134		
The Expiation	57	The Rich Man's Daughters	135	W.	
Truth	63	True Friendship	ib.	West Point	4
The old Maid's Legacy	65	True Honesty	143	What will the World say	38
'The way I got Married'	70	The Dead of 1836	150	Wythe, George	85
The Vision of Columbus	79	The Insolvent Negro	151	Wright, Susanna	92
To Apprentices	ib.	The Mind of Man	158	Want of Decision	103
The Spirit of the Potomac	81	To Young Ladies	159	Wholesome Scraps	127
The Consumptive	86	The Soul	ib.	Washington, Martha	133
The Highwayman off his Guard	87	The Road to Happiness	165	Women of the United States	141
The Dying Girl	92	Temptation	167	Word of Honor	143
The True use of Riches	93	The White Horseman	171		
The reason why	95	The Biter Bit	175	Y.	
		The Oak of the Village	182	Yankee Doodle	15
		The Greek Bride	189	You can't Marry your Grandmother	137

P O E T R Y .

	Page.		Page.		Page.
Ills of Life	8	Apprehensions	72	The Departed	144
The Dying Wife	ib.	Stanzas	ib.	A Fragment	ib.
The Dead	ib.	The Meteor	ib.	Partings	ib.
My Mother	ib.	Solyman Sheik, Prince of the Ogusian Turks	80	The Rose in Winter	152
The Heart	ib.	Alone with the Dead	ib.	My Spirit's Lyre	ib.
The Land of Dreams	16	A Chase at Lebanon	ib.	Mother's Love	ib.
The Day-Dream	ib.	Remembrances	ib.	Past and Present	ib.
If Thou hast lost a Friend	ib.	A Fragment	88	Ballad	ib.
A Thought	ib.	The Young Widow	ib.	A Parody	160
Pilgrim, on thy journey starting	24	To a Lady uttering a Slandorous Word	ib.	The Loss of the Mexico	ib.
Life!—Its Similitudes	ib.	To my Sisters	ib.	The Link of Nature	ib.
Stanzas	ib.	Lines on observing my infant start, and then smile in its sleep	ib.	March	ib.
'He Died'	ib.	The Goldfinch and the Nightingale	96	Other Days	ib.
The Scattered Household	32	The loved One that sleeps far away	ib.	Friendship	168
I saw thy form in youthful prime	ib.	Try and perhaps thou mayst not err	ib.	Stanzas on the Death of Mrs. Hemans	ib.
Man's Love	ib.	The Mountain Stream	ib.	To a Star	ib.
Woman's Love	ib.	Summer Flowers	ib.	Boyhood	ib.
The City of the Dead	ib.	The Magic Veil's Removed	104	The Use of Flowers	176
True Happiness	40	The Ancient Family Clock	ib.	The Bride of the Fallen	ib.
The Humming-Bird	ib.	The Mother's Jewel	ib.	To my Babe	ib.
The Spirit of Beauty	ib.	Winter	ib.	Trust in Heaven	ib.
Melody	ib.	On the Death of Mrs. D. C. Rogers	112	April	184
Night Watching	48	To * * *	ib.	A Domestic Picture	ib.
Columbia's Freedom	ib.	Too Soon	ib.	Saturday Evening	ib.
The Little Boat Builders	ib.	Burial of the Emigrant's Babe	ib.	Walk with the Lord	ib.
She is no more	ib.	To an Ancient Inkstand	ib.	Spring	ib.
The Departed	56	A Name in the Sand	120	To that Lock of Sunny Hair	192
Lines by a person long resident in a foreign country on his return home	ib.	The Imprisoned Knight	ib.	The Calling of God	ib.
The Gentle Nurse	ib.	The Dead	ib.	The Departed	ib.
What is Love!	ib.	Fraternity of Man	ib.	God is every where	ib.
Our Father's Hearth	ib.	The Carrier's Address	128	The Dead Mother and Sleeping Child	200
Adieu to Childhood	64	Death of an Infant in its Mother's arms	ib.	He Came too Late	ib.
Time	ib.	For Love is Strong as Death	ib.	The Rose of May	ib.
The Lady-Bug and the Ant	ib.	The Spartan Mother	136	The Neglected Boy to his Mother	ib.
'Pass on Relentless World!'	ib.	The Clouds	ib.	Cling not to Earth	ib.
Lines written in a Sketch-Book by a Printer	ib.	True Friendship	ib.	Oh! What are Earth's Flowers?	204
Farewell to U**** A*****	72	Lines Addressed to a Child Deaf and Dumb	ib.	Walter Scott and Washington Irving	ib.
The Wreck at Sea	ib.	Washington's Birth Day	144	A Thought on Death	ib.
				To a Group of Playing Children	ib.



DEVOTED TO POLITE LITERATURE, SUCH AS MORAL AND SENTIMENTAL TALES, ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS, BIOGRAPHY, TRAVELING SKETCHES, AMUSING MISCELLANY, HUMOROUS AND HISTORICAL ANECDOTES, SUMMARY, POETRY, &c.

VOL. XIII.—[IV. NEW SERIES.]

HUDSON, N. Y. SATURDAY, JUNE 18, 1836.

NO. 1.

SELECT TALES.

From the Lady's Book.

Laura Lovel.

A SKETCH—FOR LADIES ONLY ;

BY MISS LESLIE.

This world is still deceived with ornament.—*Shakspeare.*

LAURA LOVEL was the eldest surviving daughter of a clergyman settled in a retired and beautiful village at the western extremity of the state of Massachusetts. Between Laura and her two youngest sisters, three other children had died. Being so much their senior, it was in her power to assist her father materially in the instruction of Ella and Rosa ; as after his family had become small, Mr. Lovel thought it best that the two little girls should receive all their education at home and never were children that conferred more credit on their teachers. Mrs. Lovel was a plain good woman, of excellent practical sense, a notable seamstress, and a first rate housewife. Few families were more perfectly happy, notwithstanding that the limited income of Mr. Lovel (though sufficient for comfort) left them little or nothing for superfluities.

They had a very neat house standing in the center of a flourishing garden, in which, utility had been the first consideration, though blended as far as possible with beauty. The stone fence looked like a hedge of nasturtions. The pillars supporting the rustic piazza that surrounded the house, where the rough trunks of small trees with a sufficient portion of the chief branches remaining, to afford resting places for the luxuriant masses of scarlet beans that ran over them ; furnishing when the blossoms were off, and the green pods full grown, an excellent vegetable-dish for the table. The house was shaded with fruit-trees exclusively ; the garden shrubs were all raspberry, currant, and gooseberry, and the flowers were chiefly those that had medicinal properties, or could be turned to culinary purposes—with the exception of some that were cultivated purposely for the bees. A meadow which pastured two cows and a horse completed the little domain.

About the time that Laura Lovel had

finished her seventeenth year, there came to the village of Rosebrook an old friend of her father's, whom he had long since lost sight of. They had received their early education at the same school, they had met again at college, and had some years after performed together a voyage to India ; Mr. Brantley as supercargo, Mr. Lovel as a missionary. Mr. Brantley had been very successful in business, and was now a merchant of wealth and respectability with a handsome establishment in Boston. Mr. Lovel had settled down as pastor of the principal church in his native village.

The object of Mr. Brantley's present visit to Rosebrook, was to inquire personally into the state of some property he still retained there. Mr. Lovel would not allow his old friend to remain at the tavern, but insisted that his house should be his abiding place ; and they had much pleasure in comparing their reminiscences of former times. As their chief conversation was on topics common to both, Mr. Lovel did not perceive that, except upon mercantile subjects, Mr. Brantley had acquired few new ideas since they had last met, and that his reading was confined exclusively to the newspapers. But he saw that in quiet good-nature, and easiness of disposition, his old friend was still the same as in early life.

Mr. Brantley was so pleased with every member of the Lovel family, and liked his visit so much, that he was induced to prolong it two days beyond his first intention ; and he expressed an earnest desire to take Laura home with him, to pass a few weeks with his wife and daughter. This proposal, however, was declined, with sincere acknowledgments for its kindness ; Mr. Lovel's delicacy making him unwilling to send his daughter as a guest to a lady who as yet was ignorant of her existence, and Laura sharing in her father's scruples.

Mr. Brantley took his leave : and three months afterwards, he paid a second visit to Rosebrook, for the purpose of selling his property in that neighborhood. He brought with him a short but very polite letter

from his wife to Mr. and Mrs. Lovel, renewing the invitation for Laura, and pressing it in a manner that could scarcely be withstood. Mr. Lovel began to waver ; Mrs. Lovel thought it was time that Laura should see a little of the world, and Laura's speaking looks told how much pleasure she anticipated from the excursion. The two little girls, though their eyes filled at the idea of being separated from their beloved sister, most magnanimously joined in entreating permission for her to go, as they saw that she wished it. Finally, Mr. Lovel consented ; and Laura seemed to tread on air while making her preparations for the journey.

That evening, at the hour of family worship, her father laid his hand on Laura's head, and uttered a fervent prayer for the preservation, of her health and happiness during her absence from the paternal roof. Mrs. Lovel and all her daughters were deeply affected, and Mr. Brantley looked very much inclined to participate in their emotion.

Early next morning, Mr. Brantley's chaise was at the door, and Laura took leave of the family with almost as many tears and kisses as if she had been going to cross the Atlantic. Little Ella, who was about eight years old, presented her, at parting, with a very ingenious needle-hook of her own making, and Rosa, who was just seven, gave her as a keepsake, an equally clever pincushion. She promised to bring them new books and other little presents from Boston, a place in which they supposed every thing that the world produced, could be obtained without difficulty.

Finally, the last farewell was uttered, the last kiss was given, and Laura Lovel took her seat in the chaise beside Mr. Brantley, who drove off at a rapid pace ; and in a few moments, a turn in the road hid from her view the house of her father, and the affectionate group that still lingered at its gate to catch the latest glimpse of the vehicle that was bearing away from them the daughter and the sister.

As they proceeded on their journey, Laura's spirits gradually revived, and she soon became interested or delighted with every thing she beheld ; for she had a quick per-

ception, with a mind of much intelligence and depth of observation.

The second day of their journey had nearly closed before the spires of the Boston churches, and the majestic dome of the State House met the intense gaze of our heroine. Thousands of lights soon twinkled over the city of the three hills, and the long vistas of lamps that illuminated the bridges, seemed to the unpractised eyes of Laura Lovel to realize the glories of the Arabian Nights. 'Oh!' she involuntarily exclaimed, 'if my dear little sisters could only be with me now.'

As they entered by the western avenue, and as Mr. Brantley's residence was situated in the eastern part of the city, Laura had an opportunity of seeing as she passed, a vast number of lofty, spacious, and noble-looking dwelling-houses, in the erection of which the patrician families of Boston, have perhaps surpassed all the other aristocracies of the Union; for sternly republican as are our laws and institutions, it cannot be denied that in private life every section of our commonwealth has its aristocracy.

At length they stopped at Mr. Brantley's door, and Laura had a very polite reception from the lady of the mansion, an indolent, good-natured, insipid woman, the chief business of whose life was dress and company. Mr. Brantley had purchased a large and handsome house in the western part of the town, to which the family were to remove in the course of the autumn, and it was Mrs. Brantley's intention when they were settled in their new and elegant establishment to get into a higher circle, and to have weekly soirees. To make her parties the more attractive, she was desirous of engaging some very pretty young lady, (a stranger with a new face) to pass the winter with her. She had but one child, a pert, forward girl about fourteen, thin, pale, and seeming 'as if she suffered a great deal in order to look pretty.' She sat, stood and moved, as if in constant pain from the tightness of her corsets, the smallness of her sleeve-holes, and the narrowness of her shoes. Her hair, having been kept long during the whole period of her childhood, was exhausted with incessant tying, brushing and curling, and she was already obliged to make artificial additions to it. It was at this time, a mountain of bows, plaits, and puffs; and her costume was in every respect that of a woman of twenty. She was extremely anxious to come out, as it is called, but her father insisted on her staying in, till she had finished her education; and her mother had been told that it was very impolitic to allow young ladies to 'appear in society' at too early an age, as they were always supposed to be older than they really were, and therefore would be the sooner considered passed.

After tea, Mrs. Brantley reclined herself idly in one of the rocking-chairs, Mr. Brantley retired to the back parlor to read undisturbed the evening papers, and Augusta took up some bead-work, while Laura looked over the souvenirs with which the center-table was strewn.

'How happy you must be, Miss Brantley,' said Laura, 'to have it in your power to read so many new books.'

'As to reading,' replied Augusta, 'I never have any time to spare for that purpose, what with my music, and my dancing, and my lessons in French conversation, and my bead-work; then I have every-day to go out shopping, for I always will choose every thing for myself. Mamma has not the least idea of my taste; at least, she never remembers it. And then there is always some business with the mantua-makers and milliners. And I have so many morning visits to pay with mamma—and in the afternoon I am generally so tired that I can do nothing but put on a wrapper, and throw myself on the bed, and sleep till it is time to dress for evening.'

'Oh!' thought Laura Lovel, how differently do we pass our time at Rosebrook! Is not this a beautiful engraving?' she continued, holding one of the open souvenirs towards Augusta.

'Yes—pretty enough,' replied Augusta, scarcely turning her head to look at it—'mamma, do not you think I had better have my green pelerine cut in scollops rather than in points?'

'I think,' replied Mrs. Brantley, 'that scollops are the prettiest.'

'Really mamma,' said Augusta, petulantly, 'it is very peculiar in you to say so, when you ought to know that scollops have had their day, and that points have come round again.'

'Very well then my love,' replied Mrs. Brantley indolently, 'consult your own taste.'

'That I always do,' said Augusta, half aside to Laura, who addressing herself to Mrs. Brantley, made some inquiry about the last new novel.

'I cannot say that I have read it,' answered Mrs. Brantley, 'at least, I don't know that I have. Augusta, my love, do you recollect if you have heard me say any thing about the last new book—the—a—the—what is it you call it, Miss Lovel?'

'La! mamma,' said Augusta, 'I should as soon expect you to write a book as to read one.'

There was a pause for a minute or two. Augusta then leaning back towards her mother, exclaimed—'Upon second thought, I think I will have the green pelerine scolloped, and the blue one pointed. But the points shall be squared at the ends—on that I am determined.'

Laura now took up a volume of the juvenile

annual, entitled the Pearl, and said to Augusta—'You have, most probably, a complete set of the Pearl.'

'After all mamma,' pursued Augusta, 'butterfly bows are much prettier than shell bows. What were you saying just now, Miss Lovel, about my having a set of pearls?—you may well ask,—looking spitefully towards the back-parlor, in which her father was sitting. 'Papa holds out that he will not give me a set till I am eighteen—and as to gold chains, and corals, and cornelians, I am sick of them, and I won't wear them at all—so you see me without any ornaments whatever, which you must think very peculiar.'

Laura had tact enough to perceive that any further attempt at a conversation on books, would be unavailing; and she made some inquiry about the annual exhibition of pictures at the Athenæum.

'I believe it is a very good one,' replied Mrs. Brantley. 'We stopped there one day on our way to dine with some friends out of town. But as the carriage was waiting, and the horses were impatient, we only stayed a few minutes, just long enough to walk round.'

'Oh! yes, mamma,' cried Augusta, 'and don't you recollect we saw Miss Darford there in a new dress of lavender-colored grenadine, though grenadines having been over these hundred years. And there was pretty Mrs. Lenham, as the gentleman call her, in a puce-coloured italianet, though italianets have been out for ages. And don't you remember Miss Grover's canary-colored reps bonnet, that looked as if it had been made in the ark. The idea of any one wearing reps!—a thing that has not been seen since the flood! Only think of reps!'

Laura Lovel wondered what reps could possibly be. 'Now I talk of bonnets,' pursued Augusta; 'pray, mamma, did you tell Miss Pipingcord that I would have my Tuscan leghorn trimmed with the lilac and green riband, instead of the blue and yellow?'

'Indeed,' replied Mrs. Brantley. 'I found your cousin Mary so extremely ill this afternoon when I went to see her, and my sister so very uneasy on her account, that I absolutely forgot to call at the milliner's as I had promised you.'

'Was there ever any thing so vexatious!' exclaimed, Augusta, throwing down her bead-work—'Really, mamma, there is no trusting you at all. You never remember to do any thing you are desired.' And flying to the bell she rang it with violence.

'I could think of nothing but poor Mary's danger,' said Mrs. Brantley, 'and the twenty-five leeches that I saw on her forehead.'

'Dreadful!' ejaculated Augusta. 'But you might have supposed that the leeches would do her good, as of course they will. Here, William,' addressing the servant man that

had just entered; 'run as if you were running for your life to Miss Pipingcord, the milliner, and tell her upon no account whatever, to trim Miss Brantley's Tuscan Leghorn with the blue and yellow riband that was decided on yesterday. Tell her I have changed my mind and resolved upon the lilac and green. Fly as if you had not another moment to live, or Miss Pipingcord will have already trimmed the bonnet with the blue and yellow.'

'And then,' said Mrs. Brantley, 'go to Mrs. Ashmore's, and inquire how Miss Mary is this evening.'

'Why, mamma,' exclaimed Augusta; 'aunt Ashmore lives so far from Miss Pipingcord's that it will be ten or eleven o'clock before William gets back, and I shall be all that time on thorns to know if she has not already disfigured my bonnet with the vile blue and yellow.'

'Yesterday,' said Mrs. Brantley, 'you admired that very riband extremely.'

'So I did,' replied Augusta, 'but I have been thinking about it since, and as I tell you, I have changed my mind. And now that I have set my heart upon the lilac and green, I absolutely detest the blue and yellow.'

'But I am really very anxious to know how Mary is to-night,' said Mrs. Brantley.

'Oh!' replied Augusta, 'I dare say the leeches have relieved her. And if they have not, no doubt Dr. Warren will order twenty-five more—or something else that will answer the purpose.—She is in very good hands—I am certain that in the morning we shall hear she is considerably better. At all events I will not wear the hateful blue and yellow riband—William what are you standing for?'

The man turned to leave the room, but Mrs. Brantley called him back. 'William,' said she, 'tell one of the women to go to Mrs. Ashmore's and inquire how Miss Mary is.'

'Eliza and Matilda are both out,' said William, 'and Louisa is crying with the tooth-ache, and steaming her face over hot herbs—I guess she won't be willing to walk so far in the night-air, just out of the steam.'

'William!' exclaimed Augusta, stamping with her foot, 'don't stand here talking, but go at once; there's not a moment to lose. Tell Miss Pipingcord if she has put on that horrid ribin, she must take it off again, and charge it in the bill, if she pretends she can't afford to lose it, as I dare say she will—and tell her to be sure and send the bonnet home early in the morning—I am dying to see it.'

To all this Laura Lovel had sat listening in amazement, and could scarcely conceive the possibility of the mind of so young a girl being totally absorbed in things that concerned nothing but external appearance. She had yet to learn that a passion for dress, when thoroughly excited in the female bosom, and carried to excess, has a direct tendency to

cloud the understanding, injure the temper, and harden the heart.

Till the return of William, Augusta seemed indeed to be on thorns. At last he came, and brought with him the bonnet, trimmed with the blue and yellow. Augusta snatched it out of the bandbox, and stood speechless with passion, and William thus delivered his message from the milliner—

'Miss Pippincod sends word that she had ribanded the bonnet afore I come for it—she says she has used up all her laylock green for another lady's bonnet, as chose it this very afternoon; and she guesses you won't stand no chance of finding no more of it, if you sarch Boston through; and she says, she shew you all her ribands yesterday, and you chose the yellow blue yourself, and she han't got no more ribands as you'd be likely to like. Them's her very words.'

'How I hate milliners!' exclaimed Augusta, and ringing for the maid that always assisted her in undressing, she flounced out of the room and went to bed.

'Miss Lovel,' said Mrs. Brantley, smiling, 'you must excuse dear Augusta. She is extremely sensitive about every thing, and that is the reason she is apt to give way to these little fits of irritation.'

Laura retired to her room, grieving to think how unamiable a young girl might be made, by the indulgence of an inordinate passion for dress.

Augusta's cousin Mary did not die.

The following day was to have been devoted to shopping, and to making some additions to the simple wardrobe of Laura Lovel, for which purpose her father had given her as much money as he could possibly spare. But it rained till late in the afternoon, and Mrs. Brantley's coach was out of order, and the Brantleys (like many other families that keep carriages of their own) could not conceive the possibility of hiring a similar vehicle upon any exigency whatever.

It is true that the present case was in reality no exigency at all; but Mrs. Brantley and her daughter seemed to consider it as such, from the one watching the clouds all day as she sat at the window, in her rocking-chair, and the other wandering about like a troubled spirit, fretting all the time, and complaining of the weather. Laura got through the hours very well, between reading *Souvenirs*, (almost the only books in the house,) and writing a long letter, to inform her family of her safe arrival, and to describe her journey. Towards evening, a coach was heard to stop at the door, and there was a violent ringing, followed by a loud sharp voice in the entry, inquiring for Mrs. Brantley, who started from her rocking-chair, as Augusta exclaimed 'Miss Frampton!—I know 'tis Miss Frampton!' The young lady rushed into the hall,

while her mother advanced a few steps, and Mr. Brantley threw down his paper, and hastened into the front-parlor with a look that expressed any thing but satisfaction.

There was no time for comment or preparation.—The sound was heard of baggage depositing, and in a few moments Augusta returned to the parlor, hanging lovingly on the arm of a lady in a very handsome traveling dress, who flew to Mrs. Brantley and kissed her familiarly, and then shook hands with her husband, and was introduced by him, to our heroine.

Miss Frampton was a fashionable looking woman of no particular age. Her figure was good, but her features were the contrary, and the expression of her eye was strikingly bad. She had no relations, but she talked incessantly of her friends—for so she called every person whom she ever knew by sight, provided always that they were *presentable* people. She had some property, on the income of which she lived, exercising close economy in every thing but dress.—Sometimes she boarded out, and sometimes she billeted herself on one or other of these said friends, having no scruples of delicacy to deter her from eagerly availing herself of the slightest hint that might be construed into the semblance of an invitation. In short, she was assiduous in trying to get acquainted with every body from whom any thing was to be gained, flattering them to their faces, though she abused them behind their backs. Still, strange to tell, she had succeeded in forcing her way into the out-works of what is called society. She drest well, professed to know every body, and to go everywhere, was au fait to all the gossip of the day, and could always furnish ample food for the too prevailing appetite for scandal. Therefore, though every one disliked Miss Frampton, still every one tolerated her; and though a notorious calumniator, she excited so much fear, that it was generally thought safer to keep up some slight intercourse with her, than to affront her by throwing her off entirely.

Philadelphia was her usual place of residence; but she had met the Brantley family at the Saratoga Springs, had managed to accompany them to New-York on their way home, had boarded at Bunker's during the week they stayed at that house, had assisted them in their shopping expeditions, and professed a violent regard for Augusta, who professed the same for her. Mrs. Brantley's slight intimation 'she should be glad to see her if ever she came to Boston,' Miss Frampton had now taken advantage of, on pretext of benefitting by change of air. Conscious of her faded looks, but still hoping to pass for a young woman, she pretended always to be in precarious health, though of this there was seldom any proof positive.

On being introduced to Laura Lovel, as to a young lady on a visit to the family, Miss Frampton, who at once considered her an interloper, surveyed our heroine from head to foot, with something like a sneer, and exchanged significant glances with Augusta.

As soon as Miss Frampton had taken her seat, 'My dear Mrs. Brantley,' said she, 'how delighted I am to see you! And my sweet Augusta too! Why she has grown a perfect sylph!'

After hearing this, Augusta could not keep her seat five minutes together, but was gliding and flitting about all the remainder of the evening, and hovering round Miss Frampton's chair.

Miss Frampton continued, 'Yes, my dear Mrs. Brantley, my health has, as usual, been extremely delicate. My friends have been seriously alarmed for me, and all my physicians have been quite miserable on my account. Dr. Dengue has been seen driving through the streets like a madman, in his haste to get to me. Poor man—you must have heard the report of his suffering Mrs. Smith's baby to die with the croup, from neglecting to visit it, which if true, was certainly in very bad taste. However, Dr. Dengue is one of my oldest friends, and a most charming man.'

'But, as I was saying, my health still continued delicate, and excitement was unanimously recommended by the medical gentlemen—excitement and ice-cream. And as soon as this was known in society, it is incredible how many parties were made for me, and how many excursions were planned on my account. I had carriages at my door day and night. My friends were absolutely dragging me from each other's arms. Finally they all suggested entire change of air, and total change of scene. So I consented to tear myself awhile from my beloved Philadelphia, and pay you my promised visit in Boston.'

'We are much obliged to you,' said Mrs. Brantley. 'And really,' pursued Miss Frampton, 'I had so many engagements on my hands, that I had fixed five different days for starting, and disappointed five different escorts. My receiving-room was like a levee every morning at visiting hours, with young gentlemen of fashion, coming to press their services, as is always the case when it is reported in Philadelphia that Miss Frampton has a disposition to travel. A whole procession of my friends accompanied me to the steamboat, and I believe I had more than a dozen elegant smelling-bottles presented to me—as it is universally known how much I always suffer during a journey, being deadly sick on the water, and in a constant state of nervous agitating while riding.'

'And who did you come with at last?' asked Mrs. Brantley.

'Oh! with my friends the Twamberleys;

of your city,' replied Miss Frampton. 'The whole family had been at Washington, and as soon as I heard they were in Philadelphia on their return home, I sent to inquire—that is, or rather, I mean *they* sent to inquire as soon as they came to town, and heard that I intended visiting Boston—they sent to inquire if I would make them happy by joining their party.'

'Well,' observed Mr. Brantley, 'I cannot imagine how you got along with all the Twamberleys. Mr. Twamberley, besides being a clumsy fat man, upwards of seventy years old, and lame with the gout, and nearly quite deaf, and having cataracts coming on both eyes, is always obliged to travel with his silly young wife, and the eight children of her first husband, and I should think he had enough to do in taking care of himself and them. I wonder you did not prefer availing yourself of the politeness of some of the single gentlemen you mentioned.'

'Oh!' replied Miss Frampton, 'any of them would have been too happy, as they politely expressed it, to have had the pleasure of waiting on me to Boston. Indeed, I knew not how to make a selection, being unwilling to offend any of them by a preference. And then again, it is always in better taste for young ladies to travel, and indeed to go every where, under the wing of a married woman. I doat upon chaperones, and by coming with this family, I had Mrs. Twamberley to matronize me. I have just parted with them all at their own door, where they were set down.'

Mr. Brantley smiled when he thought of Mrs. Twamberley (who had been married to her first husband at fifteen, and was still a blooming girlish looking woman) matronizing the faded Miss Frampton, so evidently by many years her senior.

Laura Lovel, though new to the world, had sufficient good sense and penetration to perceive almost immediately, that Miss Frampton was a woman of much vanity and pretension, and she was in the habit of talking with great exaggeration; and in a short time she more than suspected that many of her assertions were arrant falsehoods—a fact that was well known to all those numerous persons that Miss Frampton called her *friends*.

Tea was now brought in and Miss Frampton took occasion to relate in what manner she had discovered that the famous silver urn of that charming family, the Sam Kettlethorpe, was, in reality only plated—that her particular favorites, the Joe Sowerbys, showed such bad taste at their great terrapin supper, as to have green hock-glasses for the champagne; and that those delightful people, the Bob Skutterbys, the first time they attempted the new style of heaters at a venison dinner, had them filled with spirits of turpentine, instead of spirits of wine.

Next morning, Miss Frampton did not appear at the breakfast table, but had her first meal carried into her room, and Augusta breakfasted with her. Between them, Laura Lovel was discussed at full length, and their conclusion was, she had not a single good feature—that her complexion was nothing, her figure nothing, and her dress worse than nothing.

'I don't suppose,' said Augusta, 'that her father has given her much money to bring to town with her.'

To be sure he has not,' replied Miss Frampton, 'if he is only a poor country clergyman. I think it was in very bad taste for him to let her come at all.'

'Well,' said Augusta, 'we must take her a shopping this morning, and try to get her fitted out, so as to make a decent appearance at Nahant, as we were going thither in a few days.'

'Then I have come just in the right time,' said Miss Frampton. 'Nahant is the very place I wish to visit—My sweet friend Mrs. Dick Pewsey has given me such an account of it. She says there is considerable style there. She passed a week at Nahant when she came to Boston last summer.'

'Oh! I remember her,' cried Augusta. 'She was a mountain of blonde lace.'

'Yes,' observed Miss Frampton, 'and not an inch of that blonde has yet been paid for, or ever will be. I know it from good authority.'

[To be Continued.]

West Point.

'Blest are the memories linked with thee,
Boast of a glory hallowed land!
Hope of the valiant and the free,
Home of their youthful soldier band.'

If each bright spot on earth is indeed benignantly shone upon by some 'bright particular star' in night's glorious canopy, then may we hope that the hallowed one which we have named is under no despicable influence. *Hallowed* by the footsteps of Washington and Kosciusko; consecrated by a nation to the Spartan-like training of a few devoted sons; nor less sacredly secluded by nature as the scene of retirement and study; it seems alike calculated to please the pensive sage and the aspiring youthful soldier; while even female loveliness vouchsafes to paint its memories in hues of hope and brightness, as the *'boast of a glory hallowed land.'*

Courteous reader, if it has ever been your privilege, of a gentle summer's day, to sail down the picturesque river Hudson, are you not glad to recognize the lovely scene here presented, as the view of West-Point from the Highlands? You have passed by Newburgh and are entering the mountain gap, through which the waters have forced their rugged way. They seem baffled in the struggle, and you glance forward to the stern shore which seemed to repel their progress; saying to the proud wave, 'thus far shalt thou come,

and no farther ;' when suddenly your eye is arrested by our nation's flag, proudly flying over a little sunny plain, a chance nook, where nature seems to have rested ere she began to pile the circumjacent mountains, and where signs of martial pomp soon announce the location of the military academy. In the foreground is the new and spacious Hotel, where my convivial host stands waiting to receive you ; beyond it are the academic halls, the barracks, chapel and mess-house, appropriated to the cadets ; and on the right are the comfortable dwellings, allotted as quarters for the academic officers. On the left, at the angle of the plain, are the traces of Fort Clinton ; and on the right, towering far above Camptown, the suburb occupied by soldiers and citizens, stands Fort Putnam, on Mount Independence, venerable in its ruins—stern monument of a sterner age, which survived the attempts of treason and the assaults of tyranny, only to yield its hallowed materials to the decorating hands of a rapacious owner.* Of the three monuments which now meet your eye, the one on the right, and nearest to you, on a projecting tongue of land bordered with thick groves, is the Cadets' Monument, erected to the memory of the deceased officers and cadets of the academy. It cost \$1200. The central one near the flagstaff, is a cenotaph, erected by General Brown, to the memory of Col. Eleazer E. Wood, an early and distinguished graduate of the academy, who fell at the sortie of Fort Erie, in 1814. And the monument on the left, over the leveled redoubt or citadel of Fort Clinton, is sacred to Kosciuszko. It was completed in 1829, by the corps of cadets, at an expense of near \$5000. You now approach the wharf just beyond which is the rock, from which a chain was stretched across the river, in the time of the revolution to prevent the passage of British vessels. They broke it, however, in 1777, when they forced the passage of the highlands ; and some links of it, near three feet long, and of bar-iron near two inches square, are still preserved in the store-house.

The Military Academy was contemplated at an early period of our national existence ; with a view to the preservation of military knowledge, and the enforcement of a uniform discipline in our army. As early as 1790, General Knox, then secretary of War, in a report on the organization of the militia, says : ' Either efficient institutions must be established for the military education of youth, and the knowledge acquired therein be diffused throughout the country by the means of rotation ; of the militia must be formed of

substitutes, after the manner of the militia of Great Britain. If the United States possess the vigor of mind to establish the first institution, it may be reasonably expected to produce the most unequivocal advantages. A glorious national spirit will be introduced, with its extensive train of political consequences.' In 1793, General Washington, in his annual message to Congress, suggests the inquiry, ' whether a material feature in the improvement of the system of military defence, ought not to be, to afford an opportunity for the study of those branches of the art, which can scarcely ever be attained by practice alone.' And in his annual message of 1796, he says : ' The institution of a military academy is also recommended by cogent reasons. However pacific the general policy of a nation may be, it ought never to be without an adequate stock of military knowledge for emergencies.—Whatever argument may be drawn from particular examples, superficially viewed, a thorough examination of the subject will evince that the art of war is extensive and complicated ; that it demands much previous study ; and that the possession of it, in its most improved and perfect state, is always of great moment to the security of a nation. This, therefore, ought to be a serious care of every government ; and for this purpose, an academy, where a regular course of instruction is given, is an obvious expedient which different nations have successfully employed.'

On the 7th of May, 1794, Congress passed an act providing for a corps of artillery and engineers, to consist of four battalions, to each of which, eight *cadets* were to be attached ; making it the duty of the Secretary of war to procure, at the public expense, the necessary books, instruments and apparatus, for the use and benefit of said corps. This was the first introduction of cadets as a grade of officers in the army of the United States. The term *cadet*, derived from the French, signifying a younger son, was previously applied in England to those young gentlemen, who seeking the situation, were trained for public employment, particularly in the service of the East India Company. In our own army it signifies an officer ranking between a lieutenant and a sergeant ; this grade having been confined to the pupils of the military academy since its establishment.

In 1798, Congress authorized the raising of an additional regiment of artillery and engineers, and increased the number of cadets to 56. In July of the same year, the President was empowered, by another act to appoint four teachers of the arts and sciences necessary for the instruction of this corps. Thus, although the cadets were not collected in one point, nor buildings erected for purposes of education ; still the principle upon

which the present institution rests was fully sanctioned ; a new grade was created in the army to which young men were exclusively entitled to be admitted ; and means were provided for their education in the science of war, that they might be fitted for stations of command.

The military academy was established by an act of Congress, March 16th, 1802, by which the military peace establishment was determined. By this act the artillery and engineers were made to constitute two distinct corps. To the corps of engineers were attached ten cadets. The 27th section provided that the said corps, when organized, ' shall be stationed at West-Point, in the State of New-York, and shall constitute a military academy.' It is also provided that the senior engineer officer present shall be superintendent of the academy ; and authorized the purchase of the necessary books, implements, and apparatus, for the use and benefit of the institution. In the following year, another act, dated February 28, 1803, empowered the President to appoint one teacher of the French language, and one teacher of drawing.

Six years after, Mr. Jefferson, then President, and who had previously expressed some doubts of the constitutionality of the academy, thus calls the attention of Congress to the subject of its welfare : ' The scale on which the military academy at West-Point was originally established, is become too limited to furnish the number of well instructed subjects in the different branches of artillery and engineering, which the public service calls for. The chief engineer, having been instructed to consider the subject, and to propose an augmentation, which might render the establishment commensurate with the present circumstances of the country, has made his report, which I now transmit for the consideration of Congress. The plan suggested by him of removing the institution to this place, (Washington) is also worthy of attention. Besides the advantage of placing it under the immediate eye of the government, it may render its benefits common to the naval department ; and will furnish opportunities of selecting on better information, the characters most qualified to fulfill the duties which the public service may call for.' The proposal to remove the academy to Washington, like several subsequent ones, was promptly negatived ; but on the above recommendation, an act was passed, increasing the corps of cadets by 156 additional members.

And in 1812, after the favorable notice of President Madison, Congress passed an act dated April 29, which declares that ' the military academy shall consist of the corps of engineers, and the following professors and assistants, in addition to the teachers of

* It is not more than twenty years since the owner of an adjacent farm, finding Fort Putnam to be within his limits, as established by United States commissioners, proceeded to demolish the Fort, using the materials for fences, &c. to compel the government to purchase it at an exorbitant price. This was finally done.

French and drawing already provided for, viz: A professor of experimental and natural philosophy; a professor of mathematics; a professor of the art of engineering; with an assistant for each.' A chaplain was also to be appointed, and required to officiate as professor of geography, ethics and history. The number of cadets was limited to 260, the prerequisites for admission, the term of study and service, and the rate of pay and emoluments were prescribed.

Such were the essential provisions for establishing the military academy; and notwithstanding repeated efforts to change them, they still remain unaltered. The documentary history above given, is extracted from Col. Johnson's able report to the House of Representatives, dated May 17, 1834; a document which shows in detail how fully this institution has received the sanction and support of all the great statesmen of our nation, from the first establishment of our federal government. It also shows how unfounded are the prejudices which have been locally excited against the academy; and how substantial have been the benefits by which it has sought to repay the country for her maternal care and support.

The old buildings first occupied by the academy are long since gone to decay, and demolished. In 1812, the jurisdiction of 250 acres of land was ceded by New-York to the United States; and an appropriation of \$12,000 having been made for the erection of quarters, the mess-hall, chapel, and south barracks were begun, and completed in the following year. The three brick edifices nearest the mess-hall, were erected in 1815—16, and the other three nearest the flag-staff on the same line, in 1820—21. The north barracks were built in 1817. Of the three stone dwellings west of the flag-staff, the farthest was erected in 1821; the others in 1825—26. The hospital and hotel were built in 1828—29; and the ordinance or gun-house, in 1830. Appropriations have been made for a gymnasium and a chapel, which are now under construction. The water-works, for supplying all the buildings with water, or extinguishing fire were completed in 1830, at an expense of \$4,500. The annual expense of the academy is stated at \$115,000; averaging about \$425 for each cadet. This is one-fourth less than the average cost of each cadet, prior to 1817, which was not less than \$550 per annum. The library is well selected, of military, scientific and historical works, containing nearly 10,000 volumes. The philosophical apparatus lately received from France is extensive, and constructed with the latest improvements. The chemical laboratory and mineralogical cabinet yet require enlargement.

Our biographical history of the academy

shall be brief. Its superintendence was entrusted in its early stages to General Jonathan Williams, *ex-officio*, as chief of the corps of engineers. During this period from 1802 to 1812, the number of cadets was small, and the total number of graduates was only 71. This may satisfactorily answer the question, why we do not find more of them among the distinguished men of our country. The only professors recorded during this period, are George Barron, and afterwards Francis R. Hassler, professors of mathematics; Francis De Masson teacher of French, and Christian E. Zgeller, of drawing. Mr. Hassler is now employed by the government on a trigonometrical survey of our coast.

From 1812 to 1815, the academy was placed under the direction of the succeeding chief engineer, General Joseph G. Swift. Among the professors, were the Rev. Adam Empie, chaplain; Andrew Ellicott, professor of mathematics; Col. Jared Mansfield, professor of natural philosophy; and Captain Alden Partridge professor of engineering.

(Concluded in our next.)

BIOGRAPHY.

Antoinette Tomazewski,

THE HEROINE OF POLAND.

ANTOINETTE TOMAZEWSKI, was born in 1814, in the district of Rosienia, in Samogitia. The daughter of noble and wealthy parents, she was educated in the convent of Krose by the nuns of the order of St. Benedict. Of middling stature, but admirably proportioned, with a profusion of dark auburn hair, her fine features, and her large and expressive blue eyes wearing a grave and melancholy expression. Antoinette possessed at once the body and soul of an Amazon. Endowed with the imagination, the heart of fire, and the native heroism which is the appanage of the Lithuanian Samogitian women, she never heard the name of her country without the liveliest emotions. She had long been distinguished among her companions for her romantic enthusiasm, and her profound devotion to the worship of Polish nationality. With what transports, with what avidity did she treasure up every thing relative to the ancient glory of Poland, and what burning tears she shed on listening to the history of her country's disasters, and the recital of the odious despotism under which it groaned. On these occasions her beautiful eyes would sparkle with indignation and patriotism, and her proud heart panted for the hour of revenge.

When this hour at length arrived, Antoinette was scarcely sixteen, but on the first news of the rising, the maiden's resolution was taken. Disregarding her tender age, her sex, and her weakness she forgot even the tears of her family, for the voice of

her country was even more powerful than that of nature. She quitted her convent, and addressing one last adieu to the happy scenes of her childhood, she joined Gruszewski, one of the insurgent chiefs in the district of Rosienia.

When Antoinette Tomazewski arrived in the Samogitian camp, it resounded with the cry of enthusiasm and sympathy. We knew not which the most to admire, her transcendent beauty or her exalted patriotism. But it was not their homage that she went there to seek.—Faithful to the noble feelings that actuated her, she went immediately to the chief, explained to him eloquently and in few words her motives, and demanded a horse and arms. She was enlisted in a body of horse, in a few days she could wield her lance as well as any of her companions. From that moment she unsexed herself for the service of her country. Attached as a private soldier to the corps of Gruszewski, clothed in the uniform, and armed *deputed en camp*, reserving for herself in case of misfortune a poniard, which she concealed in her girdle, she was present with the corps in every action, and gallantly braved both danger and death.—In a charge which was made at Mankuni, in Samogitia, the young Antoinette performed prodigies of valor. Generals Geilud and Chlopowski commanded in this action, in which a regiment of Circassian cavalry harassed severely the rear of the Polish columns.—Unable to keep the field against an enemy ten times more numerous, it became necessary to check this hot pursuit, and the Polish cavalry were in consequence ordered to charge the Circassians. Antoinette rushed forward with them; with eyes flashing fire, her face burning with rage, the young heroine penetrated into the thickest of the Muscovite ranks, giving an example of heroic courage to her countrymen, who soon dispersed the enemy. Geilud, Chlopowski, and all their staff were overwhelmed with admiration and astonishment; and on returning to the camp, after the defeat of the enemy, the young heroine was received amid long and enthusiastic hurras. The hour of defeat for the Polish cause at length sounded, but Antoinette was unmoved. Following the retreat of the army she was present in the action of Schawle, and distinguished herself in several other affairs, particularly at Powendeme, where she received the epaulets of a sub-lieutenant as a recompense for her courage. Possessing the noblest attributes of a warrior, she was a model of patience and resignation during the periods of difficulty and distress. She consoled her companions by holding out to them the hopes of a brighter future. Throughout a harassing retreat, amid the fatigues of the bivouac, and privations of every kind, never once did a complaint or an expression of regret escape

her lips. One might have supposed twenty years of service had innured her to the hardships of a camp. From the commencement of her career, so reserved and so dignified was her demeanor, that she inspired her comrades with feelings of the profoundest veneration and deference. In the garb of an Amazon, they learnt to respect a young maiden whom an exalted spirit of patriotism had driven from the cloister to the battle field. At length, when every hope was lost, when nothing more was to be done in Lithuania. Tomazewski, followed the fatal fortunes of the Army, and entered Prussia with the corps of General Rohland. There, on the recital of her adventurous life and her perilous exploits, she became an object of universal interest, admiration, and hospitality. Both Prussians and Poles were lost in wonderment at the aspect of a maiden who had made a campaign as a private soldier, and gained at the point of the lance, the epaulets of a sub-lieutenant.

Antoinette has married since a Polish officer; a warm admirer of her heroism and virtue. The duties of a wife and mother have doubtless subdued the grief of that ardent and patriotic soul. But the annihilation of her country and wreck of all those pleasing illusions of her youth will strew her future career with bitterness and sorrow. One of those powerfully constituted minds that delight in splendid actions, the part of Antoinette Tomazewski was to fight for Poland, and her unceasing prayer to see her free. But fate has ordained it otherwise, and doomed her to be one of the victims of barbarism and despotism.

MISCELLANY.

For the Rural Repository.

On Affectation.

'She has most charms who is the most sincere.'

WHEN we observe affectation usurping the throne of reason, we justly suspect that there exist but few of those natural traits of character, which have in every age delighted and fascinated mankind. There is indeed, scarcely any failing, which is more generally disliked, than this. It creates in the mind sentiments of disgust, which are not without the greatest difficulty effaced. Let her who practices affectation, possess every external charm, and every internal accomplishment, they will not lessen our dislike, or soften our disapprobation, but rather increase them. When we chance to see a female having some pretensions to beauty, 'but few to sense,' assume this quality, we are neither surprised nor astonished; but when we see one, possessing a refined soul, and an enlightened mind make use of this little art, we are more strongly inclined to censure her conduct, as she by the means sinks herself to the level of those

who have nothing but their external charms whereof to boast; and also renders herself ridiculous and contemptible in the circle of her acquaintance and in the eyes of the world. Affectation almost totally obscures feminine beauty, by eradicating in the mind sincerity, the brightest ornament of female excellence; it renders ridiculous the most sensible of our sex; it taints the most exquisite beauty; it injures the sensibility, and blunts the finer feelings of the soul; it is the enemy of friendship, and the poison of social intercourse. In a word, affectation cankers every virtue, and tarnishes every accomplishment—renders those who are infected with it, unhappy themselves, and disagreeable to the world.

SETTING OUT IN LIFE.—The anxiety of accumulating something for their children, if not enough for their entire support, at least enough to set them well afloat in life, is very common among parents. It is injudicious and arises from parental weakness. Educate your children well and you have done enough for them—let them take care of themselves; teach them to depend upon their own strength, and this only can be done by putting them upon their own strength—in no other way can they acquire strength. Setting a young man afloat upon the wealth accumulated by his father, is like tying bladders under the arms of a swimmer—or rather one that cannot swim without them; ten chances to one he will lose his bladders and his sole dependence, and then where is he? Teach him while young to swim a little with his own strength—and then chuck him into the stream of life to take care of himself without any strenuous helps. Under such circumstances he will be likely to buffet the waves with far more success.—*Salem Observer.*

A SWISS RETORT.—A French officer, quarreling with a Swiss, reproached him with his country's vice of fighting on either side for money, 'while we Frenchmen,' said he 'fight for honor.' 'Yes, sir,' replied the Swiss, 'every one fights for that he most wants.'

The Rural Repository.

SATURDAY, JUNE 18, 1836.

A NEW VOLUME.—Again, at the commencement of a new stage in its journey, we commend the Repository to the good will and patronage of our friends and the public at large. No exertions shall be spared on our part to render the Thirteenth volume, by decorations and every other means in our power, as acceptable to our numerous patrons as any of its predecessors; but as our prospectus is before them, a repetition here of our arrangements respecting it were altogether unnecessary, we shall therefore conclude, hoping by a faithful discharge of the duties we owe them to merit a continuance of their favor.

SUMMARY.

ACCIDENT.—Two men, William Smith and Henry Fox, laborers in the vicinity of this city, were drowned by the capsizing of a boat, on the 5th inst.

The Harpers have put to press another edition of Mr. Bryant's poems—Weir has furnished a vignette, and it is to be printed in a style worthy of the compositions of this fine American bard.

During the second week in May, the number of individuals who stopped at Detroit on their pilgrimage to the fertile regions of the west, amounted to one thousand a day.

Upwards of twelve thousand six hundred emigrants arrived in the port of New-York during last month. The great proportion of these strangers were mechanics.

Captain Marryat, it is said, clears nine thousand dollars yearly by his writings.

It is said that the Creek nation can bring into the field seven thousand warriors—this is a larger force than the entire army of the United States.

The whip manufactory at Westfield, Massachusetts, turns out five hundred thousand dollars worth in a year. See intelligence for horses.

The newspaper in which J. Sheridan Knowles is engaged, is to have a capital of \$300,000: besides Auditors, Trustees, and Backers!

Col. Rees of Florida, owner of a plantation which was devastated by the Indians, is said to have lost \$40,000; being the greatest loss sustained by any individual in the Territory.

Letters Containing Remittances,

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of Postage paid.

P. V. D. Livingston, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Palatine Bridge, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Brookfield, Vt. \$5.00; E. W. P. Westport, Ct. \$1.00; J. L. Kinderhook, N. Y. \$2.00; J. G. S. Lenox, Ms. \$7.12; J. R. F. Danville, Ky. \$1.00; G. W. S. Gayhead, N. Y. \$1.00; C. P. Tioga Village, Pa. \$1.00; P. M. Chapinville, Ct. \$1.00; C. G. B. Cayahoga Falls, O. \$2.00; B. E. Little Genesee, N. Y. \$4.00; J. S. M. Ceresstown, Pa. \$1.00; P. R. Rhinebeck, N. Y. \$1.00; E. H. B. Moscow, N. Y. \$2.00; M. C. R. Troy, N. Y. \$1.00; J. H. Cato 4 Corners, N. Y. \$5.00; W. C. Troy, Mich. \$2.00; T. N. Athens, N. Y. \$10.00; W. A. C. Monroe, Ct. \$5.00; P. M. H. Glensburgh, Ct. \$1.00; C. W. A. Milford, N. H. \$1.00; H. B. J. Andover, Ms. \$1.00; P. M. Brookfield, Vt. \$3.00; H. P. Watertown, N. Y. \$5.00; P. M. Leyden, N. Y. \$3.00; E. T. B. Spencer, Ms. \$1.00; E. K. H. Bloomfield, Ct. \$5.00; C. G. B. Brackett's Bridge, N. Y. \$1.00; L. D. H. Jackson Corner, N. Y. \$1.00; B. F. H. Bristol, Ct. \$1.00; H. M. W. Livingston, N. Y. \$1.00; B. H. Hartsville, Ms. \$1.00; A. H. Berlin, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Nunda Valley, N. Y. \$2.00; H. C. St. Johnsbury Plain, \$1.00; P. M. Oakfield, N. Y. \$5.00; A. F. B. Rahm, N. Y. \$3.00; H. J. B. Brimfield, Mass. \$10.00; J. F. H. Richmond, O. \$5.00; J. R. E. Albany Vt. \$1.00; W. N. Leverett, Ms. \$1.00; P. M. South Orange, Ms. \$6.00; H. P. West Port, N. Y. \$1.00; E. Y. N. H. Middlebury, Vt. \$10.00; W. P. H. Oswego, N. Y. \$3.00; E. F. Leeds, N. Y. \$1.00; C. P. O. North Amherst, Ms. \$1.00; P. M. Otto, N. Y. \$1.00; D. B. L. Newark, N. Y. \$5.00; A. J. Stockton, N. Y. \$3.00; B. P. W. Harvard, Ms. \$23.41; J. P. W. Albany, N. Y. \$18.82; A. Y. Little Falls, N. Y. \$10.00; P. M. Wadsworth, O. \$2.00; L. G. Greenfield, Ms. \$1.00; A. P. Clinton, N. Y. \$1.00.

MARRIED.

In this city, on Sunday the 29th ult. by the Rev. George H. Fisher, Mr. George W. Corning, to Miss Rebecca Ann Fluch, both of this city.

On the 21st ult. by the Rev. William Thatcher, Mr. Robert Power, to Miss Prudence Roraback, both of this city.

On the 4th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Fisher, Mr. John Blake, of Rondout, Ulster County, to Miss Charlotte, daughter of Mr. Martin Goff, of this city.

In New-York, on the 18th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Piercy, Mr. William G. Dusenbury, to Miss Lucy Ann Derby, both of that city.

At Claverack, on the 18th ult. by the Rev. R. Stuyter, Mr. Christopher Gernon, to Miss Ann Maria, daughter of Anthony Pouchet, Esq. all of Claverack.

At Albany, on the 26th ult. by the Rev. J. N. Campbell, Mr. Chester Carpenter, of this city, to Miss Jerusha Hall, of Albany.

At Claverack, on the 10th inst. by Peter Pouchet Esq. Mr. Pliane S. Mills, of New-York, to Miss Ann T. Fonda, of the former place.

At Chatham, on the 7th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Poor, Mr. Samuel Wilbor, to Miss Elsie Maria, daughter of John T. Van Valkenburgh, Esq. all of the above place.

At Athens, on the 4th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Rumpf, Mr. John Sharpe, of Athens, to Miss Mary Hallenbeck, of Baltimore.

At the same place, on the 9th inst. by the same, Mr. Wm. Henry Gorman, to Miss Nelly Ann Carter, both of this city.

At the same place, at the same time, by the same Mr. George Benzy, to Miss Catherine Carter, both of this city.

At the same place, at the same time, by the same Mr. George Frederick Penn Dawson, to Miss Mary Carter, both of this city.

In New-Lebanon, on the 31st ult. by Ira Hand Esq. Mr. Quincy A. Jordan, to Miss Catharine F. Darling, both of Lanesboro'.

DIED.

In this city, on the 12th inst. Edward Bruce, aged 25 years.

On the 12th ult. Mary S. consort of B. Elwell, in the 45th year of her age.

On the 23d ult. Benjamin S. Lovejoy, aged 24 years.



ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Rural Repository.
ILLS of Life.

Man's feeble race what ills await!—GRAY.

How numerous the ills which our pathway encumber
While journeying along through the valley of life;
Disappointments, cares, sorrows, and woes without number
Our cup fill, and make it with bitterness rife.

Prosperity's sun, though to-day brightly shining,
May, to-morrow, be darkened by clouds of despair,
And leave us bewildered, in sorrow reposing,
To grovel along through life's wilderness drear.

And yet, though our cup is with sorrow o'erflowing,
And clouds of despair often darken our way,
Though adversity's winds are upon us eye blowing,
And every thing round tends our hearts to dismay.

There still is a hope that we are not forsaken,
Which eases our minds when with trouble oppressed—
A hope that, from earth when our flight we have taken,
We safe shall arrive in 'the land of the blest.'

Dracut, Mass.

RURAL BARD.

From the Knickerbocker.
The Dying Wife.

AND I must die!

I MUST pass away from the beautiful earth,
Where the roses bloom and the birds have birth—
Ere the rude world's blight o'er my spirit has blown,
Ere the music of life has lost one tone;
As the dew-drop swept from the aspen spray,
With the summer's breath, I must pass away.
The maiden laughs in the sunny glade!
Ah why dost she laugh? Her joys must fade.
All that is dearest to her, are mine,
All that is brightest, on me now shine:
There's joy for me still in the lemon-leaved bower,
Where the mocking-bird sits, in the hushed night hour:
There's joy for me still in the festal throng,
In the merry dance, and the sparkling song;
There's a flush in my cheek, a light in mine eye,
And my heart beats warm—but I must die!

I must leave them now!

I must pass from the home of my childhood's mirth,
And my place shall be mourned by my father's hearth.
His hair is white and his eye is dim—
And who shall now speak of the glad earth to him?
And who shall now pour on his time-dulled ear,
The olden lay that he loved to hear?
He will sit and pine in his dwelling lone,
For I was his all, and I shall be gone.
There is one on my heart hath a tenderer claim!
I have taught my soft child to hush his name;
On his faithful breast when my head is laid,
I forget I am dying—my pain is stayed.
I trust to his words, as on hope he dwells,
But the pale lip mocks what the fond heart tells:
The cold drops stand on his manly brow,—
Oh God! must I leave—must I leave him now!

I will come again!

I will come again, in the twilight gloom,
When the sad wind wails o'er my lowly tomb;
When the shade's in the bower and the star in the sky,
The early-loved scenes will I wander by:
I will pass by the hall of the glad and gay,
For they shall laugh on, though my smile be away:
Where the aged man weeps, my breath shall be there,
I will come to my child at her young-voiced prayer:
When lovely she kneels by her father's side,
His gaze resting on her, his darling and pride.
With a dark'ning shade should his brow be crossed,
As his thoughts are after with the loved one lost;
I will live in her form, I will speak in her eye,
I will steal from his lip the half-breathed sigh;
With her silvery voice, will I soothe his pain,
I will whisper his heart, 'I am come again!' H. L. B.

The Dead.

BY L. H. SIGOURNEY.

'Mourn for the mourner, but not for the dead.'

I SAW an infant, marble cold,
Borne from the pillowing breast,
And in the shroud's embracing fold,
Laid down to dreamless rest;
And moved to bitterness, I sighed—
Not for the babe that slept,
But for the mother at his side,
Whose soul in anguish wept.

They bore a coffin to its place—
I asked them who was there;
And they replied 'a form of grace,
The fairest of the fair.'
And for that blessed one do ye mourn,
Whose angel wing is spread?
No!—for the lover, pale and lone,
Whose hope is with the dead.

I wandered to a new made grave,
And there a mother lay:
The love of Him who died to save,
Had been her spirit's stay—
Yet sobs burst forth of torturing pain;
Wail ye for her who died?
No!—for that timid infant train,
Who roam without a guide.

My Mother.

BY L. M. J. M. MONTAGUE.

WHOSE was that eye, whose loving beam
First fell upon my infant face?
Whose light comes back in many a dream
Of days that time can ne'er efface?
It was thine own: I know no other,
Could match thy loving eye, my mother!

Whose was that tender voice, that spoke
Sweet words of gracious love to me?
That round my pillow nightly broke
The silence with soft minstrelsy?
It was thine own I know no other.
Could match thy tender voice, my mother!

Whose was the hand that wiped the tear
From off my cheek, and round me still,
In pain and sorrow, hovered near,
Some soothing office to fulfill?
It was thine own: I know no other,
Could match thy gentle hand, my mother!

But now those loving eyes are closed,
That tender voice has lost its tone,
Those gentle hands have long reposed
In dust; and I in sadness own,
That though I've many friends, no other,
Can be the friend thou wert, MY MOTHER!

The Heart.

THE Human Heart!—no mortal eye

Hath seen its strings laid bare;
A beauty and a mystery
Is all that resteth there:
In love how silently 'twill brood
O'er feelings unconfessed!
A bird that feeds in solitude
The younglings of its nest.

Its Hate is like volcanic fire:

We reck not of its wrath
Till bursts the lava of its ire
Around our scorching path.

Its Friendship!—oh! the blessed deeds

It strews in Time's dark bowers—
That spring through misery's bitter weals
To crown Life's cup with flowers!

The heart's Despair!—what simile

Portrays its gloom aright;

It is the Hell of Memory—

Unutterable Night!

Its Holiness!—a tree whose bloom

Eternity supplies,

And flocking to whose branches, come

The birds of Paradise.

In every human change the heart

Is but a living lyre,

Where each fierce passion plays its part

Upon a separate wire;

But harsh and wild the tones will be

While passion rend them clings;

It never breathes true melody,

Till God hath touched its strings.

PROSPECTUS

OF THE

RURAL REPOSITORY.

Embellished with Engravings;

DEVOTED TO POLITE LITERATURE, SUCH AS MORAL AND
SENTIMENTAL TALES, ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS,
BIOGRAPHY, TRAVELING SKETCHES, AMUSING
MISCELLANY, HUMOROUS AND HISTORICAL
ANECDOTES, SUMMARY, POETRY, &c.

On Saturday, the 18th of June, 1836, will be issued the
first number of the *Thirteenth Volume* (Fourth New
Series) of the RURAL REPOSITORY.

On issuing proposals for a new volume of the Rural
Repository, the Publisher tenders his most sincere acknow-
ledgements to all Contributors, Agents and Subscribers, for
the liberal support which they have afforded him from the
commencement of this publication. New assurances on
the part of the publisher of a periodical which has stood
the test of years, would seem superfluous, he will there-
fore only say, that it will be conducted on a similar plan
and published in the same form as heretofore, and that no
pains or expense shall be spared to promote their gratifi-
cation by its further improvement in typographical execu-
tion and original and selected matter.

CONDITIONS.

THE RURAL REPOSITORY will be published every
other Saturday, in the Quarto form, and will contain
twenty-six numbers of eight pages each, with a title page
and index to the volume, making in the whole 908 pages.
It will be printed in handsome style, on Medium paper of
a superior quality, with new type, and embellished occa-
sionally with Engravings; making, at the end of the year,
a neat and tasteful volume, containing matter equal to one
thousand duodecimo pages, which will be both amusing
and instructive in future years.

TERMS.—The Thirteenth volume, (Fourth New Series)
will commence on the 18th of June next, at the low rate of
One Dollar per annum in advance, or *One Dollar* and
Fifty Cents at the expiration of three months from the time
of subscribing. Any person, who will remit us Five
Dollars, free of postage, shall receive six copies, and any
person, who will remit us Ten Dollars, free of postage,
shall receive twelve copies and one copy of either of the
previous volumes. *No* subscriptions received for less
than one year.

Names of Subscribers with the amount of subscriptions
to be sent by the 18th of June, or as soon after as convenient,
to the publisher, WILLIAM B. STODDARD.

Hudson, Columbia Co. N. Y. 1836.
Editors, who wish to exchange, are respectfully
requested to give the above a few insertions, or at least a
notice, and receive Subscriptions.

Notice.

No New Subscribers can be furnished with all the
previous numbers of the present volume, and all the back
volumes except the 1st and 2d.

Notice.

No Notes under Five Dollars taken in payment for the
REPOSITORY, as usual.

THE RURAL REPOSITORY

IS PUBLISHED EVERY OTHER SATURDAY, AT HUDSON, N. Y. BY
Wm. B. Stoddard.

It is printed in the Quarto form, and will contain
twenty-six numbers of eight pages each, with a title page
and index to the volume.

TERMS.—*One Dollar* per annum in advance, or *One
Dollar* and *Fifty Cents*, at the expiration of three months
from the time of subscribing. Any person, who will remit
us Five Dollars, free of postage, shall receive six copies,
and any person, who will remit us Ten Dollars, free of
postage, shall receive twelve copies, and one copy of the
ninth or eleventh volumes. *No* subscriptions received
for less than one year. All the back numbers furnished
to new subscribers.

No All orders and Communications must be *post paid*,
to receive attention.



DEVOTED TO POLITE LITERATURE, SUCH AS MORAL AND SENTIMENTAL TALES, ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS, BIOGRAPHY, TRAVELING SKETCHES, AMUSING MISCELLANY, HUMOROUS AND HISTORICAL ANECDOTES, SUMMARY, POETRY, &c.

VOL. XIII.—[IV. NEW SERIES.]

HUDSON, N. Y. SATURDAY, JULY 2, 1836.

NO. 2.

SELECT TALES.

From the Lady's Book.
Laura Lovel.
 A SKETCH—FOR LADIES ONLY;
 BY MISS LESLIE.
 [Continued.]

THEY went shopping, and Augusta took them to the most fashionable store in Washington street, where Laura was surprised and confused at the sight of the various beautiful articles shown to them. Even their names perplexed her.—She knew very well what *gros de Naples* was, (or *gro de nap*, as it is called,) but she was at a loss to distinguish *gros de Berlin*, *gros de Suisse*, *gros de Zane*, and all the other *gros*. Augusta, however, was au fait to the whole, and talked and fitted, and glided, producing, as she supposed, great effect among the young salesmen at the counters. Miss Frampton examined every thing with a scrutinizing eye, undervalued them all, and took frequent occasions to say that they were far inferior to similar articles in Philadelphia.

At length, a light colored figured silk, with a very new name, was selected for Laura. The price appeared to her extremely high, and when she heard the number of yards that were considered necessary, she faintly asked 'if less would not do.' Miss Frampton sneered, and Augusta laughed out, saying, 'Don't you see that the silk is very narrow, and that it has a wrong side, and a right side, and that the flowers have a top and a bottom. So as it cannot be turned every way, a larger quantity will be required.'

'Had I not better choose a plain silk,' said Laura; 'one that is wider, and that can be turned any way.'

'Oh; plain silks are so common,' replied Augusta; 'though for a change, they are well enough. I have four. But this will be best for Nahant. We always dress to go there, and of course, we expect all of our party to do the same.'

'But this silk is so expensive,' whispered Laura.

'Let the dress be cut off,' said Miss Frampton, in a peremptory tone. 'I am tired of so much hesitation. 'Tis in very bad taste.'

The dress was cut off, and Laura on calculating the amount, found that it would make a sad inroad on her little modicum. Being told that she must have also a new printed muslin, one was chosen for her with a beautiful sky blue for the predominant color, and Laura found that this also was a very costly dress.—She was next informed that she could not be presentable without a French pelerine of embroidered muslin. Pelerines in great variety were then produced, and Laura found, to her dismay, that the prices were from ten to twenty-five dollars. She declined taking one, and Miss Frampton and Augusta exchanged looks which said, as plainly as looks could speak, 'I suppose she has not money enough.'

Laura colored—hesitated—at last false pride got the better of her scruples. The salesmen commended the beauty of the pelerines particularly of one tied up at the front, and ornamented on the shoulders with bows of blue ribbon—and our heroine yielded, and took it at fifteen dollars; those at ten dollars, being voted by Miss Frampton 'absolutely mean.'

After this, Laura was induced to supply herself with silk stockings and white kid gloves, 'of a new style,' and was also persuaded to give five dollars for a small scarf, also of a new style. And when all these purchases were made, she found that three quarters of a dollar were all that remained in her purse. Augusta also bought several new articles; but Miss Frampton got nothing. However, she insisted afterwards on going into every fancy store in Washington street not to buy, but 'to see what they had,' and gave much trouble in causing the salesmen needlessly to display their goods to her, and some offence by making invidious comparisons between their merchandize and that of Philadelphia.

By the time all this shopping was over, the clock of the Old South had struck two, and it was found expedient to postpone till next day, the intended visit to the milliner and mautua-maker, Miss Frampton and Augusta, declaring that of afternoons they were never

fit for any thing but to throw themselves on the bed and go to sleep. Laura Lovel, fatigued both in body and mind, and feeling much dissatisfied with herself, was glad of a respite from the pursuit of finery, though it was only till next morning; and she was almost at her wit's end to know in what way she was to pay for having her dresses made—much less for the fashionable new bonnet which her companions insisted on her getting—Augusta giving more than hints, that if she went with the family to Nahant, they should expect her 'to look like other people;' and Miss Frampton signifying in loud whispers, that 'those who were unable to 'make an appearance, had always better stay at home.'

In the evening, there were some visitors, none of whom were very entertaining or agreeable, though all the ladies were excessively drest. Laura was reminded of the homely proverb, 'Birds of a feather flock together.' The chief entertainment was listening to Augusta's music, who considered herself to play and sing with wonderful execution. But to the unpractised ears and eyes of our heroine, it seemed nothing more than alternate successions of high shrieks and low murmurs, accompanied by various contortions of the face, sundry bowings and wavings of the body, great elevation of the shoulders and squaring of the elbows and incessant quivering of the fingers, and throwing back of the hand. Miss Frampton talked all the while in a low voice to a lady that sat next to her, and turned round at intervals to assure Augusta that her singing was divine, and that she reminded her of Madame Fearon.

Augusta had just finished a very great song, and was turning over her music-books in search of another, when a slight ring was heard at the street door, and as William opened it, a weak hesitating voice inquired for Miss Laura Lovel, adding, 'I hope to be excused, I know I ought not to make so free: but I heard this afternoon that Miss Laura, eldest daughter of the Reverend Edward Lovel, of Rosbrook, Massachusetts, is now in this house, and I have walked five miles into town, for the purpose of seeing the young

lady. However, I ought not to consider the walk as any thing, and it was improper in me to speak of it at all. The young lady is an old friend of mine, if I may be so bold as to say so.'

'There's company in the parlor,' said William, in a tone not over respectful—'very particular company.'

'I won't meddle with any of the company,' proceeded the voice. 'I am very careful never to make myself disagreeable. But I just wish, (if I am not taking too great a liberty,) to see Miss Laura Lovel.'

'Shall I call her out,' said William.

'I would not for the world, give her the trouble,' replied the stranger. 'It is certainly my place to go to the young lady, and not hers to come to me. I always try to be polite. I hope you don't find me unpleasant.'

'Miss Lovel,' said Miss Frampton, sneeringly, 'this must certainly be your beau.'

The parlor-door being open, the whole of the preceding dialogue had been heard by the company and Miss Frampton from the place in which she sat, had a view of the stranger, as he stood in the entry.

William, then, with an unsuppressed grin, ushered into the room a little thin weak-looking man, who had a whitish face, and dead light hair, cut strait across his forehead. His dress was scrupulously neat, but very unfashionable. He wore a full suit of yellowish brown cloth, with all the gloss on. His legs were covered with smooth cotton stockings, and he had little silver knee-buckles. His shirt-collar and his cravat were stiff and blue, the latter being tied in front with very long ends, in his hand he held a blue bandana handkerchief, carefully folded up. His whole deportment was stiff and awkward.

On entering the room, he bowed very low with a peculiar jerk of the head, and his whole appearance and manner denoted the very acme of humility. The company regarded him with amazement, and Miss Frampton began to whisper, keeping her eye fixed on him all the time. Laura started from her chair, hastened to him, and holding out her hand, addressed him by the name of Pyam Dodge. He took the proffered hand, after a moment of hesitation, and said, 'I hope I am properly sensible of your kindness, Miss Laura Lovel, in allowing me to take your hand, now that you are grown. Many a time have I led you to my school, when I boarded at your respected father's who I trust is well. But now, I would not on any account, be too familiar.'

Laura pointed to a chair.

'But which is the mistress of the house? I know perfectly well that it is proper for me to pay my respects to her before I take the liberty of sitting down under her roof. If I may presume to say that I understand

any thing thoroughly, it is certainly good manners. In my school, manners were always perfectly well taught—my own manners, I learnt chiefly from my reverend uncle, Deacon Ironskirt, formerly of Wicketiquock, but now of Popsquish.'

Laura then introduced Pyam Dodge to the lady of the house, who received him civilly, and then to Mr. Brantley, who perceiving that the poor schoolmaster was what is called a character, found his curiosity excited to know what he would do next.

This ceremony over, Pyam Dodge bowed round to each of the company separately. Laura saw at once that he was an object of ridicule; and his entire want of tact, and his pitiable simplicity had never before struck her so forcibly. She was glad when, at last, he took a seat beside her, and in a low voice she endeavored to engage him in a conversation that should prevent him from talking to any one else. She found that he was master of a district school about five miles from Boston, and that he was perfectly contented—for more than that he never had aspired to be.

But vain were the efforts of our heroine to keep Pyam Dodge to herself, and to prevent him from manifesting his peculiarities to the rest of the company. Perceiving that Augusta had turned round on her music-stool to listen, and to look at him, the school-master rose on his feet, and bowing first to the young lady, and then to her mother, he said, 'Madam, I am afraid that I have disturbed the child in striking on her pyano-forty. I would on no account cause any interruption—for that might be making myself disagreeable. On the contrary, it would give me satisfaction for the child to continue her exercise, and I shall esteem it a privilege to hear how she plays her music. I have taught singing myself.'

Augusta then, by the desire of her mother, commenced a new bravura, which ran somehow thus:—

'Oh! drop a tear, a tender tear—oh! drop a tear, a tender, tender tear. Oh! drop, oh! drop, oh! dro-o-op a te-en-der te-e-ar—a tender tear—a tear for me—a tear for me; a tender tear for me.'

When I, when I, when I-I-I am wand'ring, wand'ring, wand'ring, wand'ring far, far from thee—fa-a-ar, far, far, far from thee—from thee.

For sadness in—for sadness in, my heart, my heart shall reign—shall re-e-e-ign—my hee-e-art—for sa-a-adness in my heart shall reign—shall reign.

Until—until—unti-i-il we fondly, fondly meet again, we fondly meet, we fo-o-ondly me-e-et—until we fondly, fondly, fondly meet—meet, meet, meet again—we meet again.

This song (in which the silliness of the words was increased ten-fold by the incessant

repetition of them,) after various alternations of high and low, fast and slow, finished in thunder, Augusta striking the concluding notes with an energy that made the piano tremble.

When the bravura was over, Pyam Dodge, who had stood listening in amazement, looked at Mrs. Brantley, and said, 'Madam, your child must doubtless sing that song very well when she gets the right tune.'

'The right tune,' interrupted Augusta, indignantly.

'The right tune!' echoed Mrs. Brantley and Miss Frampton.

'Yes,' said Pyam Dodge, solemnly—'and the right words also. For what I have just heard, is of course, neither the regular tune nor the proper words, as they seem to go every how—therefore I conclude that all this wandering and confusion, was caused by the presence of strangers: myself in all probability being the greatest stranger, if I may be so bold as to say so. This is doubtless the reason why she mixed up the words at random, and repeated the same so often, and why her actions at the pyano-forty are so strange. I trust that at other times she plays and sings so as to give the proper sense.'

Augusta violently shut down the lid of the piano, and gave her father a look that implied, 'Wont you turn him out of the house?' But Mr. Brantley was much diverted, and laughed audibly.

Pyam Dodge surveyed himself from head to foot, ascertained that his knee-buckles were fast and his cravat not untied, and finding all his clothes in complete order, he said, looking round to the company, 'I hope there is nothing ridiculous about me—it is my endeavor to appear as well as possible; but the race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong.'

'Upon my word,' said Miss Frampton, leaning across the center-table to Mrs. Brantley, 'your protegee seems to have a strange taste in her acquaintances. However that is always the case with people who have never been in society, as my friend Mrs. Tom Spradlington justly remarks.'

A waiter with refreshments was now brought in, and handed round to the company. When it came to Pyam Dodge, he rose on his feet and thanked the man for handing it to him—then taking the smallest possible quantity of each of the different articles, he put all on the same plate, and unfolding his blue bandana, he spread it carefully and smoothly over his knees, and commenced eating with the smallest possible mouthfuls, praising every thing as he tasted it. The wine being offered to him, he respectfully declined, signifying that he belonged to the Temperance society. But he afterwards took a glass of lemonade, on being assured that it was not punch, and

again rising on his feet, he drank the health of each of the company separately, and not knowing their names, he designated them as, the lady in the blue gown, the lady in the white gown, the gentlemen in the black coat, &c.

This ceremony over, Pyam Dodge took out an old-fashioned silver watch, of a shape almost globular, and looking at the hour, he made many apologies for going away so soon, having five miles to walk, and requested that his departure might not break up the company. He then bowed all round again—told Laura he would thank her for her hand, which on her giving him, he shook high and awkwardly, walked backwards to the door and ran against it, trusted he had made himself agreeable, and at last departed.

The front door had scarcely closed after him, when a general laugh took place, which even Laura could scarcely refrain from joining in.

'Upon my word, Miss Lovel,' said Augusta, 'This friend of yours, is the most peculiar person I ever beheld.'

'I never saw a man in worse taste,' remarked Miss Frampton.

In a moment another ring was heard at the door, and on its being opened, Pyam Dodge again made his appearance in the parlor, to beg pardon of the lady of the house, for not having returned thanks for his entertainment, and also to the young lady for her music, which, he said, 'was doubtless, well meant.' He then repeated his bows and withdrew.

'What an intolerable fool!' exclaimed Augusta.

'Indeed,' replied Laura Lovel, 'he is, after all, not deficient in understanding, though his total want of tact and his entire ignorance of the customs of the world, give an absurdity to his manner, which I confess it is difficult to witness without a smile. I have heard my father say that Pyam Dodge is one of the best classical scholars he ever knew, and he is certainly a man of good feelings, and of irreproachable character.'

'I never knew a bore that was not,' remarked Miss Frampton.

There was again a ring at the door, and again Pyam Dodge was ushered in. His business now, was to inform Miss Laura Lovel, that if she did not see him every day during her residence in Boston, she must not impute the unfrequency of his visits to any disrespect on his part, but rather to his close confinement to the duties of his school—besides which, his leisure time was occupied in studying Arabic; but he hoped to make his arrangements so as to be able to come to town, and spend at least three evenings with her every week.

At this intimation, there were such evident tokens of disapproval, on the part of the

Brantley family and Miss Frampton, and of embarrassment on that of Laura, that poor Pyam Dodge, obtuse as he was to the things of this world, saw that the announcement of his visits was not perfectly well received. He looked amazed at this discovery, but bowed lower than ever, hoped he was not disgusting, and again retreated.

Once more was heard at the door the faint ring that announced the school-master.—'Assuredly,' observed a gentleman present, 'this must be the original Return Strong.'

This time, however, poor Pyam Dodge did not venture into the parlor, but was heard meekly to inquire of the servant, if he had not dropped his handkerchief in the hall. The handkerchief was picked up, and he finally departed, humbly hoping 'that the gentleman attending the door, had not found him troublesome.' The moment that he was gone, the gentleman that attended the door, was heard audibly to put up the dead-latch.

Next day, Augusta Brantley gave a standing order to the servants, that whenever Miss Lovel's schoolmaster came, he was to be told that the whole family were out of town.

In the morning, Laura was conveyed by Augusta and Miss Frampton, to the mantua-maker's, and Miss Boxpleat demurred a long time about undertaking the two dresses, and longer still about finishing them that week, in consequence of the vast quantity of work she had now on hand. Finally she consented, assuring Laura Lovel that she only did so to oblige Miss Brantley.

Laura then asked what would be her charge for making the dresses. Miss Boxpleat reddened, and vouchsafed no reply, Miss Frampton laughed out, and Augusta twitched Laura's sleeve, who wondered what faux pas she had committed, till she learnt in a whisper that it was an affront to the dress-maker to attempt a bargain with her before-hand, and our heroine, much disconcerted, passively allowed herself to be fitted for the dresses.

Laura had a very pretty bonnet of the finest and whitest split straw, modestly trimmed with broad white satin ribbon; but her companions told her that there was no existing without a dress-hat, and she was accordingly carried to Miss Pipingcord's. Here they found that all the handsomest articles of this description, were already engaged, but they made her bespeak one of a very expensive silk, trimmed with flowers and gauze ribbon. and when she objected to the front, as exposing her whole face to the summer sun, she was told that of course she must have a blonde gauze veil. 'We will stop at Whitaker's,' said Augusta, 'and see his assortment, and you can make purchase at once.' Laura knew that she could not, and steadily persisted in her refusal, saying that she must depend on her parasol for screening her face.

Several other superfluities were pressed upon our poor heroine, as they proceeded along Washington-street, Augusta really thinking it indispensable to be fashionably and expensively drest, and Miss Frampton feeling a malignant pleasure in observing how much these importunities confused and distressed her.

Laura sat down to dinner with an aching head, and no appetite, and afterwards retired to her room, and endeavored to allay her uneasiness with a book.

'So,' said Miss Frampton to Mrs. Brantley, 'this is the girl that dear Augusta tells me you think of inviting to pass the winter with you.'

'Why, is she not very pretty?' replied Mrs. Brantley.

'Not in my eye,' answered Miss Frampton, 'Wait but two years, till my sweet Augusta is old enough, and tall enough to come out, and you will have no occasion to invite beauties, for the purpose of drawing company to your house—for, of course, I cannot but understand the motive; and pray how can the father of this girl, enable her to make a proper appearance? When she has got through the two new dresses that we had so much difficulty in persuading her to venture upon, is she to return to her black marcelline?—You certainly do not intend to wrong your own child by going to the expense of dressing out this parson's daughter yourself. And after all, these green young girls do not draw company half so well as ladies a few years older—decided women of ton, who are familiar with the whole routine of society, and have the veritable air distingue. One of that description would do more for your soirees, next winter, than twenty of these village beauties.'

Next day our heroine's new bonnet came home accompanied by a bill of twelve dollars. She had supposed that the price would not exceed seven or eight. She had not the money, and her embarrassment was increased by Miss Frampton's examining the bill, and reminding her that there was a receipt to it. Laura's confusion was so palpable, that Mrs. Brantley felt some compassion for her, and said to the milliner's girl, 'The young lady will call at Miss Pipingcord's, and pay for her hat.' And the girl departed, first asking to have the bill returned to her, as it was receipted.

When our heroine and her companions were out next morning, they passed by the milliner's, and Laura instinctively turned away her head. You can now call at Miss Pipingcord's and pay her bill,' said Miss Frampton. 'It is here that she lives—don't you see her name on the door?'

'I have not the money about me,' said Laura, in a faltering voice.—'I have left my

purse at home.—This was her first attempt at a subterfuge, and conscience-struck, she could not say another word during the walk.

On the last day of the week, her dresses were sent home, with a bill of ten dollars and a half for making the two, including what are called the trimmings all of which were charged at about four times their real cost. Laura was more confounded than ever.—Neither Mrs. Brantley nor Augusta happened to be present, but Miss Frampton was, and understood it all.—‘Can’t you tell the girl you will call and settle Miss Boxpleat’s bill,’ said she. ‘Don’t look so confused,’ adding in a somewhat lower voice. ‘She will suspect you have no money to pay with—really your behavior is in very bad taste.’

Laura’s lip quivered, and her cheek grew pale.—Miss Frampton could scarcely help laughing, to see her so new to the world, and at last deigned to relieve her by telling Miss Boxpleat’s girl that Miss Lovel would call and settle the bill.

The girl was scarcely out of the room, when poor Laura, unable to restrain herself another moment, hid her face against one of the cushions of the ottoman, and burst into tears. The flinty heart of Miss Frampton underwent a momentary softening. She looked awhile in silence at Laura, and then said to her. ‘Why, you seem to take this very much to heart.’

‘No wonder,’ replied Laura, sobbing—‘I have expended all my money; all that my father gave me at my departure from home. At least I have the merest trifle left; and how am I to pay either the milliner’s bill or the mantuamaker’s?’

Miss Frampton deliberated for a few moments, walked to the window, and stood there awhile—then approached the still weeping Laura, and said to her, ‘What would you say, if a friend was to come forward to relieve you from this embarrassment?’

‘I have no friend,’ replied Laura in a half-choked voice—‘at least none here. Oh! how I wish that I had never left home!’

Miss Frampton paused again, and finally offered Laura the loan of twenty-five dollars, till she could get money from her father. ‘I know not,’ said Laura, how I can ask my father so soon for any more money. I am convinced that he gave me all he could possibly spare. I have done very wrong in allowing myself to incur expenses which I am unable to meet. I can never forgive myself. Oh! how miserable I am.—And she again covered her face and cried bitterly.

Miss Frampton hesitated—but she had heard Mr. Brantley speak of Mr. Lovel as a man of the strictest integrity, and she was certain that he would strain every nerve, and redouble the economy of his family expenditure, rather than to allow his daughter to

remain long under pecuniary obligations to a stranger. She felt that she ran no risk in taking from her pocket-book notes to the amount of twenty-five dollars, and putting them into the hands of Laura, who had thought at one time of applying to Mr. Brantley for the loan of a sufficient sum to help her out of her present difficulties, but was deterred by a feeling of invincible repugnance to taxing any farther the kindness of her host, conceiving herself already under sufficient obligations to him as his guest, and a partaker of his hospitality. However, had she known more of the world and had a greater insight into the varieties of the human character, she would have infinitely preferred throwing herself on the generosity of Mr. Brantley, to becoming the debtor of Miss Frampton. As it was, she gratefully accepted the proffered kindness of that lady, feeling it a respite. Drying her tears, she immediately equipped herself for walking, hastened both to the milliner and the mantua-maker, and paying their bills, she returned home with a lightened heart.

(Concluded in our next.)

Rosanna, the Ugly One.

‘But look then,’ said Mrs. Moore to her husband, ‘how ugly that little one is. Is she not, William?’

And, Mr. Moore, who was sitting in a rocking chair, amusing himself with poking the fire, laid down the tongs he held, and gravely answered his wife,

‘But my dear, you have already said so one hundred times, and were you to say it one hundred times more, Rosa would not become less ugly for your saying so.’

Rosanna was a little girl of about fourteen. She was their only child, and, to do her mother justice was really very ugly—nay, almost revolting, with her little gray eyes, flat nose, large mouth, thick protruding lips, red hair, and above all, a form remarkably awry.

Rose was, then, very ugly—but she was a sweet girl, nevertheless. Kind and intelligent, she possessed a mind of the highest order. Nature seemed to have compensated her with every good quality of the heart for the want of every beauty of person.

The poor little thing was profoundly hurt, as she listened to her mother’s observation.

‘Oh, you little fright, you will never get a husband.’

Eight o’clock struck; Mrs. Moore was sorely vexed.

‘Go to bed, Rosanna.’

Trembling, the little girl approached her mother, to give her the kiss of good night.

‘Tis useless, you little monster,’ said her mother.

A tear rolled from the little one’s eye. She hastily wiped it away, and turning to her

father, presented him the yet humid cheek. He kissed her tenderly.

‘I am not altogether miserable,’ she murmured, leaving the room.

Retired to her chamber, she commenced embroidering a scarf; and worked thus part of the night, for she desired to be able to present it to her mother when she rose in the morning.

The clock struck twelve. She had just finished, and putting it by, the little girl calmly resigned herself to rest. Her repose was undisturbed.

On the morrow Rose presented the scarf to her mother. What was the pain the little one experienced, when her mother received it coldly, and expressed none of those tender sentiments which were to have been the sweet little one’s reward.

Her eyes, by chance, glanced over a neighboring mirror.

‘Yes,’ she said internally, ‘I am ugly—they are right,’ and she sought in her young head to find a remedy for ugliness.

And then in the world, new pangs wounded the little ugly one’s heart. A first impression alienated all the young girls of her own age—but then she was so good, so amiable, so amusing, that they approached, then listened, and then loved her.—Now, indeed our little one was happy.

One day Mr. Moore went home in a violent passion, and became, in consequence of some trifling provocation, highly incensed against his wife. Their domestic felicity was troubled for eight long days—for eight long days Mrs. Moore was continually crying. Rosanna in vain racked her young brains to discover why—but her father still continued angry, and her mother still was continually weeping. At last she reflected in her mind how to reconcile them.

They were all three seated in the parlor—Mr. Moore was arranging the fire. When this was concluded, he threw the tongs from him, snatched a book from the mantle, and opened it abruptly; but after a moment’s perusal, he closed it again, in a violent humor, cast a fierce glance at his trembling wife, and hurriedly rose from his chair.

Rosanna, deeply moved, clasped her arms about his neck as he was about to rise, and affectionately caressed him. He could not reject her innocent coaxing, and the little girl thinking she had succeeded in touching his heart, took in her hands the moistened handkerchief, wherewith her mother had been drying her weeping eyes, and dried them a second time therewith. She then tenderly embraced her mother, who returned her affectionate caress with all a mother’s fondness.

The parties being now favorably disposed, nought remained but to establish the peace. This was no easy matter—neither would make

the first overture—and without the penetration of little Rose, the Reconciliation would not then have taken place.

She took her father's hand between her own little hands, and pressed it to her bosom; she then took her mother's hand, and joined it to her father's as it lay near her heart. Human pride could resist no longer—the alienated parents rose at the same moment and cordially embraced each other.

From that hour Rose was the idol of them both.

Six years after this, Rosanna, the ugly Rosanna, was the ornament of every society to which her mother presented her. Amiable, witty, and observing, her conversation was universally courted.

One summer evening, the sun, which, during the day, had shed over nature an intense heat, had just disappeared, leaving the horizon covered with long, wide bands of red—clouds more and more dark were heaping themselves on the eastern sky—the atmosphere was suffocating, and one would deem the earth was returning to the sun the heat she had been receiving from the latter during the day. All was heavy and weary, the air inhaled seemed rather to suffocate than nourish. A drowsy languor overcame every one.

In a saloon, whose every window was thrown open, might be seen gliding, here and there, in the darkened light, groups of young females, whose white dresses, slightly agitated by the rising breeze of the evening, offered something mysterious and poetical whereon the imagination loved to dwell. A low languishing whisper was then heard, like the soothing murmur of some distant rivulet. A young woman, seated before a piano was expressing her heart's sentiments by an extemporary melody, now smooth and tender, now deep and trembling.

No more whispering, but a general silence took place, for hers was a celestial symphony, a seraph's song.

Lord Underwood, a fine blue eyed young nobleman, was so deeply touched by the melody, that his frame seemed agitated by a momentary convulsion. He listened to the angel's voice, so softly harmonizing with the sweet tones of the instrument, and felt an indescribable sensation thrill through his frame.

The music ceased, but the sweet voice still vibrated on Underwood's ear, and there was a charm in the witty and original trifle to which he listened, that transfixed him where he stood.

'How beautiful must that young girl be,' thought Underwood. Happy the man on whom may fall her choice,' and he involuntarily sighed. Suddenly lights are brought in. The young woman was the ugly Rosanna.

Lord Underwood was stupified. He closed his eyes, but the charm of that voice haunted

his memory. He gazed on her a second time, and he found her less ugly; and Rose was indeed, less ugly. The beauties of her mind seemed transferred to her person, and her gray eyes, small as they were, expressed wonderfully well her internal sensations.

Lord Underwood wedded Rosanna, and became the happiest of men in the possession of the kindest and most loving of women.

Beauty deserts us, but virtue and talents, the faithful companions of our lives, accompany us even to the grave. D. D.

West Point.

[Concluded.]

IN 1815, Capt. Alden Partridge was appointed superintendent of the academy; the chief engineer, being, as at present, its Inspector, *ex-officio*. The only new professor appointed was Claudius Berard, teacher of French.

Some traits of Capt. Partridge's character rendering a change desirable, he was relieved from his station in 1817; and succeeded by Col. Sylvanus Thayer, of the corps of engineers; a gentleman every way qualified by nature and by acquirements both at home and abroad, for this responsible duty. Under his superintendence, an improved system of discipline was introduced; the course of studies much extended, so as to compare favorably with that of foreign military schools; and the studies required came to be thoroughly taught. Col. Thayer assiduously devoted all his resources to the advancement of the academy, until 1833, when at his own request he was honorably relieved from this station, and appointed to direct the erection of fortifications in Boston harbor. He was succeeded in the superintendence of the academy by Major R. E. De Russey, of the corps of engineers, a gentleman of amiable character and extensive acquirements.

The chief professors of the academy not yet mentioned, are: chaplains, Rev. T. Pictou, 1818; Rev. C. P. McIlvaine, 1825, now Episcopal Bishop of Ohio; and Rev. Thos. Warner, 1828; professors of engineering, Claude Crozet, 1817, since chief civil engineer of Virginia; Major David B. Douglass, 1823, now civil engineer; and Dennis H. Malan, 1831; professor of natural philosophy, Edward H. Courtenay; professor of mathematics, Charles Davis, 1821; acting professors of chemistry, Dr. James Cutbush, 1820; Dr. John Torrey, 1824; and Lieut. W. Fenn Hopkins, 1828; teachers of drawing, Thos. Gimbrede, 1819; Charles R. Leslie, R. A. 1833; and Robert W. Wier, 1834.

The total number of graduates, from its establishment to July 1834 inclusive, is 785. Of this number 494 were in the service at the latter date, as officers of the army; 9 have

been killed in battle; 84 died in service; 208 have resigned; and the remainder are disbanded or otherwise dismissed from the service.—Of those who sleep on the battlefield, Col. Wood, Col. Gibson and Capt. Williams, fell at the sortie of Fort Erie; Rathbone at Queenston Heights; Hobart at Fort George; Ronem at Chicago; Burchstead and Wilcox at Fort Mifflin; and Smith at Christler's farm in Canada.

'Our whole army possesses now far more of the public respect and confidence than it did not many years since. It is the great distinction of the academy at West-Point, that has contributed largely and effectually to this elevation of the character of the military establishment. And it has accomplished a nobler service, by sending forth numbers annually, competent to superintend the construction of those chains of internal improvement, which are to be the eternal bonds of our national union. The rail-roads which connect the capital of Massachusetts with the heart of the State, and with important harbors in Rhode-Island and Connecticut; the improved facilities of communication afforded to the whole country by the Susquehanna and Baltimore, Baltimore and Ohio rail-roads; and the similar construction between Charleston and Hamburg, S. C.; the new roads which have augmented the wealth of the territories of Michigan and Arkansas, by opening new channels of transportation; and the securities extended to the internal and foreign commerce of the nation, by important harbor improvements upon the shores of the lakes, and upon the sea coast; these are some of the enduring memorials of the usefulness of the military academy, and of the returns it has made for the care, and time, and money, which have been bestowed upon it. Other testimonials, and other rewards have been accorded to it, by the literary institutions of our land, which have invited its graduates to fill important professorships. The president and one of the professors in the college of Louisiana; the president of Hamilton college, and the vice-president and the professor of mathematics in Kenyon college, in Ohio; the professors of mathematics in the college of Geneva, and in the university of Nashville; the professors of chemistry in the universities of Pennsylvania and Virginia, have all been members of the academy, and have resigned their commissions in the army, upon receiving these honorable appointments.—Very recently, two second Lieutenants have accepted vacant chairs in the university of New-York. No words can demonstrate with one half the force and impressiveness, the beneficial influence of the military academy upon the characters of its members, and upon the national reputation. Within the short period of thirty years, this institution, whose own

high reputation is now sustained by professors, all of whom, with but one exception, have been educated within its walls, has not only furnished to the army gallant and accomplished officers, and to the country skillful engineers, but has sent forth principals and professors, to ornament and sustain colleges and literary seminaries.—To this list of those who have been thus distinguished, might be added the name of Ritner, who graduated with a highly respectable rank, in possession of his comrades affection and confidence: and became the professor of civil and topographical engineering in Washington college in Pennsylvania: and died at the moment when the prospect of serving his native state dawned upon him, and when his native state began to rejoice in the anticipation of his usefulness and success.' In this complimentary summary, extracted from Col. Johnson's report, may now be included the distinguished professor of mathematics and philosophy in the university of Pennsylvania. But while we would thus award honor where honor is due; and show that, estimated according to her contribution of national science, the military academy is 'not a whit behind the chiefest'—far be it from her sons to monopolize distinction, or to say that she has done any more than a national academy ought to have done, in return for all her advantages.

We shall conclude this hasty sketch by a review of the practical considerations which should influence those who are seeking or who may gain admission to the military academy.

The age of admission is now limited from 16 to 21 years; as that is supposed to be the most suitable period for completing, or rather commencing a military education. The acquirements necessary for admission, are, an acquaintance with reading, writing, and the elementary rules and *principles* of arithmetic.—Efforts have been made, and it has been recommended by some boards of visitors, to raise the standard of admission, requiring a knowledge of grammar, geography and the French and Latin languages, as a prerequisite. The decisive objection to this proposition is, that it would close the doors of the academy against many who have not the pecuniary means of making these acquirements. But let it not therefore be supposed that those acquirements are the less valuable or necessary. On the contrary, as geography, history and the Latin language are not now taught in the academic course, it is so much the more important that young gentlemen should be well versed in them before entering the academy; otherwise, they are obliged to acquire them by private study, or else remain ignorant of these essential branches of a liberal education. Many candidates fail of being admitted at the initiatory examination, because although

they can give the rules of arithmetic, they cannot explain the principles on which these depend. As opportunity is afforded for gratuitous instruction on this subject at the academy, from the 1st of June, until the examination of candidates near the close of the month, they who are anxious for success would do well to avail themselves of this assistance.

The months of July and August in each year are devoted solely to military exercises; for which purpose the cadets leave the barracks and encamp in tents on the plain, under the regular police and discipline of an army in the time of war. For this purpose the cadets are organized in a battalion of four companies, under the command of the chief instructor of tactics and his assistants. The corporals are chosen from the 3d class, or cadets who have been present one year; the sergeants from the 2d class, who have been present two years; and the commissioned officers or captains, lieutenants, &c. are selected from the 1st class, or highest at the academy. All the other cadets fill the ranks as private soldiers, though necessarily acquainted with the duties of officers. In rotation they have to perform the duties of sentinels, at all times, day or night, storm or sunshine, in camp, and evenings and meal-times, in barracks. Cadets who have been present two encampments, are allowed, if their conduct has been correct, to be absent the third, on furlough. The drills or military exercises, consist in the use of the musket, rifle, cannon, mortar, howitzar, sabre and rapier, or broad and small sword; fencing, firing at targets, &c.; evolutions of troops, including those of the line; and the preparation and preservation of all kinds of ammunition and materials for war. The personal appearance of the corps of cadets cannot fail to attract admiration; especially on parade or review. The uniform, is a gray coat, with gray pantaloons in winter, and white linen in summer. The dress cap is of black leather, bell-crowned, with plate, scales, and chain. The splendid band of music, which under Willis, made hill and valley ring with notes of 'linked harmony long drawn out,' though changed, still pleases; and under its new leader, promises soon to deserve its former renown, as the best in our country.

The cadets return from camp to barracks on the last of August, and the remaining ten months of the academic year are devoted to their arduous studies. The ceremony of striking the tents and marching out of camp is so imposing as to be well worth an effort of the visitor to be present on that occasion. On the previous evening, the camp is brilliantly illuminated, and enlivened with music, dancing and beres of beautiful strangers, it presents quite a fairy scene.

For the sake of more full instruction, each class is divided into several sections, each having a separate instructor. Thus each cadet is called upon at almost every recitation, to explain a considerable portion of the lesson; for the morning recitations generally occupy two hours each. The written or delineated demonstrations are explained on a black board in the presence of the whole section.

The studies of the first year are algebra, geometry, descriptive geometry, trigonometry, and the French language. All the mathematical studies are practically taught and applied to numerous problems not in the books; on the solution of which greatly depends the reputation and standing of each rival candidate for pre-eminence. The studies of the second year, are the theory of shades, shadows and perspective, practically illustrated; analytic geometry, with its application to conic sections; the integral and differential calculus or science of fluxions; surveying and mensuration; the French language, and the elements of drawing, embracing the human figure in crayon. This completes the course of mathematics, and also of French; which the cadets learn to translate freely as a key to military science, but which few of them speak fluently.

The third year is devoted to a course of national philosophy, including mechanics, optics, electricity, magnetism and astronomy; together with chemistry and sketching landscapes with the pencil, and topography with the pen which complete the course of drawing.

The fourth and last year is appropriated to the study of artillery and infantry tactics; the science of war, and fortification, or military engineering; a course of civil engineering, embracing the construction of roads and bridges, rail-roads and canals, with the improvement of rivers and harbors; a course of mineralogy and military pyrotechny; together with the elements of rhetoric, moral philosophy, and national and constitutional law.

To test the progress of the cadets in these studies, semi-annual examinations are held, commencing on the first Mondays of January and June; at the latter of which a board of visitors appointed by the Secretary of War, is present to make a critical official report of the state of the academy. The examination of all the classes usually occupies about a fortnight, and is very severe; but still is not considered the full test of individual proficiency. Each instructor makes a weekly class report, on which is recorded the daily performance of each cadet; those who excel being credited 3, and those who fail entirely marked 0. These marks are accessible to the cadets from week to week, and stimulate

their exertions; finally, they are summoned up at the end of the term and laid before the academic staff, and visitors; so that the standing of each cadet influenced not only by his examination, but by all his previous recitations. A certain prescriptive proficiency being required of the cadets in each branch, those who fall below this limit are necessarily discharged from the service. Averaging the last 10 years, where a class of 100 enters the academy, it is reduced to about 70 at the end of six months, 60 at the end of one year, 50 at the end of two years, and 40 at the end of three years; not more than about 35 graduating.

There is a general merit roll of every class, made out at the end of each academic year; the merit of each cadet being expressed by a number denoting his proficiency or acquirements. But the final standing of each cadet, on which depends his rank in the army, is determined by the sum of his merit, in all the different branches; and this depends not only on his actual proficiency in any branch, but also on its relative importance. This latter is thus estimated at present by the academic staff, viz. Conduct 300; engineering 300; mathematics 300; natural philosophy 300; chemistry and mineralogy 200; rhetoric, ethics and law 200; infantry tactics 200; artillery 100; French 100; and drawing 100. Hence the individual who should excel in all the branches, would be credited with 2100 on the final merit roll; but no more than three or four such instances have ever occurred at the academy.—The cadet in each class having the greatest sum of merit is placed first on the roll, and so onward; and he who is deficient in only one single branch is discharged, or else turned back another year to receive a second probation.

The graduates of the military academy are entitled by law to a preference over other applicants for commissions in the army. As the average number of vacancies is only about 25 annually, the army would soon be more than filled, did not a considerable number of the graduates voluntarily resign, in order to embrace other professions, particularly that of civil engineering. Although feeling under a moral obligation to offer their services to the country in case of any future emergency, they deem it right, as it is freely permitted, in time of peace, to embrace other professions in which they may seek to be still more useful. Those who remain in the army are attached as brevet second lieutenants to the different corps, until they may receive higher rank on the occurrence of vacancies.—*Amer. Mag.*

NAPOLEON's cocked hat which he wore in his campaigns of 1807, sold recently at an auction sale in Paris, for nearly \$400.

MISCELLANY.

Yankee Doodle.

AN American gentleman in Paris, after giving an account of the 4th of July celebration in that capital, adds:

'I must not omit to tell you how much we cheered 'Yankee Doodle.' At home we heard it with pleasure, but without cheering. Here, when it struck up, it touched the electric chain that binds us to the pleasant land we have left, and all seemed to be inspired by one impulse—to 'applaud the very echo, that should applaud again.' I know not whether the tune be good or bad; but if music, like poetry, is to be praised according to the number of associations it awakens, or the images it renews, Yankee Doodle with us should have no parallel; and Von Weber never composed such a strain in his life. 'Take a Scotchman from his hill,' and at the ends of the earth tickle his ears with Auld Lang Syne, and it annihilates time and space. He

'Treads the loved shore he sighed to leave behind.'

He is back again, in imagination, (which is reality, as words are things,) to the braesides, the heaths, the broom, the red plaid the blue bonnets, the 'honest men and bonny lassies.' Or grind in the hard ears of a Swiss on Cumberland Road, his unmusical Ranz des Vaches, upon no sweeter organ than a cartwheel, and he is no longer in the Alleghanies. He is among his Alps, in some red log cabin, with one end sunk into the mountain, and the other perched on a cliff so steep that he must ascend it with hands and feet. Or he is beside some clear mountain lake, a mirror of the Alps, or some water-fall or sheet of foam from their snowy summits.

I know not what are the images raised in the minds of others by that 'good old tune' of which I spoke, but to me it is the glass of Surrey's magician, and presents an image of beauty. It shows me a green land of long rivers and broad lakes; a land flowing with milk and honey; a land of steady habits, white churches, red school houses, and many newspapers.'

Intelligence.

AN intelligent class can scarcely ever be, as a class, vicious; never, as a class, indolent. The mental activity operates as a counterpoise to the stimulus of sense and appetite. The new world of ideas; the new views of the relations of things; the powers disclosed to the well-informed mind present attractions, which unless the character is deeply sunk, are a sufficient stay to corrupt pleasures; and thus, in the end, a standard of character is created in the community, which, though it does not invariably save each individual, protects the virtue of the mass.—*Everett's Discourse.*

The World.

THE world which the young man figures to himself smooth and quiet as the lake in the valley, he will find a sea foaming with tempests and boiling with whirlpools: he will be sometimes overwhelmed by the waves of violence, and sometimes dashed against the rocks of treachery. Amidst wrongs and frauds, competitions and anxieties, he will wish a thousand times for seats of quiet; and willingly quit hope, to be free from fear.

Letters Containing Remittances,

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of Postage paid.

B. G. T. Alexander, N. Y. \$2.00; P. M. Cornish, N. H. \$2.00; C. C. B. jr. Hampton, Ct. \$1.00; E. W. C. Amsterdam, N. Y. \$3.00; P. M. Gouveneur, N. Y. \$1.00; C. R. T. Rumney, N. H. \$0.81; B. E. North Amherst, Ms. \$1.00; S. B. S. Darien, N. Y. \$1.81; J. J. E. Westerly, B. I. \$5.44; G. C. Brattleborough, Vt. \$4.75; P. M. Fort Edward, N. Y. \$2.00; E. W. S. Sullivan, N. Y. \$15.00; E. B. D. Hartford, N. Y. \$5.00; A. H. W. Lawrence, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. West Farmington, N. Y. \$2.00; J. R. L. Durham, Me. \$4.75; S. L. D. North Chili, N. Y. \$5.00; P. C. Niagara, U. C. \$3.00; P. M. Barford, N. Y. \$4.00; D. R. L. Bozarus, O. \$2.00; W. M. B. Ghent, N. Y. \$4.00; R. H. B. Ann Arbor, Mich. \$1.00; P. M. East Haddam, Ct. \$4.00; P. M. Montague, Ms. \$1.00; A. J. M. Richmond, Vt. \$1.00; B. G. Manchester, Vt. \$1.00; R. T. Chelmsford, Ms. \$1.00; T. W. Durham, O. \$10.00; S. D. S. Leeds, N. Y. \$1.00; W. P. C. Cornwallville, N. Y. \$1.00; M. A. W. Durham, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Meriden, Ct. \$2.00; P. M. Deerfield, Ms. \$3.00; C. H. Troy, N. Y. \$5.00; F. B. C. Montrose, Pa. \$0.81; S. A. W. Monson, Ms. \$1.00; C. G. & H. H. H. West Dresden, N. Y. \$2.00; J. D. Claverack, N. Y. \$1.00; J. W. W. Stockport, N. Y. \$1.00; C. M. Northfield, Me. \$2.00; H. A. B. Cunningham West Village, Ms. \$5.00; A. S. W. Lima, N. Y. \$5.00; W. S. M. Barrytown, N. Y. \$1.00; A. M. C. Salem, N. Y. \$0.00; P. M. Gayhead, N. Y. \$3.00; G. S. Westminster, Vt. \$5.00; E. H. Saratoga Springs, N. Y. \$5.00; T. L. V. G. Oxford, N. Y. \$2.00; J. C. L. Lebanon, N. Y. \$2.00; H. B. Brattleborough, Vt. \$1.00; J. D. H. McDonough, N. Y. \$0.87; J. R. S. Highgate, Vt. \$1.00; C. W. Holden, Ms. \$0.50; J. M. H. South Orange, Ms. \$1.00; C. S. Jaffray, N. H. \$1.00; J. H. Bristol, N. Y. \$5.00; P. M. Dana, Ms. \$1.00; H. G. Glen's Falls, N. Y. \$5.00; C. G. W. Syracuse, N. Y. \$1.00; J. H. jr. New-York, \$1.00; T. M. Nantucket, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Perryville, Ct. \$5.00; S. W. A. Falls Village, Ct. \$1.00; G. D. P. Upper Redhook, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Bethel, O. \$6.00; N. H. Furnace Village, Ct. \$1.00; L. T. Marion, O. \$3.00.

SUMMARY.

The select Committee in the House of Representatives have reported in favor of coining gold pieces of the value of one, two, and three dollars.

A million and a half of men are enrolled in the United States militia.

Cows in England are frequently fed upon parsnips, which produce the finest milk and butter.

The compositor's case, at which Franklin worked while in London, is still standing where he left it, and in full employment.

The stamp on English newspapers is at length to be essentially reduced.

The mainmast of the ship Pennsylvania, will take fifteen hundred and thirty-five yards of canvass.

MARRIED.

On Brooklyn Heights, by the Rev. J. B. Waterbury, Mr. George Hurlbut, to Miss Sarah Louisa, daughter of Zachariah Lewis, Esq.

At Kinderhook, on Wednesday last, by the Rev. Mr. Heermance, Doct. John Lusk, to Miss Theresa Graves. In Meriden, New Haven Co. Ct. on the 15th inst, by the Rev. Mr. Granger, W. W. James, Esq. of Canaan, N. Y. to Miss Nancy Webb, of the former place.

In Georgia, by John McGehee, Esq. Mr. David Hodge, aged 102 years and two months, to Miss Elizabeth Raily, aged 40 years both of Columbia county, Georgia. Mr. Hodge was at Braddock's defeat, and served throughout the whole period of the Revolutionary War.—*Washington News.*

DIED.

In this city, on the 7th inst. Mr. Charles Penfield, in the 40 year of his age.

On the 20th inst. Catharine, infant daughter of N. T. Rosseter, Esq.

At Albany, on the 24th ult. Mrs. Elizabeth, consort of Mr. John W. Netterville, in the 39th year of her age.

'Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth; yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors, and their works do follow them.'



ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Rural Repository.

The Land of Dreams.

THE land of dreams is brighter
Than this dark land of ours,
Its cloudless skies are lighter
And fairer are its flowers,
And hearts that earth would sever,
In union close and sweet,
More fond and true than ever,
May there together meet.

The forms we most have cherished,
That in the cold grave sleep,
The beings that have perished
Rise from their slumber deep,
And joyfully they meet us,
With a pleasure beaming eye,
And the voice with which they greet us,
Is the voice of days gone by.

The beggar with his wallet,
Has a mine at his command,
And the slave upon his pallet,
Holds a scepter in his hand.
In sleep the old man loves to dwell,
He seems a boy to be,
The prisoner laugheth in his cell,
For he dreams that he is free.

From realms of sold reality,
How starts the unfettered mind,
Ranging as lawless through the sky
As blows the mountain wind,
Its home of clay forsaking,
It journeys wide and far,
Its boundless voyage taking
From distant star to star.

FRANK.

THE Louisiana Advertiser accompanies the annexed poem by Moore, with the following remarks: 'In an adjoining column will be found a poem of Thomas Moore's, never before published, for which we are indebted to a gentleman of this city. It was presented to him by the late celebrated Mrs. Siddons, the aunt of Mrs. Arkwright, who is only daughter of Stephen Kemble, and cousin to the present Mrs. Fanny Butler. The Irish bard, in alluding to this poem, observes—'In these stanzas, I have done little more than relate a fact in verse; and the lady whose singing gave rise to this curious instance of the power of memory in sleep, is Mrs. Robert Arkwright.'

The Day-Dream.

BY THOMAS MOORE.

THEY both were hushed—the voice—the chords—
I heard but once the witching lay;
And few the tones, and few the words,
My spell-bound memory brought away.

Traces remembered here and there,
Like echoes of some broken strain;
Links of a sweetness lost in air,
That nothing now could join again.

E'en these, too, ere the morning fled;
And though the charm still lingered on,
That o'er each sense her song had shed,
The song itself was faded—gone!

Gone, like the thoughts that once were ours,
On summer days, ere youth had set,
Thoughts bright, we know, as summer flowers;
But *what* they were, we now forget!

In vain with hints from other strains
I wooed this truant air to come,—
As birds are taught on eastern plains,
To love their wild and kindred home.

In vain—the song that Sappho gave,
In dying, to the mournful sea,
Not muter slept beneath the wave,
Than this within my memory.

At length, one morning, as I lay
In that half-waking mood, when dreams,
Unwillingly at last give way
To the full truth of daylight's beams—

A face—the very face, methought,
From which had breathed, as from a shrine
Of song and soul, the notes I sought,—
Came with its music close to mine,

And sung the long lost measure o'er,
Each note and word, with every tone
And look, that lent it life before,—
All perfect—all again my own!

Like parted souls, when, mid the blest,
They meet again, each widowed sound,
Through memory's realm had winged in quest
Of its sweet mate, till all were found.

Nor e'en in waking did the clue,
Thus strangely caught, escape again;
For never lark its matins knew
So well, as now I knew this strain.

And oft, when memory's wondrous spell
Is talked of in our tranquil bower,
I sing this lady's song, and tell
The vision of that morning hour.

From the Hours of Song.

If Thou hast lost a Friend.

If thou hast lost a friend
By hard or hasty word,
Go—call him to thy heart again:
Let Pride no more be heard:
Remind him of those happy days,
Too beautiful to last;—
Ask, if a word should cancel years
Of truth and friendship past?
Oh! if thou'st lost a friend,
By hard or hasty word,
Go call him to thy heart again:
Let Pride no more be heard.

Oh! tell him from thy thought
The light of joy hath fled;—
That in thy sad and silent breast,
The lonely heart seems dead:—
That mount and vale—each path ye trod,
By morn or evening dim—
Reproach you with their frowning gaze,
And ask your soul for him.
Then if thou'st lost a friend,
By hard or hasty word,
Go—call him to thy heart again!
Let Pride no more be heard.

A Thought.

BY THOMAS CAMPBELL.

THE more we live, more brief appear
Our life's succeeding stages:
A day to childhood seems a year,
And years like passing ages.
The glad some current of our youth,
Ere passion yet disorders,
Steals, ling'ring, like a river smooth,
Along its grassy borders.

But, as the care-worn cheek grown wan,
And sorrow's shafts fly thicker,
Ye stars that measure life to man!
Why seem your courses quicker?

When joys have lost their bloom and breath,
And life itself is vapid,
Why, as we reach the Falls of Death,
Feel we its tide more rapid?

It may be strange—yet who would change
Time's course to slower speeding?
When one by one our friends have gone,
And left our bosoms bleeding.

Heaven gives our years of fading strength
Indemnifying fleetness;
And those of youth a *seeming* length,
Proportioned to their sweetness.

PROSPECTS

OF THE

RURAL REPOSITORY.

Embellished with Engravings;

DEVOTED TO POLITE LITERATURE, SUCH AS MORAL AND SENTIMENTAL TALES, ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS, BIOGRAPHY, TRAVELING SKETCHES, AMUSING MISCELLANY, HUMOROUS AND HISTORICAL ANECDOTES, SUMMARY, FORTIFY, &c.

On Saturday, the 18th of June, 1836, will be issued the first number of the *Thirteenth Volume (Fourth New Series)* of the *RURAL REPOSITORY*.

On issuing proposals for a new volume of the Rural Repository, the Publisher tenders his most sincere acknowledgements to all Contributors, Agents and Subscribers, for the liberal support which they have afforded him from the commencement of this publication. New assurances on the part of the publisher of a periodical which has stood the test of years, would seem superfluous, he will therefore only say, that it will be conducted on a similar plan and published in the same form as heretofore, and that no pains or expense shall be spared to promote their gratification by its further improvement in typographical execution and original and selected matter.

CONDITIONS.

THE *RURAL REPOSITORY* will be published every other Saturday, in the Quarto form, and will contain twenty-six numbers of eight pages each, with a title page and index to the volume, making in the whole 308 pages. It will be printed in handsome style, on Medium paper of a superior quality, with new type, and embellished occasionally with Engravings; making, at the end of the year, a neat and tasteful volume, containing matter equal to one thousand duodecimo pages, which will be both amusing and instructive in future years.

TERMS.—The Thirteenth volume, (Fourth New Series) will commence on the 18th of June next, at the low rate of *One Dollar* per annum in advance, or *One Dollar and Fifty Cents* at the expiration of three months from the time of subscribing. Any person, who will remit us Five Dollars, free of postage, shall receive six copies, and any person, who will remit us Ten Dollars, free of postage, shall receive twelve copies and one copy of either of the previous volumes. *37* No subscriptions received for less than one year.

Names of Subscribers with the amount of subscriptions to be sent by the 18th of June, or as soon after as convenient, to the publisher,

WILLIAM B. STODDARD.

Hudson, Columbia Co. N. Y. 1836.
37 EDITORS, who wish to exchange, are respectfully requested to give the above a few insertions, or at least a notice, and receive Subscriptions.

Notice.

37 Notes under Five Dollars taken in payment for the *REPOSITORY*, as usual.

THE RURAL REPOSITORY

IS PUBLISHED EVERY OTHER SATURDAY, AT HUDSON, N. Y. BY
Wm. B. Stoddard.

It is printed in the Quarto form, and will contain twenty-six numbers of eight pages each, with a title page and index to the volume.

TERMS.—*One Dollar* per annum in advance, or *One Dollar and Fifty Cents*, at the expiration of three months from the time of subscribing. Any person, who will remit us Five Dollars, free of postage, shall receive six copies, and any person, who will remit us Ten Dollars, free of postage, shall receive twelve copies, and one copy of the ninth or eleventh volumes. *37* No subscriptions received for less than one year. All the back numbers furnished to new subscribers.

37 All orders and Communications must be post paid, to receive attention.



DEVOTED TO POLITE LITERATURE, SUCH AS MORAL AND SENTIMENTAL TALES, ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS, BIOGRAPHY, TRAVELING SKETCHES, AMUSING MISCELLANY, HUMOROUS AND HISTORICAL ANECDOTES, SUMMARY, POETRY, &C.

VOL. XIII.—[IV. NEW SERIES.]

HUDSON, N. Y. SATURDAY, JULY 16, 1836.

NO. 3.

SELECT TALES.

From the Lady's Book.

Laura Lovel.

A SKETCH—FOR LADIES ONLY ;

BY MISS LESLIE.

[Concluded.]

LAURA LOVEL had already begun to find her visit to the Brantley family less agreeable than she had anticipated. They had nothing in common with herself; their conversation was neither edifying nor entertaining. They had few books, except the Annuals; and though she passed the Circulating Libraries with longing eyes, she did not consider that she was sufficiently in funds to avail herself of their contents. No opportunities were afforded her of seeing any of the lions of the city, and of those that casually fell in her way, she found her companions generally more ignorant than herself. They did not conceive that a stranger could be amused or interested with things that, having always been within their own reach, had failed to awaken in them the slightest curiosity. Mr. Brantley was infinitely the best of the family; but he was immersed in business all day, and in the newspapers all the evening. Mrs. Brantley was nothing, and Augusta's petulance, and heartlessness, and Miss Frampton's imperinence, (which somewhat increased after she lent the money to Laura,) were equally annoying. The visitors of the family were nearly of the same stamp as themselves.

Laura however, had looked forward with much anticipated pleasure to the long-talked of visit to the seashore, and in the meantime her chief enjoyment was derived from the afternoon rides that were occasionally taken in Mr. Brantley's carriage, and which gave our heroine an opportunity of seeing something of the beautiful environs of Boston.

Miss Frampton's fits of kindness were always very transient, and Laura's deep mortification at having been necessitated to accept a favor from such a woman, was rendered still more poignant by unavoidably overhearing (as she was dressing at her toilet-table that stood between two open windows,) the following dialogue; the speakers being

two of Mrs. Brantley's servant girls that were ironing in the kitchen porch, and who in talking to each other of the young ladies, always dropped the title of Miss:—

'Matilda,' said one of them, 'don't you hear Laura's bell? Did'n't she tell you arter dinner, that she would ring for you arter a while, to come up stairs and hook the back of her dress.'

'Yes,' replied Matilda—'I hear it as plain as you do, Eliza; but I guess I shan't go till it suits me. I'm quite beat out with running up stairs from morning to night to await on that therè Philadelphia woman, as she takes such high airs. Who but she indeed! Any how I'm not a going to hurry. I shall just act as if I did not hear no bell at all—for as to this here Laura, I guess she an't much. Augusta told me this morning, when she got me to fix her hair, that Miss Frampton told her that Laura axed and begged her amost on her bare knees, to lend her some money to pay for her frocks and bunnet.'

'Why, how could she act so!' exclaimed Eliza.

'Because,' resumed Matilda, 'her people sent her here without a copper in her pocket. So I guess they're a pretty shabby set after all.'

'I was judging as much,' said Eliza, 'by her not taking no airs, and always acting so polite to every body.'

'Well now,' observed Matilda, 'Mr. Scour-brass, the gentleman as lives with old Madam Montgomery, at the big house, in Bowdin Square, and helps to do her work, always stands out that very great people of the rnal sort, act much better, and an't so apt to take airs as them what are upstarts.'

'Doctors differ,' sagely remarked Eliza. 'However, as you say, I don't believe this here Laura is much; and I'm thinking how she'll get along at Nahant. Miss Lathersoap, the lady as washes her clothes, told me, among other things, that Laura's pocket-handkerchers are all quite plain—not a worked or a laced one among them. Now our Augusta would scorn to carry a plain handkercher, and so would her mother.'

'I've taken notice of Laura's handkerchers myself,' said Matilda, 'and I don't see why we young ladies as lives out, and does people's work to oblige them, should be expected to run at the beck and call of any strangers they may chuse to take into the house; let alone when they're not no great things.'

Laura retreated from the open windows, that she might hear no more of a conversation so painful to her. She would at once have written to her father, told him all, and begged him, if he possibly could, to send her money enough to repay Miss Frampton, but she had found by a letter received the day before, that he had gone on some business to the interior of Maine, and would not be home in less than a fortnight.

Next day was the one finally appointed for their removal to Nahant, and our heroine felt her spirits revive at the idea of beholding for the first time in her life, 'the sea, the sea, the open sea.' They went in Mr. Brantley's carriage, and Laura understood that she might ride in her black silk dress, and her straw bonnet.

They crossed at the Winnisimmet Ferry, rode through Chelsea, and soon arrived at the flourishing town of Lynn, where every man was making shoes, and every woman binding them. The last sun-beams were glowing in the west, when they came to the beautiful Long Beach that connects the rocks of Lynn with those of Nahant, the sand being so firm and smooth, that the shadow of every object is reflected in it downwards. The tide was so high that they drove along the verge of the surf, the horses' feet splashing through the water, and trampling on the shells and sea-weed left by the retiring waves. Cattle, as they went home, were cooling themselves by wading breast high in the breakers; and the little sand-birds were sporting on the crests of the billows, sometimes flying low and dipping into the water the white edges of their wings, and sometimes seeming with their slender feet to walk on the surface of the foam. Beyond the everlasting breakers rolled the unbounded ocean, the haze of evening coming fast upon it, and

the full moon rising broad and red through the misty veil of the eastern horizon.

Laura Lovel felt as if she could have viewed this scene for ever, and, at times she could not refrain from audibly expressing her delight. The other ladies were deeply engaged in listening to Miss Frampton's account of a ball and supper given by her intimate friend, that lovely woman Mrs. Ben Derrydown, the evening before Mr. Ben Derrydown's last failure, and which ball and supper exceeded in splendor any thing she had ever witnessed, except the wedding party of her sweet love Mrs. Nick Rearsby, whose furniture was seized by the sheriff a few months after; and the birth-night concert at the coming out of her darling little pet, Kate Bolderhurst, who ran away next morning with her music-master.

Our party now arrived at the Nahant Hotel, which was full of visitors, with some of whom the Brantleys were acquainted. After tea, when the company adjourned to the lower drawing-rooms, the extraordinary beauty of Laura Lovel drew the majority of the gentlemen to that side of the apartment on which the Brantley family were seated. Many introductions took place, and Mrs. Brantley felt in paradise at seeing that her party had attracted the greatest number of beaux. Miss Frampton generally made a point of answering every thing that was addressed to Laura, and Augusta giggled and flirted, and chattered much impertinent nonsense to the gentlemen on the outskirts of the group, that were waiting for an opportunity of saying something to Miss Lovel.

Our heroine was much confused at finding herself an object of such general attention, and was also overwhelmed by the officious volubility of Miss Frampton, though none of it was addressed to her. Mrs. Maitland, a lady as unlike Mrs. Brantley as, possible, was seated on the other side of Laura Lovel, and was at once prepossessed in her favor, not only from the beauty of her features, but from the intelligence of her countenance. Desirous of being better acquainted, and seeing that Laura's present position was any thing but pleasant to her, Mrs. Maitland proposed that they should take a turn in the veranda that runs round the second story of the hotel. To this suggestion Laura gladly assented—for she felt at once that Mrs. Maitland was just the sort of woman she would like to know. There was a refinement and dignity in her appearance and manner that showed her to be 'every inch a lady;' but that dignity was tempered with a frankness and courtesy that put every one round her immediately at their ease. Though now in the autumn of life, her figure was still good—her features still handsome, but they derived their chief charm from the sensible and benevolent expression of her fine open

countenance. Her attire was admirably suited to her face and person; but she was not over-drest and she was evidently one of those fortunate women who without bestowing much time and attention upon it, are au fait to all that constitutes a correct and tasteful costume.

Mrs. Maitland took Laura's arm within hers, and telling Mrs. Brantley that she was going to carry off Miss Lovel for half an hour, she made a sign to a fine-looking young man on the other side of the room, and introduced him as her son, Mr. Aubrey Maitland. He conducted the two ladies up stairs to the veranda, and in a few minutes our heroine felt as if she had been acquainted with the Maitlands for years. No longer kept down and oppressed by the night-mare influence of fools, her spirit expanded, and breathed once more. She expressed without hesitation, her delight at the scene that presented itself before her—for she felt that she was understood.

The moon now 'high in heaven,' threw a solemn light on the trembling expanse of the ocean, and glittered on the spray that foamed and murmured forever round the rocks that environed the little peninsula, their deep recesses slumbering in shade, while their crags and points came out in silver brightness. Around lay the numerous islands that are scattered over Boston harbor, and far apart glowed the fires of two light houses, like immense stars beaming on the verge of the horizon; one of them, a revolving light, alternately shining out, and disappearing. As a contrast to the still repose that reigned around, was the billiard-room, (resembling a little Grecian temple,) on a promontory that overlooked the sea—the lamps that shone through its windows, mingling with the moonbeams, and the rolling sound of the billard-balls uniting with the murmur of the eternal waters.

Mrs. Maitland listened with corresponding interest to the animated and original comments of her new friend, whose young and enthusiastic imagination had never been more vividly excited; and she drew her out, till Laura suddenly stopped, blushing with the fear that she had been saying too much. Before they returned to the drawing-room, Aubrey was decidedly and deeply in love.

When Laura retired to her apartment, she left the window open, that she might from her pillow look out upon the moonlit-sea, and be fanned by the cool night breeze that gently rippled its waters; and when she was at last lulled to repose by the monotonous dashing of the surf against the rocks beneath her casement, she had a dream of the peninsula of Nahant—not as it now is covered with new and tasteful buildings and a favorite resort of the fashion and opulence of Boston, but as it must have looked two centuries ago, when the seals made their homes among its caverned rocks, and when the only human

habitations were the rude huts of the Indian fishers, and the only boats, their canoes of bark and skins.

When she awoke from her dream she saw the morning-star sparkling high in the east, and casting on the dark surface of the sea a line of light which seemed to mimic that of the moon, long since gone down beyond the opposite horizon. Laura rose at the earliest glimpse of dawn to watch the approaches of the coming day. A hazy vapor had spread itself over the water, and through its gauzy veil she first beheld the red rim of the rising sun seeming to emerge from its ocean bed. As the sun ascended, the mist slowly rolled away, and 'the light of morning smiled upon the wave,' and tinted the white sails of a little fleet of outward-bound fishing boats.

At the breakfast table the majority of the company consisted of ladies only: Most of the gentlemen (including Aubrey Maitland,) having gone in the early steamboat to attend to their business in the city. After breakfast Laura proposed a walk, and Augusta and Miss Frampton, not knowing what else to do with themselves, consented to accompany her. A certain Miss Blunsdon, (who being an heiress, and of a patrician family, conceived herself privileged to do as she pleased, and therefore made it her pleasure to be a hoyden and slattern,) volunteered to pioneer them, boasting of her intimate knowledge of every nook and corner of the neighborhood. Our heroine, by particular desire of Augusta and Miss Frampton, had arrayed herself that morning in her new French muslin, with what they called its proper accompaniments.

Miss Blunsdon conducted the party to that singular cleft in the rocks, known by the name of the Swallow's Cave, in consequence of its having been formerly the resort of those birds, whose nests covered its walls. Miss Frampton stopped as soon as they came in sight of it, declaring, that it was in bad taste for ladies to scramble about such rugged places, and Augusta agreeing that a fancy for wet slippery rocks was certainly very peculiar. So the two friends sat down on the most level spot they could find, while Miss Blunsdon insisted on Laura's following her to the utmost extent of the cave, and our heroine's desire to explore this wild and picturesque recess made her forgetful of the probable consequences to her dress.

Miss Blunsdon and Laura descended into the cleft, which as they proceeded, became so narrow as almost to close above their heads; its lofty and irregular walls seeming to lose themselves in the blue sky. The passage at the bottom was in some places scarcely wide enough to allow them to squeeze through it. The tide was low, yet still the stepping stones loosely imbedded in the sand and sea-weed were nearly covered with water. But Laura

followed her guide to the utmost extent of the passage, till they looked out again upon the sea.

When they rejoined their companions—'Oh! look at your new French muslin,' exclaimed Augusta to Laura. 'It is dragged half way up to your knees, and the salt water has already taken the color out of it—and your pelerine is split down the back—and your shoes are half off your feet, and your stockings are all over wet sand. How very peculiar you look!'

Laura was now extremely sorry to find her dress so much injured, and Miss Frampton comforted her by the assurance that it would never again be fit to be seen. They returned to the hotel, where they found Mrs. Maitland reading on one of the sofas in the upper hall. Laura was hastily running up stairs, but Augusta called out—'Mrs. Maitland do look at Miss Lovel—did you ever see such a figure? She has demolished her new dress, scrambling through the Swallow's Cave with Miss Blunsdon.' And she ran into the Ladies' drawing room, to repeat the story at full length, while Laura retired to her room to try some means of remedying her disasters, and to regret that she had not been permitted to bring with her to Nahant some of her gingham morning dresses. The French muslin, however, was incurable; its blue, though very beautiful, being of that peculiar cast which always fades into a dull white when wet with water.

Miss Frampton remained a while in the hall: and taking her seat beside Mrs. Maitland, said to her in a low confidential voice—'Have you not observed, Mrs. Maitland, that when people, who are nobody, attempt dress, they always over do it. Only think of a country clergyman's daughter coming to break in so expensive a French muslin, and then going out in it to clamber about the rocks, and paddle among the wet sea weed. Now you will see what a show she will make at dinner in a dress the cost of which would keep her whole family in comfortable calico gowns for two years. I was with her when she did her shopping, and though, as a friend, I could not forbear entreating her to get things that were suitable to her circumstances and to her station in life, she turned a deaf ear to every thing I said, (which was certainly in very bad taste,) and she would buy nothing but the most expensive and useless frippery. I suppose she expects to catch the beaux by it. But when they find out who she is, I rather think they will only nibble at the bait—Heavens! what a wife she will make! And then such a want of self-respect, and even of common integrity. Of course you will not mention it—for I would on no consideration that it should go any farther—but between ourselves, I was actually obliged to lend her money to pay her bills.'

Mrs. Maitland, thoroughly disgusted with her companion, and disbelieving the whole of her gratuitous communication, rose from the sofa and departed without vouchsafing a reply.

At dinner, Laura Lovel appeared in her new silk, and really looked beautifully. Miss Frampton observing that our heroine attracted the attention of several gentlemen who had just arrived from the city, took an opportunity while she was receiving a plate of chowder from one of the waiters, to spill part of it on Laura's dress.

'I beg your pardon, Miss Lovel,' said she, 'when I took the soup I did not perceive that you and your new silk were beside me.'

Laura began to wipe her dress with her pocket-handkerchief. 'Now don't look so disconcerted,' pursued Miss Frampton, in a loud whisper. 'It is in very bad taste to appear annoyed when an accident happens to your dress. People in society always pass off such things, as of no consequence whatever. I have apologized for spilling the soup, and what more can I do?'

Poor Laura was not in society, and she knew that to her, the accident was of consequence. However she rallied and tried to appear as if she thought no more of the mischance that had spoiled the handsomest and most expensive dress she had ever possessed. After dinner she tried to remove the immense grease-spot by every application within her reach, but had no success.

When she returned to the drawing-room, she was invited to join a party that was going to visit the Spouting Horn, as it is generally denominated. She had heard this remarkable place much talked of since her arrival at Nahant, and she certainly felt a great desire to see it. Mrs. Maitland had letters to write, and Mrs. Brantley and Miss Frampton were engaged in their siesta; but Augusta was eager for the walk as she found that several gentlemen were going, among them Aubrey Maitland, who had just arrived in the afternoon boat. His eyes sparkled at the sight of our heroine, and offering her his arm, they proceeded with the rest of the party to the Spouting Horn. This is a deep cavity at the bottom of a steep ledge of rocks, and the waves as they rush successively into it with the tide, are immediately thrown out again by the action of a current of air which comes through a small opening at the back of the recess, the spray falling round like that of a cascade or fountain. The tide and wind were both high, and Laura was told that the Spouting Horn would be seen to great advantage.

Aubrey Maitland conducted her carefully down the least rugged declivity of the rock, and gave her his hand to assist her in springing from point to point. They at length

descended to the bottom of the crag. Laura was bending forward with eager curiosity, and looking stedfastly into the wave-worn cavern, much interested in the explosions of foaming water, which were sometimes greater and sometimes less. Suddenly a blast of wind twisted her light dress-bonnet completely round, and broke the sewing of one of the strings, and the bonnet was directly whirled before her into the cavity of the rock, and the next moment thrown back again amidst a shower of sea-froth.—Laura cried involuntarily, and Aubrey sprang forward, and snatched it out of the water.

'I fear,' said he, 'Miss Lovel, your bonnet is irreparably injured.'—'It is, indeed,' replied Laura; and remembering Miss Frampton's lecture, she tried to say that the destruction of her bonnet was of no consequence, but unaccustomed to falsehood, the words died away on her lips.

The ladies now gathered round our heroine, who held in her hand the dripping wreck of the once elegant bonnet; and they gave it as their unanimous opinion, that nothing could be done to restore it to any form that would make it wearable. Laura then tied her scarf over her head, and Aubrey Maitland thought she looked prettier than ever.

Late in the evening, Mr. Brantley arrived from town in his chaise, bringing from the post office a letter for Laura Lovel, from her little sisters, or rather two letters written on the same sheet. They ran thus:—

'Rosebrook, August 9th, 18—.

'DEAREST SISTER—We hope you are having a great deal of pleasure in Boston. How many novels you must be reading—I wish I was grown up as you are—I am eight years old, and I have never yet read a novel. We miss you all the time. There is still a chair placed for you at table, and Rosa and I take turns in sitting next to it. But we can no longer hear your pleasant talk with our dear father. You know Rosa and I always listened so attentively that we frequently forgot to eat our dinners. I see advertised a large new book of Fairy Tales. How much you will have to tell us when you come home. Since you were so kind as to promise to bring me a book, I think, upon second thought, I would rather have the Tales of the Castle than Miss Edgeworth's Moral Tales.

'Dear mother now has to make all the pies and puddings herself. We miss you every way. The Children's Friend must be a charming book—so must the Friend of Youth.

'Yesterday we had a pair of fowls killed for dinner. Of course, they were not Rosa's chickens, nor mine—they were only Billy and Bobby. But still, Rosa and I cried very much, as they were fowls that we were acquainted with. Dear father reasoned with

us about it for a long time ; but still, though the fowls were made into a pie, we could eat nothing but the crust. I think I should like very much to read the Robins, and also Keeper's Travels in search of his Master.

'I hope, dear Laura, you will be able to remember every thing you have seen and heard in Boston, that you may have the more to tell us when you come home. I think, after all, there is no book I would prefer to the Arabian Nights—no doubt the Tales of the Genii are also excellent. Dear Laura, how I long to see you again. Paul and Virginia must be very delightful.

'Yours affectionately,

'ELLA LOVEL.'

'DEAR SISTER LAURA—I cried for a long time after you left us, but at last I wiped my eyes, and played with Ponto, and was happy. I have concluded not to want the canary-bird I asked you to get for me, as I think it best to be satisfied by hearing the birds sing on the trees, in the garden, and in the woods. Last night I heard a screech-owl—I would rather have a young fig-tree in a tub—or else a great quantity of new flower-seeds. If you do not get either the fig-tree or the flower-seeds, I should like a blue cat, such as I have read of—you know those cats are not sky-blue, but only a bluish gray. If a blue cat is not to be had, I should be glad of a pair of white English rabbits ; and yet, I think, I would quite as willingly have a pair of doves. I never saw a real dove—but if doves are scarce, or cost too much, I shall be satisfied with a pair of fantailed pigeons, if they are quite white, and their tails fan very much. If you had a great deal of money to spare, I should like a kid or a fawn, but I know that is impossible ; so I will not think of it. Perhaps, when I grow up, I may be a president's wife—if so, I will buy an elephant.

'Your affectionate sister,

'ROSA LOVEL.'

'I send kisses to all the people in Boston that love you.'

How gladly would Laura, had it been in her power, have made every purchase mentioned in the letters of the two innocent little girls. And her heart swelled and her eyes overflowed when she thought how happy she might have made them at a small part of the expense she had been persuaded to lavish on the finery that had given her so little pleasure, and that was now nearly all spoiled.

Next day was Sunday ; and they went to church and heard Mr. Taylor the celebrated mariner clergyman, with whose deep pathos and simple good sense Laura was much interested, while she was at the same time amused with his originality and quaintness.

On returning to the hotel, they found that the morning boat had arrived, and on looking up at the veranda, the first object Laura saw

there was Pyam Dodge, standing stiffly with his hands on the railing.

'Miss Lovel,' said Augusta, 'there's your friend, the schoolmaster.'

'Mercy upon us,' screamed Miss Frampton, 'has that horrid fellow come after you ? Really, Miss Lovel, it is in very bad taste to invite him to Nahant.'

'I did not invite him,' replied Laura coloring, 'I know not how he discovered that I was here.'

'The only way then,' said Miss Frampton, 'is to cut him dead, and then perhaps he'll clear off.'

'Pho,' said Augusta, 'do you suppose he can understand cutting—why he won't know whether he's cut or not.'

'May I ask who this person is ?' said Aubrey Maitland, in a low voice, to Laura. 'Is there any stain or any suspicion attached to him ?'

'Oh ! no, indeed,' replied Laura earnestly. And, in a few words, as they ascended the stairs, she gave him an outline of the schoolmaster and his character.

'Then do not cut him at all,' said Aubrey.

'Let me take the liberty of suggesting to you how to receive him.' They had now come out into the veranda, and Maitland immediately led Laura up to Pyam Dodge, who bowed profoundly on being introduced to him, and then turned to our heroine, asked permission to shake hands with her, hoped his company would be found agreeable, and signified that he had been unable to learn where she was from Mr. Brantley's servants ; but that the evening before, a gentleman of Boston had told him that Mr. Brantley and all the family were at Nahant. Therefore, he had come there purposely to see her, and to inform her that the summer vacation having come, she was going to pay a visit to her friends at Rosebrook, and would be very thankful if she would honor him with a letter or message to her family.

All this was said with much bowing, and proosing, and apologizing. When it was finished, Maitland invited Pyam Dodge to take a turn on the veranda, with Miss Lovel and himself, and the poor schoolmaster expressed the most profound gratitude. When they were going to dinner, Aubrey introduced him to Mrs. Maitland, placed him next to himself at table, and engaged him in a conversation on the Greek classics, in which Pyam Dodge finding himself precisely in his element, forgot his humility, and being less embarrassed, was therefore less awkward and absurd than usual.

Laura Lovel had thought Aubrey Maitland the handsomest and most elegant young man she had ever seen. She now thought him the most amiable.

In the afternoon there was a mirage, in which the far-off rocks in the vicinity of Marblehead, appeared almost in the immediate neighborhood of Nahant, coming out in full relief, their forms and colors well defined, and their height and breadth seemingly much increased. While all the company were assembled to look at this singular optical phenomenon, (Aubrey Maitland being earnestly engaged in explaining it to our heroine,) Miss Frampton whispered to Laura that she wished particularly to speak with her, and accordingly drew her away to another part of the veranda.

Laura turned pale, for she had a presentiment of what was coming. Miss Frampton then told her, that presuming she had heard from home, she concluded that it would of course be convenient to return the trifle she had lent her ; adding that she wished to give a small commission to a lady that was going to town the next morning.

Poor Laura knew not what to say. She changed color, trembled with nervous agitation, and at last faltered out, that in consequence of knowing her father was from home, she had not yet written to him on the subject, but that she would do so immediately, and hoped that Miss Frampton would not find it very inconvenient to wait a few days.

'Why really, I don't know how I can,' replied Miss Frampton ; 'I want a shawl exactly like Mrs. Horton's. She tells me they are only to be had at one store in Boston, and that when she got hers the other day, there were only two left. They are really quite a new style, strange as it is to see any thing in Boston that is not quite old-fashioned in Philadelphia. The money I lent you is precisely the sum for this purpose. Of course I am in no want of a shawl—thank heaven, I have more than I know what to do with—but, as I told you, these are quite a new style.'

'Oh ! how gladly would I pay you, if I could !' exclaimed Laura covering her face with her hands—'What would I give at this moment for twenty-five dollars !'

'I hope I am not inconvenient,' said the voice of Pyam Dodge, close at Laura's back ; 'but I have been looking for Miss Laura Lovel, that I may take my leave, and return to town in the next boat.'

Miss Frampton tossed her head and walked away, to tell Mrs. Horton, confidentially, that Miss Lovel had borrowed twenty-five dollars of her to buy finery ; but not to add that she had just been asking her for payment.

'If I may venture to use such freedom,' pursued Pyam Dodge ; 'I think, Miss Laura Lovel, I overheard you just now grieving that you could not pay some money. Now, my good child, (if you will forgive me for calling you so,) why should you be at any loss for

money, when I have just received my quarter's salary, and when I have more about me than I know what to do with, I heard you mention twenty-five dollars—here it is, (taking some notes out of an enormous pocket-book,) and if you want any more, as I hope you do—'

'Oh! no, indeed—no,' interrupted Laura, 'I cannot take it—I would not on any consideration.'

'I know too well,' continued Pyam Dodge, 'I am not worthy to offer it, and I hope I am not making myself disagreeable. But if Miss Laura Lovel, you would only have the goodness to accept it, you may be sure I will never ask you for it as long as I live. I would even take a book-oath not to do so.'

Laura steadily refused the proffered kindness of the poor schoolmaster, and begged Pyam Dodge to mention the subject to her no more. She told him that all she now wished was to go home, and that she would write by him to her family, begging that her father would come for her (as he had promised at parting,) and take her back to Rosebrook, as soon as he could. She quitted Pyam Dodge, who was evidently much mortified, and retired to write her letter, which she gave to him as soon as it was finished, finding him in the hall taking a ceremonious leave of the Maitlands. He departed, and Laura's spirits were gradually revived during the evening, by the gratifying attentions and agreeable conversation of Mrs. Maitland and her son.

When our heroine retired for the night, she found on her table a letter in a singularly uncouth hand, if hand it could be called, where every word was differently written. It inclosed two ten dollar notes and a five, and was conceived in the following words—

'This is to inform Miss Laura, eldest daughter of the Reverend Edward Lovel, of Rosebrook, Massachusetts, that an unknown friend of hers, whose name it will be impossible for her to guess, (and therefore to make the attempt will doubtless be entire loss of time, and time is always precious,) having accidentally heard (though by what means is a profound secret,) that she, at this present time, is in some little difficulty for want of a small sum of money—he, therefore—this unknown friend, offers to her acceptance the before-mentioned sum, hoping that she will find nothing disgusting in his using so great a liberty.'

'Oh! poor Pyam Dodge!' exclaimed Laura, 'why did you take the trouble to disguise and disfigure your excellent hand-writing.' And she felt after all, what a relief it was to transfer her debt from Miss Frampton to the good schoolmaster. Reluctant to have any further personal discussion on this painful subject, she inclosed the notes in a short billet to Miss Frampton, and sent it

immediately to that lady's apartment. She then went to bed, comparatively happy, slept soundly, and dreamed of Aubrey Maitland.

About the end of the week Laura Lovel was delighted to see her father arrive with Mr. Brantley. As soon as they were alone, she threw herself into his arms, and with a flood of tears explained to him the particulars of all that had passed since she left home, and deeply lamented that she had allowed herself to be drawn into expenses beyond her means of defraying, and which her father could ill afford to supply, to say nothing of the pain and mortification they had occasioned to herself.

'My beloved child,' said Mr. Lovel, 'I have been much to blame for entrusting you at an age so early and inexperienced, and with no knowledge of a townlife and its habits, to the guidance and example of a family of whom I knew nothing, except that they were reputable and opulent.'

Mr. Lovel then gave his daughter the agreeable intelligence, that the tract of land which was the object of his visit to Maine, and which had been left him in his youth by an old aunt, and was then considered of little or no account, had greatly increased in value by a new and flourishing town having sprung up in its immediate vicinity. This tract he had recently been able to sell for ten thousand dollars, and the interest of that sum would now make a most acceptable addition to his little income.

He also informed her that Pyam Dodge was then at the village of Rosebrook, where he was 'visiting round,' as he called it, and that the good schoolmaster had faithfully kept the secret of the twenty-five dollars which he had pressed upon Laura, and of which Mr. Lovel had now heard for the first time, from herself.

While this conversation was going on between the father and daughter, Mrs. Maitland and her son were engaged in discussing the beauty and the apparent merits of our heroine. 'I should like extremely,' said Mrs. Maitland, 'to invite Miss Lovel to pass the winter with me. But you know we live much in the world, and I fear the limited state of her father's finances could not allow her to appear as she would wish. Yet perhaps I might manage to assist her, in that respect, without wounding her delicacy. I think with regret of so fair a flower being "born to blush unseen, and waste its sweetness on the desert air."'

'There is one way,' said Aubrey Maitland, smiling, and coloring, 'by which we might have Miss Lovel to spend next winter in Boston, without any danger of offending her delicacy, or subjecting her to embarrassment on account of her personal expenses—a way which would enable her to appear as she

deserves, and to move in a sphere that she is well calculated to adorn, though not as Miss Lovel.'

'I cannot but understand you, Aubrey,' replied Mrs. Maitland, who had always been not only the mother, but the sympathizing and confidential friend of her son—'yet be not too precipitate. Know more of this young lady before you go so far that you cannot in honor recede.'

'I know her sufficiently,' said Aubrey with animation. 'She is to be understood at once, and though I flatter myself that I may have already excited some interest in her heart, yet I have no reason to suppose that she entertains for me such feelings as would induce her at this time to accept my offer. She is extremely anxious to get home; she may have left a lover there. But let me be once assured that her affections are disengaged, and that she is really inclined to bestow them on me, and a declaration shall immediately follow the discovery. A man, who, after being convinced of the regard of the woman he loves, can trifle with her feelings and hesitate about securing her hand, does not deserve to obtain her.'

Laura had few preparations to make for her departure, which took place the next morning, Aubrey Maitland and Mr. Brantley accompanying her and her father to town, in the early boat. Mrs. Maitland took leave of her affectionately, Mrs. Brantley smilingly, Augusta coldly, and Miss Frampton not at all.

Mr. Lovel and his daughter passed that day in Boston, staying at a hotel. Laura showed her father the childrens' letter. All the books that Ella mentioned were purchased for her, and quite a little menagerie of animals was procured for Rosa.

They arrived safely at Rosebrook. And when Mr. Lovel was invoking a blessing on their evening repast, he referred to the return of his daughter and to his happiness on seeing her once more in her accustomed seat at table, in a manner that drew tears into the eyes of every member of the family.

Pyam Dodge was there; only waiting for Laura's arrival to set out next morning on a visit to his relations in Vermont. With his usual want of tact, and his usual kindness of heart, he made so many objections to receiving the money with which he had accommodated our heroine, that Mr. Lovel was obliged to slip it privately into his trunk before his departure.

In a few days, Aubrey Maitland came to Rosebrook and established himself at the principal inn, from whence he visited Laura the evening of his arrival. Next day he came both morning and evening. On the third day he paid her three visits, and after that it was not worth while to count them.

The marriage of Aubrey and Laura took

place at the close of the autumn, and they immediately went into the possession of an elegant residence of their own, adjoining the mansion of the elder Mrs. Maitland. They are now living in as much happiness as can fall to the lot of human beings.

Before the Nahant season was over, Miss Frampton had quarreled with or offended nearly every lady at the hotel, and Mr. Brantley privately insisted that his wife should not invite her to pass the winter with them. However, she protracted her stay as long as she possibly could with any appearance of decency, and then returned to Philadelphia under the escort of one of Mr. Brantley's clerks. After she came home, her visit to Boston afforded her a new subject of conversation, in which the predominant features were general ridicule of the Yankees, (as she called them,) circumstantial slanders of the family to whose hospitality she had been indebted for more than three months, and particular abuse of 'that little wretch, Augusta.'

BIOGRAPHY.

Sketch of Santa Anna.

SOME particulars of this personage, derived from a gentleman intimately acquainted with him may be interesting to the public.

Santa Anna is about 42 years of age, and was born in the city of Vera Cruz. His father was a Spaniard of old Spain, of respectable standing, though poor; his mother was a Mexican. He received a common education, and at the age of 13 or 14 was taken in to the military family of the Intendant of Vera Cruz, Gen. Davilla, who took a great fancy to him and brought him up. He remained with Gen. Davilla until about the year 1820.—While with Davilla he was made a Major, and when installed he took the honors very coolly, and on some friends congratulating him, he said, 'Si mi hi-ciera dois quisiera estar algomas.' (If you were to make me a God, I should desire to be something greater.) This trait developed at so early a period of his life, indicated the existence of that vaunting ambition which has ever since characterized his life.

After serving the Spanish Royal cause until 1821, he left Vera Cruz, turned against his old master and benefactor, and placed himself at the head of some irregular troops, which he raised on the sea-coast, near Vera Cruz, and which are called Jarochos in their language, and were denominated by him his Cossacks, as they are all mounted, and armed with spears.—With this rude cavalry he besieged Vera Cruz, drove Davilla into the Castle of San Juan D'Ulloa, and after having been repulsed again, entered at a subsequent period, and got entire possession of the city, expelling therefrom the old Spanish troops

and reducing the power of the mother country in Mexico to the walls of the castle.

Subsequent to this, Davilla is said to have obtained an interview with Santa Anna, and told him he was destined to act a prominent part in the history of his country, and now, says he, I will give you some advice: 'Siempre vavis con los muchos' (always go with the strongest party.) He always acted up to this motto until he raised the grito, (or cry) in other words, took up the cudgels for the friars and church. He then overturned the federal government, and established a central despotism, of which the priests and military were the two privileged orders. His life has been from the first of the most romantic kind, constantly in revolutions, constantly victorious until the last fatal recontre.

His manners are extremely affable; he is full of anecdote and humor, and makes himself exceedingly fascinating and agreeable to all who come into his company; he is about five feet ten, rather spare, has a moderately high forehead, with black hair, short black whiskers, and an eye large, black, and expressive of a lurking devil in his look; he is a man of genteel and dignified deportment, but of a disposition perfectly heartless, but he has never evinced a savageness of character, except in the massacre in which he has been implicated in Texas. He married a Spanish lady of property, a native of Alvarado, and through that marriage obtained the first part of his estate called Manga de Clavo, six leagues from Vera Cruz. He has three fine children, yet quite young.

The following striking anecdote of Santa Anna illustrates his peculiar quickness and management.

During the revolution of 1829, while he was shut up in Oxaca, and surrounded by the government troops, and reduced to the utmost straits for the want of money and provisions, having a very small force, there had been in consequence of the siege and firing every day through the streets, no mass for several weeks. He had no money, and hit upon the following expedient to get it: he took possession of one of the convents, got hold of the wardrobe of the friars, dressed his officers and some of the soldiers in it, and early in the morning had the bells rung for mass. People delighted at again having an opportunity of adoring the Supreme Being, flocked to the church where he was, and after the house was pretty well filled, his friars showed their side arms and bayonets from beneath their cowls, and closed the doors upon the assembled multitude. At this unexpected denouement, there was a tremendous shrieking, when one of his officers ascended the pulpit and told the people that he wanted \$10,000, and must have it. He finally succeeded in getting about \$8,500, when he dismissed the congregation.

As a sample of Santa Anna's pious whims we relate the following:

In the same campaign of Oxaca, Santa Anna and his officers were there besieged by Rincon, who commanded the government troops. Santa Anna was in a convent surrounded by a small breastwork. Some of the officers, one night to amuse themselves, took the wooden saints out of the church, and placed them as sentries, dressed in uniform, on the breastwork. Rincon, alarmed at this apparent boldness, began to fire away at the wooden images, supposing them to be flesh and blood, and it was not until some of the officers who were not in the secret had implored Santa Anna to prevent this desecration that the firing ceased.

Many similar facts are related of Santa Anna. We have not room at present to say more than there is no man who has filled the space he has, that is so little understood. In short, he is all things to all men. He never was out of Mexico.

General Houston.

THE following is a sketch of the life of General Houston from the Washington correspondence of the Pennsylvania Inquirer:

The first time that I ever saw Houston, was, I think, in the year 1820.—As I was standing at the corner of College street, Nashville, Tennessee, with a friend, a fine looking man dashed by us, and I was induced to inquire his name.

That, sir, said my friend, is Major Houston, a young man of great promise—who is rapidly rising in public favor. He is brave, and has fought gallantly with General Jackson, and in the lapse of a few years will be Governor of Tennessee.

I learned that Major Houston was originally a carpenter, but soon quitted the profession, and commenced the study of law, politics and arms. To the latter science he was most enthusiastically devoted; but as war was now at an end, he confined himself to politics and law. Soon after he was elected to Congress, and as a member of the house of Representatives, held a commanding position. His popularity was steady and rapid in the increase, and the year 1828 found him Governor of the State of Tennessee. In the wars of 1816—'17, with the Seminoles and Creeks, he distinguished himself as a gallant soldier; at the celebrated battle of the Horse Shoe, he was badly wounded in the arm, which disabled him. In 1816, having, in debate, animadverted with severity on the removal of Mr. Curry from the post office at Nashville, and the appointment of Mr. J. P. Irwin, a near relative of Mr. Clay, he was challenged by that gentleman to mortal combat. The parties met in Kentucky—Irwin was shot and badly wounded; and though no exceptions were taken to

the mode in which Houston conducted himself on the occasion, an indictment was obtained against him, for political effect as he alleged, as he was at that time a candidate for the office of Governor of Tennessee.

On the 20th of February 1828, whilst holding the office of Chief Magistrate of Tennessee, he challenged Chapman Johnson, of Virginia, to the field, and the invitation was declined. At the Virginia Convention of that year, Mr. Johnson reported an address to the people of Virginia, recommending the re-election of Mr. Clay, and in that address, those who had participated in the battle of the Horse Shoe, as Gov. Houston understood it, were treated with great severity. As one of the actors in that battle, Gov. Houston demanded redress from Mr. Johnson; in reply to which that gentleman replied that the address was the production of a Convention of two hundred and he could not consider himself personally responsible for the acts of that body.

On the 10th day of April, 1828, Gov. Houston, formally resigned the office of Gov. of Tennessee, and abjured the State. Assuming the garb of an Indian, he departed for the remote scenes of Arkansas, and resolved to spend his days in perpetual exile. His letter of resignation to Mr. Speaker Call, is one of the most beautiful productions of the kind now in existence. At the time he resigned the robes of office, he had but just been married to a beautiful woman, one of the most respectable ladies of Tennessee. They had not been married but a few days, or weeks at least, before the lady repudiated her allegiance to her lord, and claimed the protection of her parents. The causes that led to the separation have never been unraveled to the world and in all probability will perish with the wife and husband.—Popular clamor and suspicion were warmly excited against Houston, and to avoid public opinion, as he himself said, he became an exile in Arkansas. Many alledge that he was compelled, such was the excitement against him, to abandon Tennessee. After having spent a year or two in Arkansas, he became engaged in some army contracts, which once more introduced him to the walks of civilized life. In consequence of these contracts, he was charged with fraud and peculation by Mr. William Stansberry, a member of Congress from Ohio. As soon as they reached the ears of Houston, he made his appearance in Washington, and taking the law in his own hands, flogged Stansberry in Pennsylvania Avenue. For this breach of the 'privilege,' he was arrested, and reprimanded at the Bar of the House, and another shade of darkness was added to his character. Although few could justify the course of Houston, fewer pitied poor Stansberry. He had most justly merited all he received; but for all this, from the moment of the outrage

until the commencement of the Texian war, Houston was looked on by the American people, as a base, and lost man. In 1833, he commenced the practice of the law in Natchez; but soon abandoned that place for Texas. It is most probable that he had in view the conquest of that country, the moment he entered it. The rest need not be told.

Gen. Houston is now about forty-two years of age. He is a man of impetuous temperament, but always firm and ardent and sincere in his friendship.

MISCELLANY.

Justice in a Turkish Magistrate.

A CAUSE was tried before a young Cadi, at Smyrna; the merits of which are as follows:

A poor man claimed a house which a rich man had usurped. The former held his deeds and documents to procure his right; but the last had procured a number of witnesses to invalidate them; and to support their evidence effectually, he presented the Cadi with a bag containing 500 ducats; the Cadi received it. When it came to a hearing, the poor man told his story, produced his writings, but wanted that most essential, and only valuable proof, witness.

The other, provided with witnesses, laid his whole stress on them, and on his adversary's defect in law, who could procure none; he urged the Cadi, therefore to give sentence in his favor.

After the most pressing solicitations, the judge calmly drew out from under his sofa the bag of 500 ducats, which the rich man had given him as a bribe; saying to him very gravely, 'You have been much mistaken in the suit, for if the poor man could bring no witnesses in confirmation of his right, I myself can produce 500.' He then threw the bag, with reproach and indignation, and decreed the house to the poor plaintiff.

Such was the noble decision of a Turkish judge, not unworthy of the imitation of some who make a profession of the doctrines of christianity.—*Christian Adv.*

Credit.

THE facility with which credit is obtained proves the ruin of one half of mankind. It is a snare and a trap to the young. To the young man, his strength is property and a resource for future years, and he should never contract a lien upon it to any one. There was a practice among the ancient nations of mortgaging the person's body as security for loan. Credit, in its mildest form, is little better than this. It is, in fact, to him whose only resource is his labor, a mortgage upon his physical strength and his liberty. There is a great difference, it is true, between a debt contracted for property which is kept

and yields an income to the purchaser, and that which is spent and consumed.

Credit perhaps cannot altogether be dispensed with, but it is a grave question, whether, on the whole, it has not done more mischief than good. There is hardly an evil in society, which has not sprung from it. It has created a race of non-producers, who render no equivalent to society for what they consume. It has separated knowledge from labor, and deprived the laborer of the improvements which his facilities require, and of the satisfactions for which his nature was designed. It has oppressed industry and worth on the one hand, and pampered idleness and profligacy on the other. If every young man, who should from this time come of age, would contract no debt, what would be the state of society in twenty years? It would be changed in its whole condition and character.

MODESTY, in a young female, is the flower of a tender shrub, which is the promise of excellent fruits. To destroy it is to destroy the germ of a thousand virtues, to destroy the hope of society, to commit an outrage against nature. The air of the world is a burning breath that every day, blasts this precious flower.

Letters Containing Remittances, Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of Postage paid.

H. D. West Milton, O. \$1.00; H. S. Hoosick Falls, N. Y. \$0.50; W. C. M.V. Louisville, N. Y. \$0.62; P. M. Fortville, N. Y. \$2.00; B. R. H. Hartsville, Ms. \$1.00; P. M. Maiden Bridge, N. Y. \$2.00; P. M. West Stockbridge, Ms. \$1.00; P. M. Fredonia, N. Y. \$1.00; H. G. F. Hunter, N. Y. \$1.00; W. D. New York, \$1.00; L. B. Eaton, O. \$1.00; H. P. Watertown, N. Y. \$1.62; W. C. R. Newburgh, N. Y. \$1.00; L. M. Whalen's Store, N. Y. \$1.00; G. B. A. Massena, N. Y. \$3.00; L. G. P. Belleville, N. Y. \$2.00; W. D. S. Jamestown, N. Y. \$10.00; P. M. Ninoch, N. Y. \$3.00; P. M. East Lexington, N. Y. \$2.00; P. M. Fort Hamilton, N. Y. \$1.00; B. S. B. Monson, Ms. \$1.00; P. M. Sharon, Ct. \$1.00; R. W. New York, \$1.00; P. M. Fletcher, Yt. \$1.00; H. W. H. Shirley Village, Ms. \$1.00; R. N. S. Cedar Hill, N. Y. \$1.00; C. L. Lake, N. Y. \$1.00; W. C. W. New Village, N. J. \$5.00; C. C. W. Springport, N. Y. \$1.00; S. B. T. Cannonsburg, Pa. \$5.00; A. P. Milton, Ct. \$2.00; W. B. Redrock, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Cambridge, N. Y. \$5.00; M. T. Williamstown, Ms. \$1.00; R. C. Albany, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Middlebury, Vt. \$5.00; P. M. Ira, N. Y. \$5.00; P. M. Schroon Lake, N. Y. \$4.00; E. B. D. Hartford, N. Y. \$2.00; A. F. B. Salina, N. Y. \$3.00; L. L. S. Branford, Ct. \$5.00; O. H. East Becket, Ms. \$1.00.

SUMMARY.

DROWNED.—The body of Zadock Newberry of this city, was found in the ferry dock on Saturday morning last.

SUGAR FROM BEES.—An association of gentlemen in Pennsylvania are making arrangements for manufacturing sugar from the bees. They have sent a gentleman to France to obtain information in relation to the process of manufacturing now pursued with great success there.

MARRIED.

In this city, on the 29th ult. by the Rev. J. B. Waterbury, Mr. Roderick Beebe, of Chatham, to Miss Jane E. Lovejoy, of this city.

On the 16th ult. by the Rev. T. C. Brown, Mr. Washington Rosman, M. D. formerly of Hudson, N. Y. to Miss Lutetia A. daughter of I. N. Selser, Esq. of Hinds co. Miss.

DIED.

In this city, on the 10th inst. Mr. Uriah Roraback, in the 54th year of his age.

On the 23d ult. at the residence of Mr. J. Westfield, Miss Pamela Ann Williams, of Hillsdale, aged 34 years.

On the 13th ult. Mrs. Catharine, relict of Jesse Holt, formerly of this city, aged 50 years.

On the 28th ult. at his seat in Virginia, James Madison, ex-president of the U. S. in the 90th year of his age.

At New York, on the 27th ult. Capt. Samuel Wiswall, in the 63d year of his age.

At the same place, on the 3d inst. Augustus Wynkoop, Esq. aged 59 years.



ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Rural Repository.

PILGRIM, on thy journey starting
For a far and heavenly clime,
From thy home and kindred parting,
Parting from the toys of time,
Let not grief thy bosom trouble
That thou biddest them farewell,
Human joy is but a bubble,
Let thy heart in heaven dwell.

Pilgrim with thy journey weary,
Toiling 'neath a heavy load,
Oh, let not despair come near thee,
Faint thou not upon the road;
Smoother is the way to heaven,
As it draweth near its close,
Faith its roughness will make even,
Hope will lighten all its woes.

Pilgrim, thy long journey ending,
Let thy spirit in thee rise;
See with death's dark shadows blending
The bright radiance of the skies.
Doubt shall never more benight thee,
Grief and care pass not the tomb,
Angels' outspread arms invite thee,
To the pilgrim's heavenly home.

THE following beautiful lines are from the pen of our much esteemed fellow townsman, the Hon. ELLIS LEWIS. They appear in his daughter's Album, which in the course of its perambulations, fell into our hands a few days since. Conceivng, they possess merit infinitely beyond the itinerant effusions which usually make their debut in a Ladies' Album, we have transferred them to our columns.—*Lyconing Gazette*.

Life!—Its Similitudes.

FOR MY DAUGHTER'S ALBUM.

Lo! yonder silk-worm on the stand,
Pampered with leaves by careful hand;
Its end accomplished—see how soon
It finds its death in the cocoon.
Each fruit and ornamental TREE
Dreary and death-like now we see;
Foliage and fruit and fragrant bloom
Shrouded in Winter's deepest gloom.
Behold, in view, that noble STREAM,
It glides and shines—a transient gleam;
Its name and pride soon find a grave
In broad Atlantic's ocean-wave.
THE BUBBLE on the current tossed
Glowing bright and brief and soon is lost;
The globule broke—the parts repair
Liquid to liquid—air to air.
Far in the East, yon golden ray
Proclaims the brilliant ORB OF DAY;
He courses to meridian height,
Then sinks in Western clouds of night.

THE TREE, the STREAM, the GOLDEN SUN,
Are emblems of the course we run;
THE BUBBLE too, so brief and light,
Is like this world—as empty quite;
THE CURRENT glides like life away,
Tide and Time, for no one stay;
The highest and the haughtiest man
Is but a WORM—his life a span.
So, dearest JULIET, must it be
With thee, and thine, and all we see;

In health and hope we glare a while,
Then 'shuffle off this mortal coil,'
Returning to our mother Earth,
The form she gave us at our birth.

But there is still a brighter place
For holy ones of human race.
For them the TREE shall bloom again,
Its foliage shade the verdant plain
Perennial, as around are seen
The Laurel, Pine and Ever-green.
For them the SUN shall cast his rays
In brighter, holier, happier days;
The STREAM of Time, its flow shall cease
In one eternal sea of peace.
And sin and woe and war and strife
Shall vanish with the BUBBLE life.
The outward film shall, in its fall;
The inward spirit disenthral;
Like winged and seraph butterfly,
No more a WORM, it soars on high;
The disunited parts shall go
Home to the source from whence they flow!
The BODY to its dark abode—
The SOUL to wing its way to God.

STANZAS.

BY M. E. J.

THERE is a sweetness in the midnight chime,
The deep toned echo of departed time;
A holy thrill comes o'er the grief worn heart,
As the low moanings of the winds depart,
A fond regret is in that pitying tone
Of joy long past, and friends forever flown.

There is a calmness on the midnight sky,
When earth's lone ones in sleepy fetters lie,
Low sounds are on the winds, the gathering swell
Of midnight music from the echoing bell,
And though no sunny ray to earth be given,
Hope faintly smiles and whispers us of heaven.

From the Catskill Recorder.

'He Died.'

BY HORATIO GATES.

'HE DIED!'—We hear it every day!—
In every clime—on every shore,
Where life and speech have found their way,
The breath that fosters them has borne
This sentence, on its fleeting wing,
To many a keenly aching ear,
To fill—or drain—the ebbing spring
That yields the briny tear.—
That sound has passed our ears so oft,
It ceases to dispel
Our gayety, but sinks as soft
As tales that children tell;
And like the chattering parrot, taught
To mimic human sounds for pride,
Our words are strangers to our thoughts,
When we pronounce—'He died!'

'He died!'—Look on that moss-grown stone!
That silent record of the dead,
Which stands thus mournfully alone,
To guard this dust from lawless tread.—
'Who sleeps beneath it?'—See his name!
'A saint?—a hero?—or a sage?'—
'Died he for liberty?—or fame?'
'Or mid some persecution's rage?'—
His fame, his deeds are all forgot—
Unheeded—or unknown—
And none has registered his lot
On this unmeaning stone;
And, save some moralizing rhymes,
Some cold appeal to living pride,

This stone can tell to other times
No tale but this—'He died!'

'He died!'—but when alive he felt
(As all who live, like him, must feel)
His heart beat high with hope—or melt
With anguish he would fain conceal.—
He sighed for honors, or for power,
For wealth, or friends, (as all will sigh),
But were he to return this hour,
And cast his opened eye
On this cold, stony page, and see
All that we mortals know
Of what he was—or wished to be—
While he sojourned below;
The sage and the divine might preach,
The mourner weep, the wag deride
His past pursuits;—but none could teach
Like these two words—'He died!'

PROSPECTUS

OF THE

RURAL REPOSITORY.

Embellished with Engravings;

DEVOTED TO POLITE LITERATURE, SUCH AS MORAL AND SENTIMENTAL TALES, ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS, BIOGRAPHY, TRAVELING SKETCHES, AMUSING MISCELLANY, HUMOROUS AND HISTORICAL ANECDOTES, SUMMARY, POETRY, &c.

On Saturday, the 18th of June, 1836, will be issued the first number of the *Thirteenth Volume (Fourth New Series)* of the RURAL REPOSITORY.

On issuing proposals for a new volume of the Rural Repository, the Publisher tenders his most sincere acknowledgements to all Contributors, Agents and Subscribers, for the liberal support which they have afforded him from the commencement of this publication. New assurances on the part of the publisher of a periodical which has stood the test of years, would seem superfluous, he will therefore only say, that it will be conducted on a similar plan and published in the same form as heretofore, and that no pains or expense shall be spared to promote their gratification by its further improvement in typographical execution and original and selected matter.

CONDITIONS.

THE RURAL REPOSITORY will be published every other Saturday, in the Quarto form, and will contain twenty-six numbers of eight pages each, with a title page and index to the volume, making in the whole 208 pages. It will be printed in handsome style, on Medium paper of a superior quality, with new type, and embellished occasionally with Engravings; making, at the end of the year, a neat and tasteful volume, containing matter equal to one thousand duodecimo pages, which will be both amusing and instructive in future years.

TERMS.—The Thirteenth volume, (Fourth New Series) will commence on the 18th of June next, at the low rate of *One Dollar* per annum in advance, or *One Dollar and Fifty Cents* at the expiration of three months from the time of subscribing. Any person, who will remit us Five Dollars, free of postage, shall receive six copies, and any person, who will remit us Ten Dollars, free of postage, shall receive twelve copies and one copy of either of the previous volumes. No subscriptions received for less than one year.

Names of Subscribers with the amount of subscriptions to be sent by the 18th of June, or as soon after as convenient, to the publisher, WILLIAM B. STODDARD.

Hudson, Columbia Co. N. Y. 1836.
EDITORS, who wish to exchange, are respectfully requested to give the above a few insertions, or at least a notice, and receive Subscriptions.

Notice.

Notes under Five Dollars taken in payment for the REPOSITORY, as usual.

THE RURAL REPOSITORY

IS PUBLISHED EVERY OTHER SATURDAY, AT HUDSON, N. Y. BY Wm. B. Stoddard.

It is printed in the Quarto form, and will contain twenty-six numbers of eight pages each, with a title page and index to the volume.

TERMS.—*One Dollar* per annum in advance, or *One Dollar and Fifty Cents*, at the expiration of three months from the time of subscribing. Any person, who will remit us Five Dollars, free of postage, shall receive six copies, and any person, who will remit us Ten Dollars, free of postage, shall receive twelve copies, and one copy of the ninth or eleventh volumes. No subscriptions received for less than one year. All the back numbers furnished to new subscribers.

All orders and Communications must be post paid, to receive attention.



DEVOTED TO POLITE LITERATURE, SUCH AS MORAL AND SENTIMENTAL TALES, ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS, BIOGRAPHY, TRAVELING SKETCHES, AMUSING MISCELLANY, HUMOROUS AND HISTORICAL ANECDOTES, SUMMARY, POETRY, &c.

VOL. XIII.—[IV. NEW SERIES.]

HUDSON, N. Y. SATURDAY, JULY 30, 1836.

NO. 4.

SELECT TALES.

From the Poughkeepsie Casket.

The Fall of Bexar:

A TEXIAN TALE.

As fondly the mother her darling carresses,
Her tears falling down on her cheeks like the rain;
She tells of her husband while tearing her tresses,
Ah, never, my child, will you see him again.
The flag led him on by the light of its star
To Freedom and glory; he fell at Bexar.

F. L. Waddell.

FIRMLY seated in the Executive chair, holding almost imperial sway over the fallen remains of Montezuma, and looking with an enlightened mind, with proud and haughty contempt, upon the priest-ridden rulers of the dependant provinces, Santa Anna, the Napoleon of the West, held an exalted station among the list of conquerors and political benefactors. With a policy supported by those salutary principles upon which our happy Republic is founded, he led on the legions of Mexico against the mercenaries of the mother country, and succeeded in breaking the bond which bound them to the throne of Ferdinand. Such a glorious achievement won for him the bright laurels of a patriot, and his joyous countrymen in the plenitude of their grateful emotions clothed him with the chief executive power, and acknowledged him as the Dictator of all Mexico. To the eye of the warm hearted American he seemed like a kindred spirit with those who battled upon the fields of our revolutionary struggle, and they were ready to risk their fortunes and their liberties to the discretion of such a ruler. Texas, the Garden of Mexico as respected richness of soil, was a vast uncultivated waste, whose riches were buried beneath the dense forest, or the wild grass of the prairie, for the want of enterprise and industry to exhume them. Such a field for American enterprize, when once known could not long remain unexplored by the adventurous sons of the west, especially when the supreme government gave such warm encouragement; and the banks of the Brassos and the Colorado were soon peopled with the industrious yeomanry of the Mississippi.

Elated with the golden prospects that shone upon their efforts, they held out every inducement to their friends to follow, and the rich wilderness of Texas was fast becoming a fruitful garden. The mud-cottages of San Antonio were hastily disappearing before the steady march of improvement, and neat mansions occupying their humble stations.

But while all this glorious realization of the most sanguine dreams of the colonists was adding increased strength to enterprise, the uncurbed ambition of the Mexican chief, that had succumbed to temporary restraint by the hand of policy, began to grow eager for an exercise of its strength, and the patriot Santa Anna looked with hope and expectation upon the imperial purple that fell from Iturbide the usurper. By degrees he changed his cabinet, drew tighter the reins of government, abridged the suffrages of the dependant republics, and began the operations of a scheme to nullify their representative privileges, and consolidate the legislative power into sovereign centralism.—The people of Texas were the first to observe this increasing abridgement of their liberties, for the other provinces were peopled with a population who had never tasted the sweets of settled and undisturbed freedom. Yet they at length saw the aggressions of their chief and in concert with Texas asked for a restraint upon the strides of his ambition. Santa Anna saw the disaffection, knew there was no time to be lost and resolved to secure the throne of Anahuac while power was yet in his hands. With a promise of aid from the other provinces Texas unfurled her banner and declared, not hostility to the government, but allegiance to the spirit of the Constitution. The Chief saw his danger, the priests saw their danger, and their combined power was directed against chivalric Texas. Zacatecas, Tamaulipas, San Louis Potosi, and one or two other provinces, raised the standard of revolt, but when the anathemas of the growing tyrant went forth, 'Viva los Santa Anna!' rang along their lines, and these cowardly and hypocritical allies left Texas to stand or fall as destiny might determine.

Now was the time to test the courage, the patriotism, the unwavering determination of the sons of those who battled upon the green at Lexington, the brow of Bunker Hill and the bloody heights of Yorktown, and nobly did they exhibit the chivalry of their sires. A convention was called, a provisional government formed, an army organized and Houston placed at its head. Success attended the Texian arms until the Mexican chief appeared in person and besieged the Alamo at Bexar. Thus we have taken a bird's-eye view of the events prior to the tragedy there enacted, and we will leave the task of penning the subsequent political facts which transpired, to a more able pen, while we record some instances of individual bravery.

Jose Hernanda, son of a proud Hidalgo of Tenochtitlan, fired with a love of liberty and liberal principles, had left his native city where it existed but in name, and took up his residence among the free-minded people of Texas. When the encroachments of Santa Anna were complained of, his importunities were sent among the rest, and he implored his father to use his influence in checking the invasions of the chief. But his father who was warmly attached to Santa Anna and to popery, refused his prayer and discarded his son as a rebel.—Fearing to return to become reconciled to his parent, and still clinging fondly to the reared standard of liberty, he threw his life and his fortunes into the arms of Texas, and joined the standard of the intrepid Houston. Previous to this, and while the smiles of prosperity gladdened the hearts of all Texas he had contracted a matrimonial alliance with the daughter of an American merchant at Harrisburgh and their nuptials were now only delayed by the change of political circumstances. He owed a duty to his adopted country superior to considerations of self, and mutual pledges were exchanged for the consummation of their marriage as soon as Victory should perch upon the standard of Texas. It was with acute feelings of pain, that the young Mexican gave a last embrace to his betrothed Mary, whose tears bespoke the emotions of her heart.

'Go,' said she to Hernanda, 'and may the God of battle give strength to your arm and weight to your sword. I freely renounce my happiness for the cause of Liberty, and should your grave be dug upon the battle field, I will search it out and water its herbage with my tears. My hourly prayer shall be for your success—let your watch-word and war-cry be "God and liberty!"'

Hernanda left her with emotion and joining the eager volunteers who were impatiently waiting his coming on the banks of a little stream not far distant, he endeavored to calm his feelings by reflecting upon the field of glory that spread out before him. Hearing that the forces of the Texian army were concentrating for the purpose of forming a power sufficient to besiege San Antonio they made a rapid march thither and joined them the evening previous to their departure. Here Hernanda witnessed several scenes of parting similar to his own, and it seemed to give his bosom relief when he could communicate his feelings to sympathetic hearts.

It was just at evening when they reached the banks of the Brassos, and they resolved to delay the crossing until morning, as few were acquainted with either bank. Hernanda strolled to the dark shade of a sycamore where he sat down to indulge a few moments in memory of the past, and the pleasing anticipations of future happiness, when the tumult of war should cease, and his destiny become identified with that of his beloved Mary. While indulging in this pleasing reverie, he was suddenly startled by a horseman who dashed by at full speed in the direction of their little camp.—Hernanda hastened thither and found him surrounded by the eager soldiery, who were listening to the gloomy message which he brought. He had been commissioned by the authorities of Harrisburgh to communicate to the army the fact that upwards of two thousand Mexicans were on the march for that place, and calling upon the Texian arms to defend them. Hernanda heard the messenger coupling the names of Mexicans and Harrisburgh and he burned with anxiety to fly to the rescue of his betrothed. He pressed forward and seizing the hand of the messenger, demanded his attention.

'Tell me,' said Hernanda, 'have the people fled Harrisburgh, or are they left to the mercy of an armed enemy.'

'Some have fled,' said the courier, 'others have armed for the defence of the town, while a great many of the lower classes are unable to arm or fly. Mr. — the acting magistrate, is endeavoring to rally a force sufficient to repel them until aid may arrive.'

'Signor —!' cried Hernanda, with emotion, for it was the father of his Mary, 'does his family still remain amid the threatening danger?'

'I cannot tell,' answered the courier, 'nor

have I time to answer further questions.—Here,' said he, pulling a letter from his bosom, 'is a despatch given me by a charming young lady for one Jose Hernanda. Does such an one belong to this battalion?'

'It is I,' exclaimed Hernanda, eagerly seizing the proffered letter. He drew away from his companions and broke the seal. It was from Mary—she wrote thus:

'The Mexicans are advancing—the fires of their camp were seen last evening—Harrisburgh is all confusion and we know not whither to escape. If you have influence, use it for us, and save us from the power of Cos. God give you strength.'

Yours, in danger, MARY.'

Hernanda was almost frantic, and he used every argument to induce their commander, Col. F — to turn his steps towards Harrisburgh. But the success of Texas depended upon securing the strong-hold of San Antonio de Bexar, while it yet remained weakly guarded, and the next morning they reached the opposite side of the Brassos, and made a forced march towards the Colorado. Gloomy indeed was that march to the young Mexican, for although his heart glowed with the love of liberty, yet the pure and holy flame of affection for Mary occupied a large space therein, and the danger to which she was exposed increased his love.

It was early in the morning when he reached the vicinity of Bexar, and they were surprised to see the national flag of Mexico floating over the Alamo. But the secret was soon told by a deserter from the enemy. The determination of Cos was to attack Harrisburgh, but hearing that a force was on their march for Bexar, he immediately turned his army and made a forced march for that place, which he reached by an almost parallel route a few hours previous to the arrival of the Texians. This information gave Hernanda joy, and feeling conscious of the safety of his treasure, he gave up his whole soul to the momentous proceedings around him. Before him frowned the walls of a fortress filled with an unknown number of his countrymen thirsting for the blood of patriots, while around stood a few brave men ready to encounter the savage legion. His zeal had secured the favor of the commander, and he had given him a situation at the head of a company of riflemen from Nacodoches. Every preparation was made on both sides for the contest, and the sun had scarcely emerged above the horizon before the bugle within the fort sounded to the charge.—Like a fierce torrent the Mexicans poured forth, expecting to crush the besiegers at once with an overwhelming force; but they braved the onset with an almost unbroken front, and hundreds of the enemy rolled in the dust. The inhabitants of San Antonio covered the rear of the valiant Texi-

ans, armed with whatever seemed like an instrument of death, and in less than two hours a cry for quarter came from the dark wreaths of smoke that curled around the battered battlements of the Alamo. The contest ceased, and the Mexicans, screened from view by the dense smoke that yet hung about the battle-ground, commenced a sudden retreat; but Cos who was wounded, and several other officers, were taken prisoners. Hernanda was the first to enter the embrasure over the bodies of the slain. A deep groan that issued from beneath a bloody flag against the base of the fort attracted his attention, and removing it, he discovered an aged soldier with his visage deep scarred by the blow of a broadsword. He raised up the dying soldier and endeavored to meliorate his misery, for humanity bade him treat with lenity the unfortunate of his native soil. Suddenly Hernanda started back and gazed upon the old man with a look of horror. It was his father! Memory, ever faithful to the heart where filial affection dwells, pointed out to the young Mexican the tender parent of his childhood in the blood sprinkled form of the old soldier. When the first violent feeling of excited grief subsided, Hernanda sprang forward to embrace his parent and receive a parting blessing from his lips. But those lips were palsied forever—the last fearful struggle was over—the soul had evacuated its earthly tenement and soared to its native heaven.

With a heart filled with sorrow, Hernanda took the star from the breast of his father and placed it upon his own, for now he was the rightful owner of the honor and its titles. He buried his parent with all possible decency, and notwithstanding the soldier was an enemy to Texas, his comrades dropped a tear of sympathy over his grave, for Hernanda was beloved by all. When this solemn ceremony was performed, they immediately made preparations for the disposal of their force, as it was unnecessary for all to remain in defence of the fort.—They had taken from the enemy a great number of muskets, one brass nine-pounder and two howitzars; and the only thing wanting for a small force to defend it with success was a supply of ammunition and provisions. It was well known that the Mexicans were rallying their forces and would probably attack them in return, and despatch was consequently necessary. Cos and his officers were released on condition of never again serving in the army against Texas; but the humane victors little dreamed of the black treachery that lurked in his heart. Contrary to expectations, the Mexicans, instead of hovering about Bexar, took up their line of march to the southward to join the forces of Gen. Urrea, who, with nearly five thousand men, was preparing to march into Texas and crush the rebellion at a single charge.

In the mean time the valley of the Mississippi was giving an almost daily largess of volunteers, eager to join the hitherto victorious standard of struggling patriots. Among them came that personification of true courage, Col. Crockett, who as little feared the approach of a Mexican lancer or dragoon, as he did the growling Bruin of his native forests. Having been accustomed from infancy to brave danger, he was a stranger to fear, and his personal safety was never reckoned into the account when objections arose to the obeisance of the impulses of his generous heart. By his side came a handsome and beardless youth, upon whose cheeks bloomed the rose of beauty, and in his dark eye burned the fire of patriotism. He was habited in a citizen's dress, and wore a peculiar cap which nearly concealed his face. A broad-sword hung upon his thigh and a pistol was in his belt.

'This youngster,' said Crockett, who had taken him under his charge three days previous, 'is all grit—stuffed as full of courage as an eggshell of meat, and vows that he would rather die fighting for Texas than to be Santa Anna himself. And who wouldn't when so many brave hearts have sworn his destruction?'

The youth was silent, and used every means to conceal his face, yet the emotions of his heart were pictured upon his glowing features. When the commander was shown him, he stepped forward, bowed respectfully, and drawing a letter from his bosom made a humble request in the Spanish tongue, that he might be permitted to battle in the ranks with the brave Mexican with whose name it was endorsed.—That name was Jose Hernandez. The request was granted, and the letter delivered to the young Mexican, who, as soon as he broke the seal embraced the messenger as a bearer of joyous tidings. The letter was from Mary, and stated that Harrisburgh was spared—a party of Mexicans had been entirely cut up in a skirmish near Galveston—and requesting Hernandez to be at rest about her safety, as she believed that the chains which the Tyrant had prepared for Texas would never be cast upon his intended victim. In his joy, Hernandez would again have embraced the youth, but he modestly interposed and asked as the only reward for his services, that he might be made a member of the corps under Hernandez's command.

Fortunately for the tender age and delicate form of the youthful stranger, Hernandez's riflemen were selected as a part of the force who were to remain in defence of the fortress. In a few days the little army who had gained so glorious a victory, was augmented to nearly double their original number, for the capture of San Antonio inspired every bosom with hope, and the plough was left in the furrow, the hammer was silent at the forge

—the counter of the merchant was deserted, and one hope, one desire, one common interest made every Texian a volunteer in the service of his oppressed province. Flushed with victory, they departed from the Alamo with the determination to drive their oppressors from their purchased soil.

Hernanda became deeply interested in the youthful hero who had joined his standard, and that interest was increased from the near resemblance of his features to those of his betrothed bride. Various were the thoughts that revolved in his mind as he gazed upon the meditative stranger, and he desired to know his name and parentage. But the taciturnity of the youth, and his immediate evasion of questions touching the subject, prevented the gratification of Hernandez's curiosity, and he resolved to be content with his friendship. One lovely moonlit evening they strolled together to a little grove a few yards from the fort, and while conversing upon home and its associations, Hernandez recollected having heard Mary speak of a young brother who was resident in Natchez, and he doubted not but the one before him was the kinsman of his beloved.—Pleased with the thought he immediately asked, 'Do you know Signor — of Harrisburgh?'

'I do,' replied the youth.

'Do you know his daughter Mary?'

'I do.'

'Then you are a brother?'

'I am not.'

'Not a brother and so like? Why I could have sworn that the features I now look upon and those of Mary — were the same, did I but see those rich curls beautifying them that always shaded her lovely face. Not a kinsman!'

'I have been intimate with her from infancy,' said the youth, 'and her inseparable companion. I know that you love her, and that your love is warmly requited. She, daily, nay, hourly prays for your salvation from the weapons of the enemy, and though her sex denies her the toils of the battle-field, yet she would willingly share the privations of the camp with Jose Hernandez. If patriotism ever burned in the breast of woman it is in hers, and while an oppressor treads the soil of Texas, she would glory more in bearing the sword and helmet of war, than the wreath and olive-branch of Peace.'

Hernanda was enraptured by this unexpected burst of eloquence from the taciturn young hero, and he embraced him warmly as the representative of his soul's idol.

'Nay, cease not,' cried he, 'your words have given me new life, and courage can never forsake, misfortune can never crush one who has such a brave and lovely interceder at the shrine of the God of battles. Another month and that star-lit banner that waves

over yonder battlements will float victorious over every citadel of Texas where the name of *liberty* has been whispered. Peace shall outspread her umbrageous wings—'

A bugle awakened the echoes of the forest, and the two friends started to their feet.—Another bugle-note was heard, and the next moment a tremendous shout broke forth from the bosom of the dense forest that surrounds the southern side of the Alamo, immediately succeeded by the clangor of armor, the tramp of horses and the rumble of heavy artillery.

A wild and fearful shout mingled its echoes with the discordant din of the approaching multitude, and a cry of '*Mexicans! Mexicans!*' arose from the walls of the Alamo. Hernandez and his companion flew to the fort unscathed, amid a shower of musket balls, where every thing was in the greatest confusion. They had been taken by surprise—all were enjoying their evening *siesta* when they were aroused by the shout of the enemy. So secure did they deem themselves that even the few sentinels were asleep on their post, and became the first victims of the savage foe. But the little band within the fort soon rallied for action, and reserved their fire, until the enemy, believing few were within or the fort deserted, marched up in a solid column within a few yards of the outer breastworks. A momentary silence ensued, and nothing was heard but the voice of the giant-like commander of the Mexicans and the tread of the advancing column. Suddenly a poised sword within the Alamo glittered in the moonlight as a signal to the Texians, and the next moment the flash of an hundred rifles glared fearfully from the walls of the fortress. The column of the Mexicans was broken and filled alternately by the platoons which marched up to fill the places of those who fell, and at every advance they approached nearer to the broad and only entrance to the fort. As the prospect of their entrance increased in probability, the energy of the Texians, was redoubled, and they kept up a constant fire. Still the enemy pressed forward notwithstanding the dreadful slaughter, until the commander with a desperate effort leapt into the embrasure, followed by his blood-thirsty and desperate soldiers. Hernandez and his companion stood near the entrance, and being in a portion of the fort which was entirely shaded, did not observe the movement until the massive sword of the Mexican chief was gleaming above the head of the tender youth. The rifle of Hernandez caught the blade as it fell, and with a violent effort he laid the warrior at his feet. His followers, seeing their chief fall, retreated in dismay, and the firing soon ceased.

This respite gave the gallant Texians an opportunity for organizing and making preparations for a siege—a siege which they knew

would be protracted if the enemy became convinced of their numbers. Ere the dawn of morning their labors were completed and every thing prepared for action. The ordinance which they took from the enemy was placed in its proper place, and just at sunrise they observed the Mexicans forming their line for battle. A more glorious day never dawned upon the springing beauties of nature, and it seemed that the quietude and harmony that reigned among the inhabitants of mountain, woodland and river, should have taught man a lesson that would prompt him to lay aside the rod of oppression and the sword of battle, for the plough and the reaping-hook of peaceful industry. But Ambition whose rapacious maw can receive, and can contain, and digest objects as extensive as the universe, shuts the eyes and the heart to the glorious and ever salutary precepts of Nature, and binds man to the throne of his malevolent passions.

The bugle sounded, and with a formidable front, headed by heavy artillery, the Mexicans advanced to the charge. Hernandez caught the eye of the youthful warrior who had joined his band, which seemed to burn with an intense and unearthly light as he gazed upon the approaching battalion; and his heart sickened at the thought that one so young, so fair, so patriotic, so like the idol of his affections perhaps in one short hour might be numbered among the slain. His own safety he consulted not, but an involuntary regard for the youth created these painful suggestions and fears. Hernandez touched the arm of the youth and beckoned him away from the ranks. The young hero followed, but whither he knew not. Hernandez led him to the inner court of the Alamo where were a number of the wounded, and requested him to remain in attendance. 'Your tender age and delicate limbs,' said he, 'are better fitted for offices of kindness than to be exposed upon the ramparts of a fortress, battling with a savage foe.'

'I do not fear the enemies of Texas,' said the youth, 'and it would be a glorious martyrdom to die in so holy a cause. Let me fight the enemies of freedom by the side of one so brave as Jose Hernandez, and with the consequences I shall be satisfied.'

'Nay, listen to my advice,' said Hernandez and thus you can serve me best. Your devotion to me I believe sincere, and if fate should mark me as one of the wounded or slain, you can best serve me by binding up my wounds or soothing my pangs in the hour of death.'

The youth was about to importune when a gun from the enemy's advance column called the young Mexican to duty.

'Stay! stay! I beseech you!' cried Hernandez, as the youth prepared to follow, 'it is

my wish, my desire, my *command!*' and he flew to the walls of the fortress.

The young man obeyed, although reluctantly, and notwithstanding the balls from the enemy were falling in all parts of the fort, yet his attachment to Hernandez made him forgetful of danger, and he placed himself in a position where he might see the issue of the contest.—Several of the Texans were slain before night terminated the sanguinary contest, and the slaughter without was dreadful. More than three hundred of the Mexicans were left dead around the Alamo when the army retired to recruit. Thus for four successive days did the siege continue, until the little band within the fort was decimated to only seventy-men! On the morning of the fifth day, just as daylight appeared, a loud shout of acclamation rang through the Mexican camp, and '*viva los Santa Anna!*' fell from every lip as the President of Mexico with a reinforcement appeared and joined the thinned ranks of the enemy. With him came the chivalry of the south, among which was the perjured Cos, faithless to the stipulations of his releasement, and third in command against those who had generously saved his life and gave him liberty. A blood red flag immediately floated over the Mexican camp as a signal that no quarter would be given. Now came on the desperate struggle.—Col. B—was severely wounded and Lieut. D—whose wife and child were within the fort, lay sick with a fever. Hernandez was left highest in command, and right valiantly did he do his duty. For six hours they kept up a continual firing until only *thirty* Texans remained, and their ammunition exhausted.—There was no alternative and they resolved to sell their lives as dearly as possible. The intrepid Crockett was among the number, and placing himself near an angle of a wall at the entrance he resolved to defend the passage till the last. As soon as the firing ceased within, the Mexicans with a shout of exultation rushed over the dead bodies of the slain to take possession of the fort. But a few patriots yet remained and for nearly an hour disputed the passage with the overwhelming force, but at last the hero of Tennessee received a blow from the butt-end of the gun of a Mexican musketeer that brought him to the dust, and Hernandez and his worn-out companions were obliged to yield. An indiscriminate massacre of the remaining few commenced. A Mexican officer, who by his badge seemed to be a man of rank, perhaps a *hidalgo*, rushed forward and seizing Hernandez thrust him upon the ground and raised the reeking blade for his destruction.—A wild shriek stayed his arm for a moment and the youthful friend of Hernandez rushed in and threw himself on the body of the victim. 'Spare him! spare him!' cried he with maniac

emphasis, 'Spare him, and let your blade drink the blood of *this* heart.'

'Boy!' said the stern Mexican as he gazed upon the face of the youthful suppliant, 'thy tenderage is all that spares ye both. I do not glory in spilling the blood of children. But no rebel among men shall escape the penalty of their crime. Off with thee, rash child, that justice may be satisfied.'

'Will ye then murder him,' cried he, 'will ye spill the blood of your own countryman—one of your own nobility,' and he tore the golden star from the vestment of Hernandez and threw it at the feet of the Spaniard.

He took it up, examined its central bearings, and his dark eye lit up with the fire of the fiercest rage.

'Wretch! Rebel! Parricide!' cried he, looking with awful fierceness upon Hernandez, 'Well mayst thou ask innocence to plead for thee, inhuman wretch! This is the star of thy murdered father! Thank God, thy life is spared, for all Mexico shall now behold thy degraded form and curse thee for thy perfidy. Wretch, the blood of thy father is upon thee. Canst thou ask for mercy? Mercy herself would shudder and turn pale to look upon thy blood-stained hands. Look upon me if thou canst and call me *brother!*'

Hernandez rose, and with a firm voice—the voice of conscious innocence, and looking the enraged Mexican full in the face said, '*Brother!*' and extended his arms to receive him.

The *hidalgo* drew back and with a dark frown bade him beware how he laid his bloody hands upon him. 'Thou art no longer a kinsman of the house of Hernandez,' said he, 'but a denationalized and doomed rebel. Soldiers! advance and bind the parricide.'

Hernandez submitted with composure, for he knew the character of his belligerent brother, and was aware that entreaties or resistance would be vain. The youth who had so nobly saved his life begged the boon of sharing his captivity and shame—but that boon was denied, and Hernandez placed under a strong guard. Still the youth importuned, and on his knees supplicated mercy for the prisoner, but he was talking to hearts of stone. They at length became weary with his entreaties, and threatened him with death if he did not desist. Hernandez placed his finger upon his lip in token of silence, and beckoned his companion away. The devoted young hero departed with a reluctant step, but pausing for a moment as he stood upon the threshold of Alamo, a flush passed over his pallid cheek and his grief-dimmed eye sparkled with renewed enthusiasm. He had suddenly conceived a design and hope urged him to the execution of it.

Hernandez with two or three other prisoners, among whom was the wife of Lieut. D—, were all that remained of the valiant band who

were left in defence of the fort. A small detachment of soldiers with a sergeant as leader were sent with them to Victoria, on the San Felipe, there to await the arrival of the conquering army under Santa Anna. Hernanda's heart was heavy, not on account of his own bonds, but he anticipated a perpetual banishment from the society of his betrothed. All hopes of the consummation of their nuptials were destroyed by the gloomy prospect of either death or perpetual imprisonment that appeared in the perspective. The little party encamped at night in a recess of a dark jungle, on the borders of a prairie which they intended to cross on the morrow. The prisoners were arranged in secure order and a competent guard selected for their security. They had scarcely laid down for repose when a rustle among the leaves within a few rods of them started them all to their feet. They listened but all was silent. Again they heard the rustling, which was immediately succeeded by the crack of a rifle, and a sentinel fell to the ground. The next moment and a volley of musketry from the jungle, made nearly every Mexican a stiffened corpse. The assailants then rushed forward and secured the remainder, who immediately threw down their arms and cried for quarter.

Twilight had now closed, and yet the evening was a starry one and afforded sufficient light to recognize features. Hernanda was the first to speak. 'Tell me,' cried he, 'who is the leader of these valiant deliverers that I may bow at his feet in gratitude.'

His youthful friend of the Alamo stood before him. 'It is I, noble Hernanda,' said he, 'who have fulfilled my duty to my commander. These brave men who heard my story of your bravery, your patriotism—your devotion to Texas, believed me, and offered to fly to your rescue. Providence gave direction to our steps and strength to our arms; let him noble Hernanda, have the praise. These bands but ill befit so valiant a soldier,' and he loosed the cords that confined him. Hernanda embraced his deliverer, and with every expression of gratitude offered to resign into his youthful hands the command.

'I have no longer a brave few to follow me,' said he, 'the wolves of the prairie are feasting upon them. Your valor has won recruits—to your command I bow.'

But the youth positively refused the proffered honor and desired only to have the privilege of fighting beneath his standard. Urged by the young hero, and his views seconded by the volunteers, Hernanda made immediate preparations for departure, after detaching two horsemen who had just joined them from his force to convey the lady of the murdered officer to Harrisburgh, to push forward and join the army of the brave Hous-

ton on the Brassos. While making this march they were attacked several times by scouting parties of the Mexicans but arrived safe, with only one wounded man. Houston had heard of the fall of Bexar and the massacre at the Alamo, and he enjoined his men to make 'the Alamo,' their war cry when they rushed to the charge. Fired with indignation and revenge, they started in pursuit of the enemy who were concentrating near San Jacinto.

It was about noon, on a lovely clear day, that the Texians gained the summit of an eminence that commanded a view of an extended plain, which terminated in a point at the junction of the Brassos and a small stream. There in that vale of beauty, dreaming of security, reclined at ease the forces of Santa Anna. He thought Houston far away when in fact the eagle-eye of the brave American was upon him, and the feet of the Texians treading upon his tent-cloths.

Houston looked upon that warlike scene with pleasure, for he felt as if now was the consummation of the struggle of Texas. Although the enemy was more than a thousand strong, and his own force not more than half that number, yet he counted much upon the valor of the Texians. Their appearance was like a clap of thunder from a clear sky to the Tyrant chief, and before the Mexicans had time to prepare for battle the force of Houston was upon them, and in less than an hour the field was strewn with the slain, and the survivors of the enemy flying in dismay. The companion of Hernanda who was taken ill the day previous was confined to a litter, but by his request was placed in a position where he might witness the contest.

When he saw the enemy vanquished and dispersed, he forgot his debility, and nerved with the enthusiasm of the moment, he sprang from his litter and flew to the margin of the plain where the officers were collected to receive the prisoners who were momentarily brought in. Santa Anna was among the first who fled, in pursuit of whom Hernanda and a few others had gone. They returned the next morning with a prisoner, but they knew neither his features nor his rank; but Zalava who entered a few moments after recognized him as the President of Mexico. A shout of joy rang through the camp at this announcement. Santa Anna, with Cos, Almonti, and others, were sent immediately to Galveston, and many of the volunteers, feeling that their work was accomplished returned to their deserted homes.

Hernanda and his companion immediately started for Harrisburgh. They arrived in safety but found the town yet quite deserted, for the success and cruelties of the Mexicans inspired the defenceless inhabitants with terror. They soon learned, however, that

Mr.—yet remained, and they flew with hasty steps to his residence. They met the merchant upon his threshold, but instead of meeting them with smiles, grief, deep and settled grief brooded over his features, that made the warm stream of joy and love, rush back with icy coldness upon the heart of Hernanda.

'Tell me, cried Hernanda, ere the merchant had time to speak, 'what is it that makes you sad. We are victorious—the Tyrant is our prisoner—peace hath returned to our borders.'

'That only can cheer me,' said the merchant, and the tears rolled down his sorrowful cheek.—'We have both lost a treasure. Mary—'

'Mary!' exclaimed Hernanda, 'Speak! is she no more?'

Alas! I know not,' replied the father.—'She has been absent many days, Nor can I find a single trace of her, I fear that she has become the victim of some Mexican soldier.'

'God forbid!' cried Hernanda, almost frantic with passion. 'Were it so, I would devote my future hours to revenge. Texas hath driven oppression from her soil and revenge for murders and ravishments shall plant her victorious standard upon the citadel of Tenochtitlan.'

The youthful companion of Hernanda was heard to sob, and a bright tear glistened upon his muffled cheek.

'Who is this your companion in arms,' asked the merchant.

'The noblest youth in Texas,' said Hernanda. 'But for him, Jose Hernanda would this day have been food for wolves. But do you not know him? He has said that he knew Mary well, and is he a stranger to her father?'

'The merchant approached the youth who had remained in silence since the meeting.—'Your name,' said he.

The youth answered not, but rising, from his seat he withdrew the cap and appendages with which his features were hidden, and the dark curls of Mary fell from beneath them.—Her sweet smile that shone like sunshine through her tears, carried its light to the heart of the mourning father, and spread a halo of brightness over the crushed hopes of her lover.

Friend! art thou a tale-reader? If so, imagine the sequel. L.

BIOGRAPHY.

From the New-York Mirror.

Life & Character of the Patroon.

You ask me to tell you who the person called 'the patroon,' in the state of New-York; may be, and what is the meaning of this appellation? In my answer I shall reverse the order. The title is a Dutch one, and



SELECT POETRY.

The Scattered Household.

'How the world's aspect changes.'

The family group is gathered,
And all are happy there;
The cheerful glance and smile pass round,
For life with them is fair,
A full unbroken household!
It is a pleasant sight;
The mother's smile is sweeter then;
The father's glance more bright.

There is another gathering,
But one is wanting there—
The youth who sat beside his sire
Comes not to fill his chair,
The grave yard bears another stone—
The missed one sleeps beneath;
The cheerful smile doth yet pass round
But thou art felt, O Death.

Again there is a gathering,
But where is she whose smile
Was wont to make our young hearts glad—
Our father's care beguile?
In vain we list a mother's voice—
'Tis stifled in the tomb
The happy smile seen no more—
Where mirth was, now is gloom.

Once more there is a gathering;
Once more an empty space
Proclaims that Death has been at work
To fill a brother's place.
His grave is in a distant Isle,
Made by a stranger's hand—
Oh! hard is it to die away
From our own native land!

That group may never gather more—
Around that kindred hearth!
'Tis broken up—what death has left
Are scattered o'er the earth!
And where that humble mansion stood
There now is not a stone
To mark the spot and tell of those
Who to their graves are gone.

The following lines from Moore, we think are exceeded by few in our language. Though they may not be new to all our readers, yet we presume a second perusal will not be uninteresting to those who have before met with them.

I saw thy form in youthful prime,
Nor dreamed that pale decay
Would steal before the march of time
And waste its bloom away:
But still thy features wore that light
That fades not with the breath;
And life ne'er looked more purely bright
Than in thy smile of death.

As streams that run o'er golden mines
With modest murmur glide,
Nor seem to know the wealth that shines
Beneath their crystal tide;
So veiled within a simple guise,
Thy radiant genius shone,
And that which charmed all other eyes,
Seemed worthless in thine own.

If souls could always dwell above,
Thou ne'er hadst left thy sphere,
Or could we keep the souls we love
We had not lost thee here;
Though many a gifted mind we meet,
Though fairest forms we see,
*To live with them is far less sweet
Than to remember thee.*

The two following delightful poems, by Miss Mary Ann Browne, are natural and touching:

Man's Love.

When woman's eye grows dull,
And her cheek paleth,
When fades the beautiful,
Then man's love faileth;
He sits not beside her chair,
Clasps not her fingers,
Twines not the damp hair,
That o'er her brow lingers.

He comes but a moment in
Though her eye lightens,
Though her cheek, pale and thin,
Feverishly brightens;
He stays but a moment near,
When that flush fadeth,
Though true affection's tear
Her soft eyelid shadeth.

He goes from her chamber straight
Into life's jostle,
He meets at the very gate
Business and bustle;
He thinks not of her within,
Silently sighing,
He forgets in that noisy din
That she is dying!

And when her young heart is still,
What though he mourneth,
Soon from his sorrow chill
Wearied he turneth.
Soon o'er her buried head
Memory's light seteth,
And the true hearted dead,
Thus man forgetteth!

Woman's Love.

When man is waxing frail,
And his voice is thin and weak,
And his lips are parched and pale,
And wan and white his cheek;
Oh, then doth woman prove
Her constancy and love!

She sitteth by his chair,
And holds his feeble hand;
She watcheth ever there,
His wants to understand;
His yet unspoken will
She hasteth to fulfill.

She leads him, when the noon
Is bright, o'er dale or hill,
And all things, save the tune
Of the honey bees are still,
Into the garden bowers,
To sit 'midst herbs and flowers.

And when he goes not there,
To feast on breath and bloom,
She brings the posy rare
Into his darkened room;
And 'neath his weary head
The pillow smooth doth spread.

Until the hour when death
His lamp of life doth dim,

She never wearieth,
She never leaveth him;
Still near him night and day,
She meets his eye alway.

And when his trial's o'er,
And the turf is on his breast,
Deep in her bosom's core
Lie sorrows unexpressed;
Her tears, her sighs, are weak,
Her settled grief to speak.

And though there may arise
Balm for her spirit's pain,
And though her quiet eyes
May sometimes smile again;
Still, still, she must regret,
She never can forget!

The City of the Dead.

BY MISS EMILY JACKSON.

SLEEP ON! sleep on! thou'rt beautiful,
Thou city of the dead!
When night o'er all the shadowy earth,
Her sable wings hath spread;
A voice from thy old tomb, comes near,
And whispers to my heart,
When summer winds and flowers have passed
That I, too, must depart.

And I would rest, sweet city,
With those who passed away,
At the time of summer songs and flowers
In childhood's sunny day;
I would rest beneath thy summer vines,
Or by yon oaken tree,
Where the night-wind's breath could only come,
With its whispering melody.

I would pass away with the sunshine,
With the Summer's laughing train,
Its young flowers pass from the sunny earth
Ere Autumn's chilly reign;
I would go when midst thy vine-clad domes
The early clouds appear,
That the laughing sunshine long might rest
Upon my lowly bier.

Gently, sweet city, gently,
The silvery moonbeams fall
Upon thy marble monuments,
And thy old ivied wall;
And faintly 'neath those beams I trace
Some name to memory dear,
And the spirit sleeper whispers me,
Thine must be written here!

Tread lightly! oh! tread lightly.
Above the quiet dead!
Crush not a vine nor tender flower
Beneath thy angry tread!
Breathes not a low discordant tone,
Upon the night-wind's breath,
Holy, and pure, and blest are they,
Who sleep the sleep of death.

THE RURAL REPOSITORY,

IS PUBLISHED EVERY OTHER SATURDAY, AT HUDSON, N. Y. BY
WM. B. STODDARD.

It is printed in the Quarto form, and will contain twenty-six numbers of eight pages each, with a title page and index to the volume.

TERMS.—One Dollar per annum in advance, or One Dollar and Fifty Cents, at the expiration of three months from the time of subscribing. Any person, who will remit us Five Dollars, free of postage, shall receive six copies, and any person, who will remit us Ten Dollars, free of postage, shall receive twelve copies, and one copy of either of the previous volumes. No subscriptions received for less than one year. All the back numbers furnished to new subscribers.

All orders and Communications must be post paid, to receive attention.



DEVOTED TO POLITE LITERATURE, SUCH AS MORAL AND SENTIMENTAL TALES, ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS, BIOGRAPHY, TRAVELING SKETCHES, AMUSING MISCELLANY, HUMOROUS AND HISTORICAL ANECDOTES, SUMMARY, POETRY, &c.

VOL. XIII.—[IV. NEW SERIES.]

HUDSON, N. Y. SATURDAY, AUGUST 13, 1836.

NO. 5.

ORIGINAL TALES.

For the Rural Repository.

The Surprise.

It was on a bright and balmy afternoon in September when one of the elegant packets which ply between New-York and New Orleans might have been seen making her way with a fine working breeze out of the harbor of New-York, with every sail set that would draw and bounding from wave to wave more like a living habitant of the great deep, than a thing of man's creation. Upon the elevated part of the after deck which covered the cabin a number of male and female passengers were gathered, attracted thither by the novelty of the scene, the loveliness of the weather, and a desire to see the last of the tall spires and eminences of their native city which were now fast fading in the increasing distance. Among these persons there was one whose face and air were calculated to attract and rivet the attention of any person gazing upon the group by which she was surrounded. She was young, apparently on the sunny side of eighteen, and her features were of that transparent whiteness which we are apt to consider indicates a pure and spiritual being, one whose moral nature is as spotless as the snowy veil by which it is concealed. Her story was a brief and sad one. These words contain it. She had loved, and the object of her love was unworthy. George Percy and Mary Allen had been schoolmates in their childhood, and at a very early age, their intimacy commenced. Their parents, who were neighbors, saw with pleasure the growing reciprocity of esteem between their children, and encouraged it by every proper means in their power. It needed however no foreign influence to enhance the love with which they regarded each other. Percy was two years the senior of Mary, endowed with splendid talents, and possessing all those advantages of person which are never overlooked by a female eye. He possessed too those bold and romantic qualities which ever fascinate a woman's mind. Mary on her part was a perfect rosebud of beauty, and what is

rare for a beauty, seemed unconscious of her own surpassing charms. The consequence was that at the early age of fifteen Mary's hand was plighted to her lover who was now at college, preparing to enter upon a professional career. Life seemed to expand before the young maiden like an Eden of delight, and there was no cloud to chequer the sky of her happiness.

Alas, how transitory, how uncertain are the brightest prospects of earth. Percy had been but a year in college when he became associated with dissipated companions, and by his extravagance, justly incensed his father, who at length threatened him that if he did not cease his wild career and useless expenditures, he would no longer furnish him with his yearly allowance. But threats and entreaties were alike vain, until Mary wrote him that her parents would oblige her to dissolve her connection with him, unless he should reform his ruinous habits. This for a short time had its effect, for his love for Mary had become the absorbing passion of his nature, but evil influences again surrounded him, and like the charmed bird, he yielded himself voluntarily to the devouring snare. At last he was drawn into a course of conduct which obliged him to leave College, and as he did not return to his home, no one knew what had become of the once promising and beloved George Percy.

Alas! for poor Mary? Her attachment to George had entwined itself around every fibre of her heart, and much as she felt it her duty to forget him, she could not banish his image from her mind. 'How cruel in him not even to write me!' she thought, and yet she would sit for hours at a window of the drawing-room, watching every person that passed, and her heart beating at every approaching step with the hope that it might be him who was dearer to her than all else on earth beside. But years passed, and still he came not, and her health began at length to decline beneath the anxiety of her spirit. Her parents deemed it advisable to recommend change of scene and a southern climate, and it was in pursuance of this recommendation that our heroine with

her father embarked in the packet for New Orleans.

Nothing occurred to our travelers more than ordinary in a voyage along the American coast until they came in sight of the island of Cuba. On a beautiful morning the attention of all on board was attracted by a fast sailing schooner which was laying its course in a direction that would bring it across the course of the packet. On she came, her tapering masts bending beneath their weight of canvass, her sails bellying with the wind, and as she bent to the waters edge, her coppered bottom came full in view, reflecting back the rays of the sun as if from a surface of gold. But the pleasure of the spectators did not long continue, for as the schooner neared them a hoarse voice bawled through a speaking trumpet, 'Lie to, or I'll sink you,' and the next moment, a cannon was fired, and a ball came whizzing under the foot of the foresail. All was now consternation and dismay, for there remained no doubt that the schooner was a Pirate. The ladies shrieked and fled to the cabin, as a band of fierce looking miscreants sprang upon the packets decks, some of the passengers seized arms to defend themselves and among the foremost was Mr. Allen, the father of our heroine. 'If he does not lay down his arms, shoot him, my men,' sung out one who appeared to be their leader. Mary heard the order, and rushed from the cabin, to save, or die with her father. She threw herself on her knees at the feet of the pirate Captain, and as she raised her beautiful eyes imploringly to him, why does the sword drop from his hand, and his resolute lips quiver like the leaves of an aspen? And why does Mary give that sudden shriek, and then fall lifeless on the deck? That Pirate Captain was her lover, was George Percy.

In two hours afterwards the packet was once more on her way, and the pirate schooner hull down in the horizon. Reader if you will look in a state room of the cabin you will see a young man on his knees to one on whose cheeks the returning hues of life are just becoming visible. Mortification, grief and love are all blended in his features. He

is praying for forgiveness with an earnestness which almost calls a smile on the face of a middle aged man who is witnessing the scene. Will he succeed in his petition? I know not, but a little hand, white as any snow drop, has fallen involuntarily into his own, and a face, which the clouds have all forsaken, is beaming upon him like a summer heaven after a transient shower.

Two years afterwards George Percy, again a most promising and reformed young man, led Mary Allen to the altar, nor has she since had reason to repent her course. A. A. J.

Pittsfield, Mass.

From the London Court Journal.

Lost and Won.

OR, THE THIRD SEASON.

'Yes, he *shall* propose this season, and then I shall have the gratification, the delight, the exquisite triumph of refusing him! It will only serve him right!'

Such was the language of Florence Neville's eyes, as she contemplated, with no little satisfaction, the graceful reflection of her figure in the glass, before which she was sitting for the first ball of the season.

Of whom was she speaking? Of whom thinking? Why did that short rosy lip curl with such beautiful scorn, as the last look was given at the snowy dress which hung in its lace folds, like summer clouds, round the fairy form of its mistress?—Florence was at that moment picturing to herself the subjugation of one high heart which had obstinately refused doing homage at her shrine; of one being in the wide world who had denied her power, calmly gazed at her undoubtedly lovely countenance, and tranquilly disapproved her 'style.' It was insufferable; so Florence determined that her third season should be marked by the conquest of the haughty, high, and handsome Earl of St. Clyde; not that she cared for him—oh, no! she was only determined to make him propose; indeed, there was a sort of playful wager between her cousin Emma Neville and herself on the subject, and Florence felt her credit at stake if she failed.

'Have you thought of our wager, Florence?' said Emma Neville, as they descended to the drawing room together.

'To be sure! You think I shall lose it. I can read your thoughts.'

'If he is the St. Clyde of the last season, you certainly will,' laughed Emma. 'That man is invulnerable, Florence.'

'*Nous verrons, nous verrons!*' said the beauty and taking her father's arm, she sprang lightly into the carriage.

It was a brilliant ball! the rich and the noble, the young and the beautiful—all were there; and in the center of an admiring circle dazzlingly conspicuous stood Florence.

She was preparing to waltz with a tall, dark, unbending looking personage, who was apparently quite indifferent as to whether he supported her light figure or that of any one else; this was Lord St. Clyde. Florence, on the contrary was all sparkling gaiety; she was dancing with him for the third time; another moment, and they were flying round the circle with rapid grace.

Things went on exceedingly well.—Florence knew her ground and the game she was playing, and as she passed Emma the cousins exchanged glances. That of Florence said, 'he is won!' that of Emma, 'not yet!'

'I'm afraid you are fatigued,' said Lord St. Clyde, as he led his partner to a seat.

'Oh no, not much,' replied Florence; 'but the rooms are very warm. It is impossible to dance, and still more to breathe—particularly here.'

She was in the corner of the room—the most crowded, and removed from either door or window.

'The conservatories are cool,' said the Earl, but he did not offer to lead her there. Florence was perfectly aware that the conservatories were cool, but she knew also that they had another advantage—they were perfect groves of the choicest flowers and orange trees;—consequently no spot was ever better suited for a flirtation—perhaps for a proposal. With experienced policy, however, she only leant gracefully back and gently fanned herself. Lord St. Clyde stood by her side. He was any thing but a ball room man; for though his figure was faultless, and his dancing just enough to show it off, he had none of that charming fluency of conversation which a dancing partner should have;—he could not pay a compliment if he did not feel it—he would not if he thought it was expected; therefore, had he been Mr. St. Clyde, Jr. he would have been a great bore in society; as it was, he was a most delightful young man—so much proper reserve.'

The galloppe in Gustave roused the Earl from a reverie.

'Are you too much fatigued to join in the galloppe, Miss Neville?'

'Oh yes! I never galloppe—it fatigues me so! Is it possible you like that romp, Lord St. Clyde?'

The Earl still persisted, but Florence would not dance; he persuaded, but she would not listen; he condescended to repeat the request, almost allowed a compliment to escape him; no, Florence was firm, the Earl said no more, but drew himself up. Suddenly Florence rose with her brightest smile.

'I am too selfish, my lord! that galloppe is so inspiring that I cannot resist it.'

A change came over the spirit of Saint Clyde he was another creature; and Florence was herself again all triumphant. The next

moment the dancers were thrown into confusion, there was a rush towards the windows, and Lord St. Clyde was seen darting through the crowd towards the conservatories, with a fainting figure in his arms—it was Florence Neville!

The cousin bent affectionately over the insensible girl, and the Earl knelt by her with a glass of water. 'It was my fault!' exclaimed St. Clyde, in an agitated voice; 'I made her dance—good God! how lovely she looks! she does not revive what shall we do?'

'Has no one salts?' cried Emma; call my uncle, I think we had better go home—who has any salts? The Earl was already gone for them. With a stifled laugh Florence opened her wide beautiful eyes, and started up.

'Was it not well done?'

'Good heaven, Florence!'

'Well, my dear, did you never hear of any one fainting before? You will lose the wager, *cuzina mia!*'

'My dear Florence, how you frightened me!'

'Never mind—hush, here they come; now take papa to the ball room for my boa, and leave the rest to me.'

Emma did as she was desired, and forbore to ask any question until they got home: then she anxiously inquired, 'did he propose?'

'No! provoking man! but very nearly. Did I not faint well?'

'Yes it will not do, Florence; that man does not care for you.'

'Never mind that, he shall propose.'

'But you do not care for him!'

'*Qu'importe!* he shall propose.'

'Never.'

'I will make him! Remember this is only the first ball of the season!'

Lady Mounteagle gave a *fete* at her villa at Putneys. Mr. and Mrs. Neville were there of course. Florence had an exquisite bouquet, but she saw Lord St. Clyde advancing towards her; therefore, she prudently dropped it into the centre of a large myrtle-bush.

'You have no bouquet, Miss Neville,' was one of his lordship's first remarks; 'are you not fond of flowers?'

'Yes, passionately,' said Florence, 'but I have lost mine; I am so sorry, for I fear I shall not easily find another so beautiful.'

'Will you allow me to endeavor to supply its place with this?' was the instant reply. Florence smiled and blushed as she took it; the smile was art, but the blush nature—for she could not help it. Lord St. Clyde's eyes were fixed on her, and the next moment she found herself walking with him, whilst Mr. Neville was speaking to the hostess, whose countenance was looking very spiteful. Florence played her part to admiration. Lord St. Clyde was in her power, for she had engaged him in an animated flirtation. They were

standing on the brink of a beautiful fountain, when the Earl exclaimed, 'do you know the language of flowers, Miss Neville?'

'No,' said Florence, 'but it must be very pretty; do you know it, my lord?'

'Yes, by heart.'

'Then tell me what these mean!' exclaimed the beauty quite innocently, as she offered him his bouquet, which was composed of a white rose, a pink rosebud, some myrtle, and one geranium.—The Earl hesitated, and laughed; then, suddenly recovering himself, he said, 'they speak in their simple language the sentiment that I dare not express.'

Florence felt her heart beating, but she only laughed—that laugh encouraged the Earl—Florence, forgive me if—

'Ah, Miss Neville, I have been looking for you every where, and here you are, all alone!' cried one of Florence's gay train, the elegant Sir Percy Hope.

'Ah, no, not alone,' said Florence, rather annoyed; 'Lord St. Clyde—why where is?—The Earl was gone.'

'Florence, did Lord St. Clyde propose to-day?' said Emma to her cousin in the evening.

'Not quite, but as nearly as possible; I declare I will never speak to Sir Percy Hope again.'

Time! time! can nothing stay thee?

The season was passing rapidly, and Florence had four proposals: of course she had refused them, although they had not been tendered by the Earl of St. Clyde. Still she continued her gay and giddy round—still she said, 'he shall propose,' until the last opera of the season.

Pale, languid, but still delicately beautiful, the spoiled and petted Florence leant back in her box, deaf to the strains of the syren Gipsies—regardless of the adulation around her, and disgusted with every thing in the shape of gayety. She leant back in her chair and closed her eyes for a second; on opening them, she saw a pair of dark eyes fixed with more than common earnestness on her face.—It was Lord St. Clyde—those mild eyes could only belong to him. What possessed Florence at that moment? She did not bow—she did not smile—she merely bent forward and whispered the word of departure to her chaperon; then winding her cashmere round her, placed her arm within that of Sir Percy Hope, and left the box.

The next morning Florence was really unwell. She said 'not at home' to every one, and began to tune her harp.—String after string gave way as she drew them up. 'Like me, poor harp,' she sighed, 'you are sinking, spoiling from neglect!'

Suddenly the door opened, and a visitor was announced.

'Not at home,' cried Florence hastily.

'Pardon me, for once I disobey,' said a voice, and Lord St. Clyde entered. He continued; 'I have intruded, I confess, but it is only for a moment. I come Miss Neville, to wish you—to bid you—a long and perhaps a last farewell!'

'Farewell!' said Florence, dropping her harp key; 'this resolution has been suddenly taken, has it not?'

'No,' replied the Earl, 'I am going to seek in Italy the happiness which is denied me here.'

'Italy!' exclaimed Florence, turning her eyes like melting sapphires on the Earl—dear bright, sunny Italy! my own fair land!

'Is it yours, Miss Neville?' said St. Clyde eagerly.

'Yes, my lord; Florence was my birthplace and my home for fourteen happy years.'

Lord St. Clyde, paused—nothing is so awkward as a pause in a *tête à tête*; he felt this, and quickly rousing himself, he said hastily;

I will not interrupt you any longer. Farewell!—we may meet again.'

'Perhaps we may—good bye,' said Florence, extending her hand; it was slightly, very slightly, pressed, and she was alone. For a moment and she felt as if the past were a dream; but glancing on the ground, she saw a white glove—it was the Earl's; she turned away, and leaning on the marble slab of a beautiful mirror; she gazed at the faultless reflection of her face.

'Beauty, beauty!'—murmured she—'paltry gift! since it could not win St. Clyde!' And burying that young face in her hands, she fairly burst into a passion of tears.

'Florence! my own, my idolized!'—said a voice close to her. She turned, and uttered a real, genuine, unartificial shriek,

The Earl of St. Clyde was at her feet.

'Well Florence,' said Emma Neville to the Countess of St. Clyde one day, 'you must really give me a lesson on proposals—how well you managed your husband's—teach me your art.'

'No, no, you are quite mistaken,'—laughed Florence; no one could be more surprised at St. Clyde's proposal than myself, for I had given him up. Art failed, my dear Emma, and nature gained the day in this case. Take care how you make nets, they never answer.—Men are shockingly sharp-sighted now!

Love in the Olden Time.

THE Lady Eveleyn Seton, of Seton Manor, was young, beautiful, rich, and an orphan. Too young to join in the gay revels of a court, she was still immured within her ancient halls under the watchful eye of her aunt, the Lady Alice, and though retired from the society of the age in which they lived, many were the suitors aspiring to the hand of the

fair Eveleyn. One alone appeared slightly favored—he was the young Sir Hugh de Gasconville, the most finished courtier and accomplished knight under the banners of Richard Cœur de Lion; but Lady Eveleyn was fickle—she inherited all the pride of the Setons, and took more delight in gazing at the grim array of her warrior ancestors in the gallery of family portraits, than in listening to the courtly phrases and laughing tones of Sir Hugh.

'I would I could win thy love, fair Lady Eveleyn,' said the knight one day, as they paced the gallery together—(Lady Alice acting propriety in the distance)—'three years have I wooed thee, yet still thou art unrelenting;—bid me serve thee, bid me perform a task, anything to win thee.'

'Nay,' replied Eveleyn, 'I impose no task—I doubt thee not; and yet—'twere well to try thee, methinks—look round thee, Sir Hugh; look at my soldier ancestors, all of whom were great in arms and famed for deeds of prowess—think'st thou that the last of the Setons would wed with a—a—a stripling-knight, whose sword has never left its scabbard—whose brow has never faced a battle—whose arm, perchance, might fail before?—'

'Stop, lady,' said Sir Hugh indignantly, 'I hear—I understand thee—thou shalt see that Hugh de Gasconville owns no craven heart—I thought not, with these high feelings of thine own, thou wouldst have kept me so long tamely captive in thy train!'

'Silence, Sir Hugh,' exclaimed Eveleyn, in her turned roused, 'thou art forgetting thyself we would be alone.'

She waved her hand—the knight bowed low and springing on his horse, dashed furiously past the windows and was out of sight.

The flower of the French nobility were enjoying the gayest tournament that 'la belle France' had ever witnessed, when an unknown knight entered the lists and challenged the victor of the day to single combat. He was tall, slightly made, well armed and well mounted, and a murmur of astonishment went round as he bent his plumed head before the royal canopy; but the murmur rose to a prolonged shout of approbation when the lance of the stranger rang on the breast of his opponent and hurled him to the ground.

After assisting the fallen knight to rise, the stranger advanced slowly and gracefully toward the platform from whence the prize was presented, and receiving on the point of his lance the chaplet and scarf, with a low obeisance, he turned, and was gone before the vanquished had time to recover his seat or his senses. Who could the stranger knight be, save Sir Hugh de Gasconville?

When the drawbridge of Seton Manor was lowered for Sir Hugh, and the stately turrets burst on his sight, a thrill of fearful expecta-

tion curled through his veins. The pink and silver scarf of France floated on his shoulder, and the chaplet of pale roses, now withered, hung on his arms as he reined in his charger at the gate, and dismounting, paced through the vestibule, which opened into the withdrawing rooms. He heard Eveleyn's voice, and the knight paused. Three weeks had passed since he had left those rooms in anger, and, remembering his parting scene, he dreaded the reception he might meet. Suddenly he entered, and on his bended knee, laid the trophies at Lady Eveleyn's feet.

'So, Sir Hugh!' exclaimed the beauty, with the faintest blush in the world, thou art returned—whither hast thou been? The Lady Alice thought that thou hadst forgotten the road to Seton Manor.'

'And thou, Eveleyn!' said the knight, 'didst thou think of me?'

'In truth, I seldom think, since thinking spoils the countenance; but whither hast thou been, and what are these—the chaplet and the scarf?'

'Ladye love, I have journeyed to France, and these are the trophies won by my poor arm at its latest tournament.'

'Wherefore hast thou laid them at my feet, Sir Hugh?'

'To win a boon,' whispered De Gasconville.

'What wouldst thou?' said the lady, coloring deeply; 'what is the boon?'

'Eveleyn! hast thou so soon forgotten?'

'Are the ladies of France fair, Sir Hugh?'

'I saw them not, seeing only thee before mine eyes, lady.'

'Thou hast learned courtesy,' smiled Eveleyn; 'but tell me—didst thou break a lance or lose a charger—or—gain a wound in this same tournament?'

'Nay, Lady; but I unhorsed a bold crusader.'

Lady Eveleyn curled her lip. 'Methinks, Sir Hugh, that were mere sport, since not a drop of thy brave blood was spilt.'

Sir Hugh started. The lady continued: 'Methinks, likewise, that a faded chaplet and worn scarf were unsightly gifts for thy ladye love! No, no, sir knight; when Eveleyn Seton weds, it must be with one worthy of her hand; when Seton Manor owns a master it must be one who will not disgrace its ancient halls!'

'Eveleyn' exclaimed the knight, grasping his sword, 'I know thee not in this strange mood—it is enough—when I am gone, think on thy words—no longer shall Hugh De Gasconville disgrace thine ancient halls! I have loved thee, Eveleyn, but for thyself alone! I have wooed thee, but not for thy gold.'

'Nay, Hugh—dear Hugh—thou art too serious—I but meant—'

'It matters not now, lady—thy words are traced in fire on my heart; not because thy loved lips pronounced them, but because others heard thee scorn me; the day may come when I may be worthy of thee—till then, Eveleyn, farewell!'

'Nay—stop, one word!' cried Eveleyn; but she was too late; ere the tears could burst from her eyes. Sir Hugh de Gasconville and his good charger were skirting the distant hills—ere another moment could fly, he was lost to her sight, and sinking on her seat, the Lady Eveleyn Seton exclaimed, in the bitterness of repentance. 'He is gone, and I have lost the truest heart that ever Knight proffered to ladye love!'

The Christian army, under Cœur de Lion, set out for the Holy Land; and, among their glittering numbers, appeared Sir Hugh de Gasconville. It were vain to repeat the trials and hardships they endured; it is enough, that after years of toil, the few who escaped with their lives returned to their native land, and of them was reckoned Sir Hugh, but he was changed. The tall, proud youth was covered with wounds, worn, subdued, ill and melancholy, yet his first thought was of Eveleyn Seton. He faltered in asking after her whom he loved, but a wild sensation of mingled pleasure and pain awoke in his breast on finding that she was still alive, well and Eveleyn Seton!

His determination was taken—he would see her once more—and just as the summer's sun set behind the Yorkshire Hills, Sir Hugh de Gasconville rang the bell of Seton Manor.

He found Eveleyn surrounded by her attendants.

'Thou art a soldier and a crusader,' said she bending, and thou art welcome to our castle; but who art thou?'

'Lady,' began Sir Hugh.

'Ah!' shrieked Eveleyn, 'I know thee! Hugh dear Hugh, welcome, welcome home!'

'It is I indeed, lady, but sadly, sorely changed—I cannot kneel to the now—I may not offer thee the strength of this arm, for it is helpless—I cannot stand before thee without the stay of my good lance, yet would I see the once again. May I speak with thee alone?'

'Eveleyn,' said the knight, as he lifted his plumed helmet off 'thou seest me!'

'Hear thee, Hugh it is enough!'

'Nay raise thine eyes—thou seest but the wreck of Hugh De Gasconville—and conscious that, though this hand has been soaked in the blood of the enemy, and though lances have been broken and sabres bent on this body, I am still unworthy of thee. I come faint, wounded and disabled, to bid thee a last farewell!'

'Then thou lovest me no longer, Hugh!' cried Eveleyn.

'Better than life,' replied the knight, 'yet thinkest thou I am one to win woman's love?'

'Yes!' exclaimed Eveleyn, throwing her arm round the hunc on which he leaned, 'say no more. I am still thine in heart. Though thou art wounded, 'twas in a noble cause. Thou hast fought long and bravely! Though disabled thou art not dishonored! In future, this arm shall be thy stay; and if thou wilt, Hugh, mine own Hugh, this hand shall be thy well-won prize!'

'Won—won!' murmured the now exhausted Sir Hugh, 'and lost—lost, as soon as won?'—*New-York Albion.*

BIOGRAPHY.

From the New-York Times.

James Madison.

JAMES MADISON is no more. He expired at his seat in Virginia, on the 28th of June, 1836, at the advanced age of eighty six years.

To do justice to the merits of such a man, requires no common pen. It is not within the scope of newspaper eulogy to describe his character, his virtues, and his public services. They belong to the history of the United States, and it will be remembered while that record lasts. It is with a feeling of awe that we approach so sacred a subject; and we dare not trust ourselves when venturing to describe the character of so illustrious a man. From the earliest period of his civil career, in the year 1775, to the day when his second presidential term was over, he is strongly identified with the history of the country; that history cannot be written without writing his eulogy.

He was born in Virginia, on the 17th of March, 1750; was a member of the legislature in 1775: one of the council of Virginia, in 1776; member of the congress of the revolution, and of the convention which formed the constitution of the United States; elected a member of the first congress, in which body he remained many years; was appointed secretary of state under Mr. Jefferson, on the 5th of March, 1801; inaugurated as President of the United States on the 4th of March, 1809, and again on the 4th of March, 1813.

The monument of Mr. Madison's talents, left in his defence of the constitution of the U. States, in the admirable 'Federalist,' would be sufficient, if he had no other claims, to give him an undying reputation. But these papers, admirable as they are, are but a brief portion of his political wisdom to which our countrymen may always refer with safety for instruction.

Mr. Madison bore a conspicuous part in that struggle which resulted in establishing our independence. His services were those of a statesman. In the second grand struggle

to secure the independence once fought for so successfully, he bore a conspicuous part as the acknowledged leader of the war party. During that boisterous period, he was the pilot who weathered the storm. The ship of state was under his guidance, and nobly and skillfully did he control and direct her. It was owing to his unshrinking firmness, equanimity of temper, calmness of judgment, and commanding talents, that we were, in a great degree, indebted for the successful issue of that war, and the honorable peace which followed. The voice of detraction which was loudest at that period, has long since been silenced. Even party asperities were softened by his dignified and patriotic course during that period, and contributed by his firmness, purity, and enlightened patriotism, to the glorious issue of that struggle.

The last public acts of Mr. Madison, were as a member and as presiding officer of the convention which formed the present constitution of Virginia. The cherished son of that state, he would not refuse her his services, even at a time when years and infirmities demanded a respite from public care, and the calm retirement and solitude he had so long sought.

For sixteen years (with a brief exception) this patriarch had lived in retirement, aloof from party dissensions and party prejudices. During his whole political career, he was bitterly assailed and warmly defended. No man, with the exception of Mr. Jefferson, has encountered more political and personal abuse, and none ever achieved a greater triumph over his enemies. To the last hour of his public life, he was hunted by opposing factions and it was not until he had retired to the shades of his own cherished retirement, that political adversaries began to do him justice. The influence of his opinions and example became, at length, so universally acknowledged, that, either through policy or conviction, all professed to be his admirers. Though dead to the political world, so far as regarded its struggles for ascendancy, his name and fame were canonized in the hearts of his countrymen, who vied with each other in doing homage to his talents and his virtues. He retired from political life with dignity, as he had sustained himself in it with fidelity, patriotism, and an ability that encountered no superior.—The latter years of his life were characterized by that purity and simplicity which ever formed a part of his character, by adorning a circle of immediate friends, who knew and loved him well, and by a practice of all the virtues which ennoble man.

The event—although it seems to have visited us suddenly—was not unexpected. Recent accounts have represented the health of this venerable man, as in a very precarious state, and there can be no astonishment that

the long flickering lamp has at length gone out. It was indeed hoped that he might yet be spared for many years. But this hope was the offspring of wishes too ardent to be realized. However deeply the blow may be felt, it came not upon us without our being, in some measure, prepared to receive it.

It is not for us at this time, to refer particularly to the political opinions of Mr. Madison. That they proved to be in the main the political opinions of the people, and identified with the policy of the country, there cannot at this day be a doubt. A more fitting opportunity for referring to them may soon occur. The sorrows of an united people are poured forth at his grave, and it is not now the time to trouble the long calmed waters of political bitterness.—He triumphed from first to last, by the force of pure patriotism, incorruptible integrity, and talents that placed him foremost among the first of a band of statesman and patriots whose equals we shall perhaps never see again.

MISCELLANY.

From the Trenton Emporium.

The World.

A VISION.

ISLAM sat in the door of his cottage; and an unusual weight of despondency preyed upon his mind. His circumstances, to be sure, were not so bad—he was about as prosperous as his neighbors; but then, he thought, could he escape the endless round of care and vexation, to which a life of business exposed him, could he have time for reposed meditation; in short, could he be independent of a thankless and selfish world how happy he would be. He mused upon this thought until the mysterious agent who presides over the temporal affairs of men stood by his side. I have seen, said the strange visitor, the current of your thoughts, and that you long for wealth. Tell me by to-morrow what amount you desire, and it shall be yours.

The speaker vanished, and a thrill of delight ran through the veins of Islam. But he immediately bethought himself of the answer he should return his new acquaintance, when he re-appeared. At no difficulty was apparent; but as soon as he had taken up his pencil to make the calculations necessary, he found that that question was not to be answered so readily as he imagined. At first he set down two thousand dollars as the sum of his wishes—It will buy, said he, this little place, enable me to stock my shop—repair my fences, and buy me a good yoke of oxen—I shall then be independent. He mused on this awhile. Still, on the other hand, he thought, I should have to labor—sickness might reduce my business to disorder, and bring poverty. I will have

ten thousand dollars besides, that my interest may be amply sufficient for my support.

This sum was hardly fixed on, however, ere Islam foresaw that it would be wholly insufficient. It will pinch on all sides still said he; I could not keep a carriage—nor travel into foreign countries, as I have often thought I should like to do—besides I should be confined to live in a mean way—it would allow me to be contented and lead an easy life, to be sure, if I was satisfied, like the brute with mere ease, and enough to eat. I will add, let me see—yes, twice as much for a handsome country seat alone—and ten times the amount in bank stock.—This will be a capital fortune—it will enable me to gratify all my desires.

Just then a new idea dropt into Islam's head—then even then I should find many richer men in the country than myself. He pondered on this awhile—it roused up all the jealousy of his soul—he did not care about outshining them all in the splendor of his establishment and mode of living—but he felt that the ability to do so would be absolutely necessary to his happiness—and he was at once launched into a wide ocean of calculations, which carried him finally to ten millions.—With this he was, perfectly sure of being satisfied—but a new idea struck him again: he had thought of traveling abroad—he would meet with men of mammoth fortunes in Europe—he considered a moment, and added a cypher to the ten millions. This, said he, would put me above the fear of meeting a rival in point of wealth.

But he soon found that he was no nearer being satisfied now, than he was with the first sum he named to himself. It appeared absolutely necessary that he should not only be richer than any other man in the world, but that he should be able to fill the world with the sound of his deeds of charity—that he should be able to establish millions of free schools and hospitals, and churches, and so forth, besides laying by some ten, fifteen or twenty millions per year. In the midst of these profound meditations, however, on the subject of fixing the proper sum of wealth which he should desire of his supernatural visitor, the minister of fate suddenly re-appeared.

Islam declared that he had not yet been able to fix the precise sum, and begged his kind visitor to give him one hour more.—My errand is finished was the reply—I go, to return no more—look inward and answer thyself the question—wouldst thou even be content with the wealth of India, and the glory of Alexander, and the homage of the world, and a title to heaven?

The messenger had just pronounced these words, and was in the act of vanishing, when Islam awoke—for he had been dreaming.

What will the World say?

Will not Miss Such-a-one laugh, and Mrs. Such-a-one sneer, and Mr. Somebody turn up his nose, if I do this or that, or if I don't do this or that? Fool! what matters it to thee as to what the world may say? Hast thou settled the subject with thine own conscience and convenience? Is it right? Is it agreeable? Then let the world talk—let its wits and wittings laugh—much good may it do them! What carest thou about the world, if thine own conscience condemn thee not? Art thou not a free man? Or art thou the slave of the fashions and the follies, the opinions and the prejudices, of those around thee?

I pity the world-weather man—the miserable menial of *manvais honte*—the veering weathercock which never points except with the popular breeze. His is a servitude more intolerable than that of the galley-slave. He toils in a tread-mill of his own creation, and hugs the chain which galls him.

Such a man, however great his intellectual endowments, and however ardent and pure the intentions of his heart—is he, can he be, a great man? I answer, No. He lacks the chief requisite for the conception and execution of lofty designs and extended plans—the fixed and decided purpose of a determined mind. Like the painter who forsook the happy inspiration of his own genius, and exposed his productions to the censures and alterations of the spectators, he not only abandons, at every suggestion, his own projects of greatness, but also fails to obtain even the temporary applause for which he seeks.

What will the world say? Did Luther ask that question? Had he done so, the earth might still have been groaning under the weight of Papal dominion. Had Columbus been deterred by the scoffs of the sceptical and the name of a visionary, a new world had never opened upon his ocean pathway. Had Howard or Watt regarded the ridicule of those who call themselves 'the world' the deeds of the one had not stood upon the first page of the record of benevolence, and the other had never disclosed a new empire in the career of human enterprise. The man whose only rule of action and standard of conduct is the opinion of the world, can never be (I repeat) a great man—much less a good man. He is governed by a mere concomitant of the consequences of his action, rather than by their nature or legitimate results. And when this fluctuating standard fails him—when the restraint of public sentiment is removed, or the hope of secrecy and concealment comes in to aid the whispers of temptation—he scruples not to plunge himself into the lowest depths of debauchery and crime.

'Blush not now—it is too late,' said a distinguished Italian to his young relative, whom he met issuing from a haunt of vice;

you should have blushed when you went in.—That heart alone is safe which shrinks from the slightest contact or conception of evil, and waits not to inquire, what will the world say?—*New-Yorker*.

Learning how to say 'No.'

An excellent and wise mother gave the following advice with her dying breath: 'My son, learn how to say No.' Not that she did mean to counsel her son to be a churl in speech, or to be stiff-hearted in things indifferent and trivial; and much less did she counsel him to put his negative upon the calls of charity and the impulses of humanity; but her meaning was that, along with gentleness of manners and benevolence of disposition, he should possess an inflexible firmness of purpose, a quality beyond all price, whether it regards the sons or the daughters of our fallen race.

Persons so infirm in purpose, so wanting in resolution, as to be incapable, in almost any case, of saying No, are among the most hapless of human beings; and notwithstanding their sweetness of temper, their courteousness of demeanor, and whatever else of amiable and estimable qualities they possess; though they see the right, they pursue the wrong; not so much out of inclination, as from a frame of mind disposed to every solicitation.

An historian of a former and distant age, says of a Frenchman, who ranked as the first prince of the blood, that he had a bright and knowing mind, a graceful sprightliness, good intentions, complete disinterestedness, and incredible easiness of manners, but that, with all these qualities, he acted a most contemptible part for the want of resolution; that he came into all the factions of his time, because he wanted power to resist those who drew him in for their own interest; but that he never came out of any but with shame, because he wanted resolution to support himself while he was in them.

It is owing to the want of resolution, more than to the want of sound sense, that a great many persons have run into imprudences, injurious, and sometimes fatal to their worldly interests. Numerous instances might be named, but I shall content myself with naming only one, and that is, rash and hazardous speculation. The pit-stands uncovered, and yet men of good sense, as well as amiable disposition, plunge themselves into it, with their eyes wide open. Notwithstanding the solemn warnings in the proverbs of the wise man, and notwithstanding the examples of the fate of so many that have gone before them, they make the hazardous leap; and why? Not from inclination, or with a willing mind; but because being solicited, urged, and entreated, they know not how to say No. If they had learnt, not only how to pronounce that monosyllable,

but to make use of it on all proper occasions, it might have saved from ruin, both them, and their wives, and their children.

But the worst of it is still behind. The ruin of character, of morals, and of the very heart and soul of man, originates oft in a passive yieldingness of temper and disposition, or in the want of resolution to say No. Thousands, and many thousands, through this weakness, have been the victims of craft and deceit. Thousands, and many thousands, once of fair promise but now sunk in depravity and wretchedness, owe their ruin to the act of consenting against their better judgments, to the enticements of evil companions and familiars. Had they said No, when duty, when honor, when conscience, when every thing sacred demanded it of them, happy might they now have been, the solace of their kindred, and ornaments of society.

Sweetness of temper, charitableness of heart, gentleness of demeanor, together with a strong disposition to act obligingly, and even to be yielding in things indifferent, or of trifling moment, are amiable and estimable traits of the human character; but there must be withal, and as the ground-work of the whole, such a firmness of resolution as will guarantee against yieldings, either *imprudently* or *immorally*, to solicitations and enticements; else one has very little chance, in passing down the current of life, of escaping the eddies and quicksands that lie in his way.

I will add here only one remark, which is, that stiff tempers in children are of better omen than generally they are thought to be.

Such tempers, properly managed and rightly directed, are the most likely to form characters of fixed and immoveable resolution; characters the least liable to be bent by circumstances, by threats, or by persuasions from the line of prudence and of duty.

Fashion.

A LETTER from an American lady in England says, that during her stay of some months, she had not seen a lady with earrings! and this is in the center of fashion—London!

The progress of civilization is slow but sure; ear-rings have at last followed nose-rings to the receptacle of things lost upon earth. Patches and 'paint an inch thick' long since disappeared, and plucking the eyebrows is now little practiced among the ladies, except by those of the South Sea Islands. Little by little, and step by step, it is discovered that nature can make a tolerable good looking head and face, without having the aid of art to furnish up her handy work. This, however, has not yet been established completely as regards the body, but that the time will come, say in a century or two, when that problem will be solved in the af-

firmative, is not to be doubted; and curved spines, dyspepsia, liver complaints, and consumptions will be no longer incurred in the attempt to teach dame nature the proper method of shaping the human frame. We are the first in the race of civilization, though our education is not finished, as they say at the boarding-schools; and by looking at those behind us, we may see the gradations through which we have past. The Indians at the north-west flatten the heads of their children to give them a genteel appearance. The people of Japan blacken their teeth; and ear-rings, and nose-rings, and toe-rings, as well as armlets and anklets are fashionable among those styled savages in all countries. Of these we are much in advance, as is proved by the gradual abandonment of ear-rings, which will be thorough, now that the fashionables in England have given them up. In a few years it will be thought as ungenteel to be seen with such pendants, as it would for a lady to walk up Chestnut street in the finery of an Esquimaux bride—dipped in train oil, and clothed in the entrails of a whale; such being the method adopted by the fair of that tribe to render themselves peculiarly attractive to their lovers—*Vade Mecum*.

From Sedgwick's Public and Private Economy.

Fashionable and Expensive Poor.

THERE is another large portion of the people whose poverty is worthy of particular attention in a country where few are exempt from labor.

This is not a particular class, as mechanics, or professional men, but it embraces some of every class, of the highest to the lowest.

By this class is meant the *fashionable and expensive poor*, or those who are made poor mainly by following the fashions, not the good and useful fashions, but the absurd and wasteful ones. By *fashionable* people generally, is meant that portion of the rich, and those who associate with the rich, that adopt expensive and fashionable modes of living at their tables, in their furniture, dress, equipage, &c. &c.

By *fashionable* and expensive poor here, is intended all those, whether merchants, farmers, mechanics, day-laborers, &c. that live in the imitation of expensive fashions, without any proper regard to their wages or fortunes. This class, in the United States, embraces a larger proportion of the people than in any other country whatever. In other words, travelers and strangers agree, that the people of the United States are in many particulars, the most wasteful of all civilized people on earth.

Many of those fashionable and expensive poor, instead of having lived upon their incomes, and making the two ends of the year meet, have spent so much more than their incomes, that they have been compelled to see

their substance waste from day to day, as a consumptive man sees the flesh depart from his bones. Of these fashionable, expensive poor, a large number even of those that belong to the higher classes, are among the poorest people of the United States. If there were weights and scales to weigh human misery by the ounce and pound, it would be found, that these unhappy people suffer more in mind from embarrassments, duns, mortification, offended pride, conscious meanness and wickedness, at the thought that they are spending the property of their friends, and of honest, hard-working mechanics and others, than many very poor people do in body, for the want of sufficient clothing, fuel, and food.

Striving to be something which their poverty will not allow, they are in a perpetual conflict in the worst war in the world—a war with themselves. They do not live by any rule of their own, according to what God has given them, and what it is, therefore only allowable for them to spend, but they live after a rule set by the fashions of rich people, and thus they see with other people's eyes, whose eyes are their ruin. Instead of having their clothes made in the most economical way at their own houses, by their wives, daughters, and servants, they run to the fashionable milliners and tailors, at the same time that they are suffering for good garments. Their whole wardrobe often, setting aside the finery, would hardly pay for an auction; they would be ashamed to show it, to have it exposed to the day light; to have their under garments seen.

Their domestic condition is equally mean. Some of them in the cities, live in expensive houses, and promise to pay large rents, perhaps five hundred dollars a year, and often much more. This rent is often paid by their rich relatives, and often not at all. Their parlors and drawing rooms are full of what they call splendor, that is finery; if they have valuable pictures, it is ten to one that these are put in the shade to show their fine curtains to better advantage.

If you go out of this region of splendor and magnificence, the real barrenness of the territory, in good and useful things, appears. In the kitchen, and other apartments, there is not a decent sufficiency of proper cooking utensils, tubs, kettles, dishes, carpets and other conveniences for health, comfort and cleanliness.—Nothing is so mean, as the real poverty of these people, but their pride.

The Devil's Wig.

SOME years ago, as the Rev. Mr. Pringle of Perth, was taking a walk one summer's afternoon upon the Leith, two young beaux took it into their heads to break a jest upon the old parson. Walking briskly up to him and marking their bow politely, they asked him if he would tell them the color of the devil's wig.

The worthy clergyman surveying them for a few seconds made the following reply—'Truly here is a most surprising case two men have served a master all the days of their life, and can't tell the color of his wig.—*Edinburgh Paper*.

INFIDEL WIT REPELLED.—A gay young spark of a deistical turn, traveling in a stage coach, forced his sentiments upon the company by attempting to ridicule the scriptures, and among other topics made himself merry with the story of David and Goliath, strongly urging the impossibility of a youth like David being able to throw a stone with sufficient force to sink into the giant's forehead. On this, with an apparent air of triumph, he appealed to the company, and in particular to a grave gentleman of the denomination, called Quakers, who sat silent in a corner of the carriage.—'Indeed, friend,' replied the Quaker, 'I do not think it all improbable, if the Philistine's head was head was as soft as thine.'

PRIDE.—It has been well said, that the thing most likely to make the angels wonder, is to see a *proud man*. But pride of birth is the most ridiculous of all vanities—it is like boasting of the root of the tree, instead of the fruit it bears.

Letters Containing Remittances.

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of Postage paid.

M. A. M. Concord, O. \$1.00; P. M. Brookville, N. Y. \$3.00; J. P. H. Quaker Hill, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Madison, O. \$2.00; E. S. Salisbury Center, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. South Stephentown, N. Y. \$5.00; P. M. Fort Hamilton, N. Y. \$2.00; G. S. Gerry, N. Y. \$0.84; P. M. Athens, Vt. \$1.00; C. T. Farmington, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Shelby, N. Y. \$5.00; J. D. S. North Granville, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Durham, Mich. \$2.00; P. H. Hubart, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Cherokee Corner, Ga. \$0.50; C. E. T. Chester, N. Y. \$1.00; H. C. B. Penfield, N. Y. \$1.00; H. O. G. Portsmouth, O. \$5.00; N. S. Moffett's Stores, N. Y. \$1.00; E. W. Richmond, Ms. \$5.00; P. M. Enfield, N. H. \$2.00; C. B. Norwich, Vt. \$1.00.

SUMMARY.

ACCIDENT.—A boy of about seven years of age, the son of widow Mead, of this city, fell into a cistern on Thursday the 4th instant, and was drowned.

WHALE SHIPS.—The *Beaver*, Gardner, of this city, with 1900 barrels of sperm oil, arrived at New-York, on the 3d instant.—The *Helvetia*, Cottle, is daily expected. By last accounts from her, she had on board over 2000 barrels.—The *Edward*, Coffin, of this city, has also arrived with 210 barrels of oil.—The *Poughkeepsie* whale ship, New England, Terry, arrived on the 4th instant, with 2000 barrels right whale and 800 do. sperm oil.

The receipts of the *Astor House* (the new Hotel in the city of New-York) are said to be over \$1,400 a day.

CANAJOHARIE AND CATSKILL RAIL ROAD.—The whole of the road is now under contract, and five hundred laborers are immediately wanted, by the contractors.

THE ZODIAC.—The first number of the second year of this popular journal has made its appearance.

TEXAS.—Some boys are said to have volunteered for Texas, having taken for their motto on their caps, under the picture of a person in a large tree, 'Santa Anna treed and Texas freed.'

It is stated in the *Richmond Enquirer* that after all the legacies of Mr. Madison shall have been paid, there will be a surplus estimated at \$100,000 for his widow.

DIED.

At Claverack, on the 1st inst. Rev. William Whitaker, aged 53 years.

At New-York, on the 26th ult. of consumption, Hannah B. wife of Mr. Joseph S. Waring, in the 23d year of her age; and on the 27th ult. Hannah, infant daughter of Joseph S. and Hannah B. Waring, aged 3 months and 18 days.

At South Kingston, R. I. on the 29th June last, Mrs. Hannah Potter, aged about 65 years, sister of Mr. Jacob Hagadorn of this city.



ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Rural Repository.

True Happiness.

'Blest with ills on every side
Life's rugged paths we tread;
And scarce in this unfeeling world
Find shelter for our head.

Yet there are joys and pleasures too
Which, sought, we're sure to find;
And there are peaceful, happy hours
For every virtuous mind.

God gave us reason to enjoy
What he in wisdom sends;
He 'twines the ivy round the oak,
An emblem of his ends.

Though all in the same mould were cast,
And all bear his impress;
How much we differ in one point,
Our search for happiness.

Some seek their happiness in wealth;
Some knowledge most esteem;
Some thirst for power and some for fame,
Mere coinage of a dream.

Fleeting and short are all the joys
That spring from earthly things;
From mines of gold, from learning's store,
Or diadems of kings.

But, there's a treasure rich and pure,
And all may it obtain,
Who yield their hearts unto the Lord
And seek it in his name.

Religion dries our falling tears
And bids all sorrows cease;
'Her ways are ways of pleasantness
And all her paths are peace.'

Her flowing streams will ne'er run dry
While there's a soul to save;
Let all who seek *true happiness*
In her clear waters lave.

May every blessing from on high
On you and yours descend;
And in your heart forever wear
That sure and constant friend.

From the Knickerbocker.

The Humming-Bird.

Insect bird of the glowing plume,
Fairy king of the world of bloom,
That drinkest honey and rich perfume
From thy vassals in bed and bower,—
Say did the rim of the rainbow fling
Those regal hues on thy glowing wing,
That gleam as thou hangest quivering
O'er the cup of yon dew-brimmed flower?

Rays from all gems of the rock and mine
Seem confused in that crest of thine,
As, a moment perched on yon trelliced vine,
Thou stayst thy rapid flight;
Safe support as the proudest tree
Would to the foot of the eagle be,
Doth yon slender tendril yield to thee,
Nor bends with its burden light.

Thou art gone!—thy form I do not see,
But I hear thy soothing minstrelsy,
Sweeter than ever the toiling bee

Out-poured from her 'mellow horn.'
Perchance thou piercest the jasmine's cell,
Or drawest, as from a golden well,
From the amber depths of the lily's bell.
Bright tears of the dewy morn.

While kissing the blossoms of gold and blue,
Dost thou not pilfer each glorious hue,
And deeply thy tiny plumes imbue

With the colors from nature won?
But no,—for Flora when gayest drest,
Hath not a tint in her varied vest,
Like those which flash from thy jeweled breast.
In the blaze of the summer sun.

Lo! thy scented feast is forever spread;
When Northern flowrets are pale and dead,
Thou to a sunnier clime art fled,

Where their beauty forgets to fade.
When roses sleep on the bending stem,
And the diamond dew all their leaves begem,
Thou veilest thy head, and dost dream of them
Till riseth Night's curtain of shade.

Thou hast power from each blossoming thing
Drops of the richest balm to wring,
And thy life, if brief, is a joyous spring,—

A bright lapse 'neath a shadeless sky.
Not so with man—when he thinks to dip
In the rose of Pleasure his glowing lip,
A viper stings as he stoops to sip,
And he turns away to sigh!

The Spirit of Beauty.

WHERE does the Spirit of Beauty dwell?
Oh! said one, if you seek to know,
You must gaze around, above below,
For earth and heaven and ocean tell
Where the Spirit of Beauty loves to dwell,
But see, she comes with the early spring
And winnows the air with her fragrant wing,
Clothing each meadow and hill and tree
In the bloom of her rich embroidery.
Ask her now ere she pass away
Where on earth she delights to stay,
And the Spirit will pause while earth and sky
Ring with the tones of her glad reply—

'Seek for me in the blue hare-bell,
In the pearly depths of the ocean shell,
In the vesper flush of the dying day,
In the first faint glow of the morning ray;
I sleep on the breast of the crimson rose
And hide in the stately lily's snows;
I am found where the crystal dew-drops shine,
No gem so bright in a diamond mine;
I bloom in the flower that decks the grave,
And ride on the crest of the dark green wave;
I'm up and away o'er earth and o'er sea,
Till there is not a spot from my pressure free.

'I am seen in the stars, in the leaf enshrined,
And heard in the sigh of the whispering wind;
On the rippling breast of the winding stream,
In the mellow glow of the moon's mild beam;
I fan the air with the bird's light wing,
And lurk in the grass of the fairy ring;
My tents in the rainbow arch are set,
And I breathe in the fragrant violet;
Look where you may, you will find me there,
For the Spirit of Beauty is every where.

'Now listen to me—for sooth to say,
There is one dear spot where I fain would stay.
I love all things in earth, sea, sky—
But my own best home is a maiden's eye!

Oh! I could linger for ever there,
Nor sigh for another, a sphere more fair;
Lurking for aye in her cheek's warm smile,
Round her rosy lips with their playful wile;
Roving at will through each golden curl,
That waves o'er a brow like Indian pearl,
And sinking at night to a blissful rest
'Mid the spotless snows of her fragrant breast.
Seek for me there, for I love full well
With the young and the bright-eyed maid to dwell.

'And look for me in the poet's mind,
Where I lie like a radiant gem enshrined;
Touching each thought like the roses glow
That falls on the marble fount below;
Filling the soul with an inward light,
A love for all that is pure and bright,
Till the mind where the rays of my spirit burn
Glow like the lines on a crystal urn;
And a thousand beauties till then unseen
Flash into light on the Fancy's screen,
While thoughts that the many pass heedless by,
Are stored in the heart's deep treasury.

'Know ye now where I love to dwell?
The mind is happy that feels my spell;
Blest in its bright imaginings,
It soars aloft upon fancy's wings
O'er earth, in heaven, in sea or sky,
In the poet's song, in the maiden's eye;
To the mind that seeks I am ever nigh!
Look where it may, it will find me there,
For the Spirit of Beauty is every where?'

Melody.

BY W. LEGGETT.

If yon bright stars which gem the night,
Be each a blissful dwelling sphere,
Where kindred spirits reunite,
Whom death has torn assunder here;
How sweet it were at once to die,
And leave this blighted orb afar!
Mix soul and soul to cleave the sky,
And soar away from star to star!

But oh! how dark, how drear and lone,
Would seem the brightest world of bliss,
If wandering through each radiant one,
We failed to find the loved of this!
If there no more the ties shall twine,
That death's cold hand alone can sever,
Ah! then those stars in mockery shine,
More hateful, as they shine forever!

It cannot be, each hope, each fear,
That lights the eye, or clouds the brow,
Proclaims there is a happier sphere
Than this bleak world that holds us now.
There is a voice which sorrow hears,
When heaviest weighs life's galling chain
'Tis heaven that whispers—'dry your tears,
The pure in heart shall meet again.'

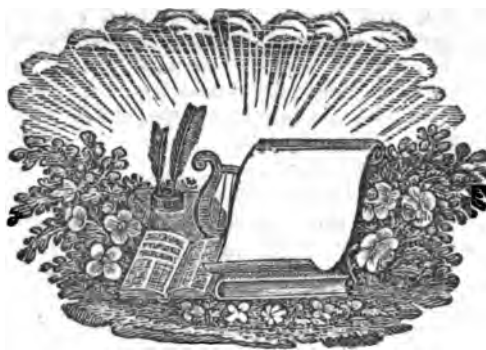
THE RURAL REPOSITORY,

IS PUBLISHED EVERY OTHER SATURDAY, AT HUDSON, N. Y. BY
Wm. B. Stedward.

It is printed in the Quarto form, and will contain
twenty-six numbers of eight pages each, with a title page
and index to the volume.

TERMS.—One Dollar per annum in advance, or One
Dollar and Fifty Cents, at the expiration of three months
from the time of subscribing. Any person, who will remit
us Five Dollars, free of postage, shall receive six copies,
and any person, who will remit us Ten Dollars, free of
postage, shall receive twelve copies, and one copy of either
of the previous volumes. No subscriptions received
for less than one year. All the back numbers furnished
to new subscribers.

All orders and Communications must be post paid,
to receive attention.



DEVOTED TO POLITE LITERATURE, SUCH AS MORAL AND SENTIMENTAL TALES, ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS, BIOGRAPHY, TRAVELING SKETCHES, AMUSING MISCELLANY, HUMOROUS AND HISTORICAL ANECDOTES, SUMMARY, POETRY, &c.

VOL. XIII.—[IV. NEW SERIES.]

HUDSON, N. Y. SATURDAY, AUGUST 27, 1836.

NO. 6.

SELECT TALES.

From the Saturday Courier.

PRIZE TALE.

Chase Loring.

A TALE OF THE REVOLUTION.

BY MISS LESLIE.

'This is my own, my native land.'

'What we are now doing, will one day be history!' was the prophetic exclamation of Buonaparte, as he led his soldiers to victory across the bridge of Arcole. Not such were the anticipations of those firm and daring spirits, that planned and effected the destruction of the cargoes of the tea ships, that came into the ports of Boston towards the close of the year 1773, and whose appearance was announced by hand bills, beginning with these quaint, but energetic words—'The worst of plagues, the detested tea, has now arrived in our harbor!'

How little did the instigators and leaders of this singular enterprize, imagine, that on this memorable night, they were striking off the first link in the chain that had hitherto bound them to the dominion of England, and eliciting the spark that would eventually light the torch of freedom throughout the world. Surely, for them no 'coming events cast their shadows before'—or they would never (as is said) have reciprocally bound themselves by the solemnity of an oath, to a perpetual concealment of names, that, at no distant period, they might have disclosed with triumphant exultation: names that their compatriots would have delighted to honor—names that their children would have been proud to bear.

We must ever regret that the authors of this extraordinary drama have so conscientiously persisted in carrying to the grave the secret of their identity—the grave, which, most probably, has closed over each and all of them. We had hoped that some one of this patriot band, would have bequeathed to posterity a written memorial, disclosing the private history of an event, at once so public, and so mysterious. Of those who were merely actors or spectators on the night of the 16th of December, some few yet

survive—but from them, we believe that little information is now to be obtained, except of the chief scene itself. Of the previous preparation they seem to know almost nothing.

In the hope of more fully awakening to this subject, the attention of some gifted writer of that noble city, on whose fanes first shone the day-spring of Atlantic literature, in whose halls the voice of freedom first dared to lift itself, the author of the following pages, (an American, though not a Bostonian,) has ventured to interweave with a simple and unpretending story, a few facts that she has collected for the purpose.

Near the center of Boston, and in the neighborhood of Pemberton Hill, a house is still standing, which seems to have been designed with the express object of demonstrating in the plainest and most practical manner, the mathematical figure called a triangle—the part that fronts the street, denoting the base, and the back illustrating the apex. The boards of the floors are broad at one end, and narrow at the other, all tending to a point at the fire-places. The fire-places have triangular hearths—and in a similar manner the beams of the ceilings radiate from the chimneys. The house, which though small, is of three stories, contains a sitting-room or parlor below, two chambers and an attic above, and a kitchen built back in the yard. It is not a corner house, and its peculiar architecture was the whim of its first proprietor, a respectable mechanic named Melchisedeck Spraggins, who having made money enough to enable himself to erect a mansion for his own residence, justly conceived that he had a right to plan it according to his own notion—and for this, or others of his notions, he never considered himself accountable to any one, his wife especially.

At the period from which we date the commencement of our story, the aforesaid triangular house was in possession of the widow of the aforesaid Melchisedeck—a kind hearted and simple minded woman, who was called Aunt Rhoda by the whole neighborhood; and, who having no children of her own, would willingly have been aunt to all Boston.

Her husband had left enough to support her comfortably, but she preferred to take a few boarders—though as she truly said, rather for company than for profit; such being the liberality of the good old lady that her profits at the end of the year, might always have been summed up by a single figure.

One of her inmates, a youth named Chase Loring, was only a *sort* of boarder. He was nephew to her late husband, and had just entered his eighteenth year. As Aunt Rhoda would accept of no regular stipend for his accommodations, his father, who had a farm about fifteen miles from Boston, took care that he should be gratified by the frequent arrival of barrels of Indian meal, pork, apples, cider, crocks of butter, and other productions of his homestead. Chase Loring was the youngest of a numerous family, and having the true Yankee genius for wood work, he had come to town for the purpose of learning the trade with a celebrated carpenter in Essex street.

Aunt Rhoda's only real boarder was Tudor Haviland, whose age did not exceed Chase Loring's. His father kept a store far in the interior of the province, but as Tudor was what is called a bookish young man, he had a great desire to be a bookseller. Accordingly, he had been placed with Henry Knox, whose shop in Cornhill was noted for the handsome manner in which it was fitted up, and the handsome books it contained. It was also, frequented by the most distinguished people of Boston.

Annis Chadwick, the youngest of Aunt Rhoda's family, and her orphan niece, was a very pretty blue eyed, blooming girl, now in her sixteenth year. Having been adopted by the old lady in early childhood, she had become well grounded in practical housewifery, and was already a clever seamstress. Tudor Haviland, who always gladly availed himself of the privilege of bringing home, in the evening, a book from Mr. Knox's store, had taken some pains to cultivate her natural fondness for reading; though the literature of that period offered but little that would be considered interesting or amusing by most young girls of the present time.

On the evening with which we propose to commence our story, Aunt Rhoda was seated in her usual corner, in her tall, straight, high backed arm chair, its cushion stuffed with feathers, and covered with broad striped red and yellow calico. A large fire of maple logs blazed on the triangular hearth, and a substantial mould candle, of domestic manufacture, in a brass candle stick, was burning on a circular walnut table, whose only fault was that it whirled around rather oftener than was desired, the pivot being generally out of order. Her feet rested on a little wooden stool or cricket, that was topheavy, and fell over whenever she rose, and she was engaged in knitting a pair of blue yarn stockings for Chase. Annis sat at the table, and was patiently dividing, with long rows of stitching, the compartments of an extensive silk thread case. Tudor Haviland, who like most reading young men, had a passion for poetry, and had not yet been long enough with Mr. Knox to have gone through the British classics, had placed himself opposite to Annis, and was deeply engrossed with the poems of Gray.

'Do read out loud, Tudor,' said Aunt Rhoda, 'It seems so unsociable to keep your book to yourself. You know I always like to hear good reading. What have you got there?'

'Gray's Poems—but I fear you would not find them very interesting.'

'May be you think I'm not quite 'cute enough to understand verse.'

'For my part,' remarked Annis, 'I always like poetry; and if I cannot comprehend every word of it, still it seems pretty.'

'I hope,' resumed Aunt Rhoda, 'I've lived long enough in the world to understand verse as well as most people, and I'm always pleased to hear it, that is, if it's rale good verse.'

'But Aunt,' observed Tudor, 'you fell asleep, last night, in the midst of the Deserted Village.'

'Well,' replied Aunt Rhoda, 'in the first place, it is considerable of a poem. And then, what is worse than all, it is quite too nateral. I could put out just as good myself, if I were only to try. It was full of all sorts of common things. Any body might make rhymes about 'the sanded floor,' and the clock 'ticking behind the door.' I see nothing particular in that. And then it seemed so foolish to range the *broken* tea cups on the mantle-shelf and to keep them for show. Did the same man make the poetry you are reading to night?'

'No,' answered Tudor, 'these are the poems of the celebrated Gray.'

'Any relation to Jonathan Gray, that keeps the Red Lion in Milk street?'

'Not that I know of,' said Tudor, smiling.

'Well now, read up,' pursued Aunt Rhoda,

'and you'll see how well I can make it out.'

Tudor, somewhat mischievously, perhaps, turned to the sublime ode of 'The Bard,' and began with great energy,

'Ruin seize thee, ruthless king,
Confusion on thy banners wait.'

'Ah! that sounds grand!' exclaimed the old lady, 'that does seem like rale poetry!'

And when he finished the stanza with,

'Stout Gloster stood aghast, in speechless trance
'To arms!' cried Mortimer, and couch'd his quivering lance.'

—she said, with much complacency, 'that's fine! that's worth listening to!—I doubt if I could make any thing like that.'

Tudor, as he proceeded, was much gratified at perceiving, by the intelligent looks of Annis, that she perfectly comprehended the historical allusions in this beautiful ode. She had lately been reading Goldsmith's admirable Letters on England, first published as addressed by a nobleman to his son, and erroneously attributed to Lord Lyttleton. Aunt Rhoda, however, occasionally roused herself, to make comments, at which Tudor did not dare to cast his eyes towards Annis. At the words,

'And weave with bloody hands the tissue of thy line.'

'Well,' remarked the good old lady, 'some of our weavers are dirty-handed enough: but to weave with bloody hands seems awful.'

Tudor went on till he arrived at,

'Ye towers of Julius! London's lasting shame:
With many a foul and midnight murder fed.'

'Well, to be sure, fowls are good things to feed upon, but it does seem a shame to murder them at midnight, taking them from their perches, poor creatures, when they are fast asleep.'

Tudor proceeded, and came to the lines,

'But oh! what solemn scenes on Snowden's height,
Descending slow their glittering skirts unroll.'

'That's elegant!—their glittering skirts unrolling as they come down stairs. Like Squire Hancock's new coat, I dare say—all done off with gold lace.'

Tudor concluded the poem, and as he paused after the last line, Aunt Rhoda said with such earnestness as to suspend her knitting. 'Now you've done, Tudor, I wonder what's the cause of so much tramp, tramp, tramping in the street, over the snow to-night. All Boston seems to be passing by. I've been a-listening to it the whole time you were a-reading, and I could not puzzle out what it was for.'

'I should not be surprised,' said Tudor, closing the book, and starting up, 'if some new public commotion is on foot to-night. There were more gentleman in the store this morning, than I have ever before seen there in one day, and yet nobody bought a single book. At one time, Samuel Adams, John Hancock, Richard Derby, Dr. Warren, and Colonel Bigelow, were all round Mr. Knox's desk together, and talking with him in a low

voice. And, you know, there has been a great whig meeting in the old South Church this afternoon, on account of the tea-ships.'

'Something unusual is certainly going on,' said Annis, 'and that is the reason Chase Loring has not come home to supper.'

'His master is one of the greatest whigs in town,' said Aunt Rhoda.

'So is mine,' said Tudor.

'Every body knows that,' replied the old lady, 'There's no mistake about Harry Knox—but what I say is this—all's well that end's well, and dear knows how all this is to end; not that I'm a tory—mind now—I'm not the least mite of a tory—for my poor dead husband was always a whig. But I do think it very hard for respectable people to have to do without their tea.'

'But, Aunt Rhoda,' observed Annis, 'even before tea became so scarce and dear, and before we whigs had set our faces against it you know we almost always in our house had mush and molasses, and pie and milk, and cake and cider, and such things for supper, just as we have now.'

'Yes,' replied Aunt Rhoda, 'but then we might have had tea—there's considerable difference between doing without a thing of your own accord, and being made to do without it. Now I never cared much about having a silk gown to wear at meeting, till my dear husband happened to say that no woman unbelonging to the tip-top quality ought to wear silk gownds. And from that time I thought considerable about it, and seemed to have no peace till he let me get one, poor man—though he was always pretty stiff, and rather hard to move, and not apt to give reasons for any thing. And it's just the same now. Ever since all the men are so bitter about it, my head seems to be full of nothing but tea—tea—tea.'

Tudor, who had been waiting impatiently for the conclusion of Aunt Rhoda's speech, now took his hat, and went out to see what was the matter. He found the street unusually full of people, most of whom were going in a south-east direction. To all his inquiries he could get no reply but 'come along and see,' or something to the same purpose. He accordingly went with the current, and soon found himself on Griffin's wharf, where he saw a crowd assembled, through which he had some difficulty in making his way. One of the newly-arrived tea ships was lying at the extreme end of the wharf, the other ship and the brig were anchored at the sides near the end. On the deck of each was a large group of men, some of whom were drest as Indians. The Indians were busily engaged in directing the operations, while other persons were hoisting the chests of tea from the holds of the vessels, and throwing them over the side, and the water being shallow, the boxes had already

accumulated to a pile that was even with the taffrail of the largest ship. On this pile and beside it, stood a number of young men, and some stout boys, who were eagerly engaged in breaking up the chests with hatchets, and emptying their contents into the sea. Some had taken to the boats, and with a determination to complete thoroughly the work of destruction, they were beating down with their oars, and keeping under water till they sunk, the fragments of the broken chests, and the masses of tea that occasionally floated to the surface.

Among those who were breaking up the boxes, Chase Loring was not the least conspicuous. He had taken off his jacket, rolled up his shirt sleeves, and was working away in a glow of excitement that set the coldness of night at defiance.

'Chase!' exclaimed Tudor, getting close to him, 'what is all this—and what are you doing here!'

'I was only a trying how tea will mix with salt water, as Mr. Rowe said at the Old South meeting this afternoon,' replied Chase, 'come and help—It's glorious fun, aye, and sensible fun, too.'

'How can you find it in your heart to destroy all this tea,' said Tudor.

'Now that's just such a thing as Aunt Rhoda might say,' replied Chase. 'We are destroying it because we won't pay the tax—and is it not better to throw it into the sea at once, than to let it be landed, and to allow it to find its way through town, tempting the women, and pleasing the Tories? Come, Tudor, jump here, and help.—Which will you do—break up, or throw out?'

'I believe I'll throw out, as I have no hatchet.'

'Do it, then; and be sure you empty every chest clean, and don't depend on their sinking when the water gets in. I cannot stop to talk. But this is the way to frighten King George into good behavior. You know how we got rid of the stamp-act a few years ago.'

And Chase Loring pursued his work, giving tremendous blows with his hatchet on the lids of the chests, which he broke up 'quite too much'—his arm keeping time to his voice as he hummed an odd verse of a song well known at that time:

'There came a brig from London town,
Johnny Hancock hailed her;
The captain boldly answered him,
The stamp act is repealed, sir.'

'But what was the beginning of all this?' said Tudor, as Chase paused for a moment to fan himself with his hat, and wipe the damp from his forehead.

'The beginning!—why, the tea-tax to be sure.'

'But of the work we have now on hand?'

'Oh!—as to who first started it, I cannot rightly tell, for I don't know myself. But I'll

answer for it, they were clever fellows that set it a-going. I can tell nothing more than just what I have seen since I came here to the wharf, and what I have learnt from the talk around me. Come, work away; there's another chest ready for you.'

'Who are those people on the wharves below?' asked Tudor.

'Oh! some of our trust-worthy townsmen, that are stationed there to keep a look-out on the British men-of-war lying down the harbor. They are to give us notice, by signals, if they see any signs of the king's ships coming to interrupt us.'

'I wonder they do not come,' remarked Tudor, 'and the barracks of the British soldiers are so near, I am surprised they allow all this to go on.'

'So am I,' said Chase, 'I only hope it is fear that keeps them back.'

'It cannot be fear of us as we are now,' observed Tudor. 'But it may be the apprehension of what we may do, or of what we may be, if further provoked.'

Among the mysteries connected with that night, which time and history have failed to elucidate, is the forbearance of the military, and naval commanders of the British forces, and the non-resistance of the captains and crews of the tea-ships, when their cargoes were taken and destroyed before their eyes.

In the mean time, rumors of the scene that was enacting at Griffin's wharf, had spread all over the town, and had long since reached the dwelling of the relict of Melchisedeck Spraggins. Her three-cornered parlor was soon filled with her female neighbors, most of whom were going in and out all the evening, and collecting news from the passers-by. Each successive piece of intelligence became more and more alarming, and something was generally added in its progress from the street-door to Aunt Rhoda's fire-side.—According to some of those statements, (all of which were well authenticated) several of the tea-destroyers had in their hurry chopped off their own hands with their own hatchets; others had been poured into the water along with the tea; and one man, who had scrambled out again, had been met on Fort Hill, a walking heap of tea-leaves that had uncurled themselves and stuck all over him.

'I shall never see neither of the boys again,' sighed Aunt Rhoda. 'As for Chase, it's nothing more than I expect of him, to be wherever mischief is. But Tudor even, has never come back, though he only went out to see what was the matter. I did not look for Tudor to act in this way, as he was mild and bookish. No, it's all over—I shall never see neither of them again.'

At that moment they both made their appearance, their hair disordered, and their faces glowing; Chase in high spirits, and

Tudor unusually lively. Chase threw his hatchet on the table, flew first to his old aunt and then, in the joy of his heart, ran round and kissed every female in the room. Tudor kissed only Annis.

The voices of the women were now all heard at once, inquiring of the young men as to the truth of the various reports, and Tudor kindly commenced the arduous task of convincing his audience that the events of the night had produced no horrors, and that not a life had been lost, not a limb injured.

'After all,' said Chase, 'cutting off a few fingers, or tumbling into the water, would have been nothing, even if true, to what might have happened if the British ships that were lying a little way down the harbor, had thought fit to come up, and see what we were about.'

'A mercy they did not,' cried Tacy Trimble.

'If they had fired their cannon at us,' pursued Chase, half laughing, 'every window in Boston might have shook, or may be broke with the noise, and all the wharves might have been one cloud of smoke with flames of fire flashing through.'

'Fire and smoke!' ejaculated Ruth Ruggles.

'And every shot,' said Chase, 'might have killed half a dozen of us, or may be eight or ten.'

'Eight or ten by one shot!' shrieked Fear Fearing.

'Our blood,' continued Chase, 'might have poured like rain into the boxes, and dyed all the tea red.'

'Tea and blood!' screamed Faith Foolidge.

'All this might have happened,' said Chase.

'It might indeed!' sobbed the women.

'Now Chase,' said Aunt Rhoda, 'will nothing settle you? I fear you'll come to no good if you treat serious things in this way.'

'Serious!' returned Chase. 'Now I thought it excellent sport. I'll be judged by Tudor here, who, to give him his due, worked manfully.—When Pym Fuscot, in his hurry, did not break up the chests quite enough, Tudor was the lad to jump on them with his feet, and smash them to flinders.'

'Come, Chase,' said Aunt Rhoda, 'settle yourself, and let us hear all about it in a regular way. Annis go and tell Marcy to bring another basket of apples.'

By this time some of the women had slipped home to hear what their own men had to relate. A few who had no men belonging to them, lingered at Aunt Rhoda's, to get Chase's account.

Chase settled himself on the round table, as all the chairs were occupied: Annis having nothing to sit on but the unsteady cricket.

'Annis,' said Aunt Rhoda, as the table began to 'wheel about and turn about' with its unruly occupant, 'do put the candle on the mantle-shelf; or Chase will have it over in a moment.'

'Are you all ready?' said Chase.

'Yes.'

'Well then listen, and I will begin at the beginning. We had a restless unsettled sort of a day—as is the case with most days lately—and there was more talk than work, as is the case in most shops lately. Our master did nothing but go in and out, and stop almost every body that passed the door, to say something to them. You know he is a very good whig, and the two other prentices and I are better still, and so are the Journeymen. In the afternoon the old man went to the meeting at the Old South, and when he came home he was so full of it that he told us all about it. And then he left us to go to the wharf to have a look at the tea-ships; and presently the journeymen went off too. As soon as they were gone, we concluded to go also, as it was now sundown, and time to quit work and shut up. So we put out the shop fire and having furnished ourselves with good clever sticks, to be used in case of need, Cromwell, Bradshaw and I set off towards Griffin's wharf.*—When we got there the moon was just rising above the water, and the ground being covered with snow, made it very light. We found a crowd of people, all standing and looking at the ships, and the crowd increasing every moment. We saw our master on the wharf.'

'And was not he angry to see you there?' asked Aunt Rhoda.

'Not at all,' said Chase; 'he clapped each of us on the shoulder for coming, and told us we were boys of the right sort, and chips of the old block, meaning himself. Presently we heard a sound like the steps of a large company of men coming down the wharf in close order. About twenty of them were disguised as Indians, and there were others (whose faces were smutted) dressed up in red caps, old frocks of brown linen, long gowns, and all sorts of queer things.'

'Are you sure the Indians were not rale ones?' said Aunt Rhoda.

'Very sure. Nobody but an Englishman can mistake a white man for an Indian, however well disguised. No, no;—it was easy to understand that those were some of our own townsmen, painted and feathered, and dressed with leggins and moccasins, and wrapped in blankets though some of them as we afterwards found, could talk and behave like very good Indians. Still, I believe that no one who was not in the secret, could guess exactly who any of them were; though in one or two we saw laced ruffles peeping out from beneath their blankets. As they came along, voices in the crowd called out—'There are the Mohawks—the Mohawks are coming.'

* The particulars of this scene (as far as related by Chase Loring) were obtained from an old revolutionary officer who was himself an actor in it, being at that time a young mechanic in Boston.

'The crowd parted off, right and left, and the Indians passed through the middle, and stopped at the very end of the wharf, where the Dartmouth was lying, the Eleanor and the brig Beaver being on each side. Without waiting a moment, the Mohawks went straight to the business they came upon. One of them acted as chief, another as interpreter—and they pretended to hold a sort of parley with some persons who had already stationed themselves on the deck of the Dartmouth, and who of course were in the secret. Remember, I am only telling you what I saw and heard myself. As yet, we can only guess who were the people that set this business a going.'

'Time will discover all,' observed Tudor.

'May be it will, and may be it won't remark-ed Aunt Rhoda. 'I am sure I've no idea who stole my dead husband's best wig, fifteen years ago last Pope Day.† And still, that very night, when the show went by there sat the pope high on the stage, among all the other images, the light glaring round him and husband's best wig upon his head—quite too good a one to go into the bonfire when the show was over.'

'Now,' continued Chase, 'you can't think how hard we found it to keep our countenances when we heard the chief who I dare say was ready to laugh himself having a loud pow wow, as the Indians call it, with the man that stood for interpreter.'

'In a few minutes somebody from the Dartmouth (one of our own people of course) called out, 'What does the chief say, Mr. Interpreter?'—'He says you must ask the mate for the keys of the ship's hatches and then the hatches must be opened and taken up and stowed safely aside, out of the way; and you must tell the mate that no damage shall be done to the ship or rigging, or the furniture, and not a rope yarn shall be taken away or destroyed.'—Then there was a pow wow again.—'What says the chief, Mr. Interpreter?' cried the voice from the ship. 'He says, we want some of you sailors to rig a derrick over the hatch way.'

'What is a derrick?' asked Annis.

'Oh! a thing to hoist with,' replied Chase. 'So some sailors stepped forward, and fixed the derrick. The same was done in the other ship and in the brig, without a word of objection.'

'Well I wonder at them,' said Aunt Rhoda.

'So do I,' said Chase; 'and I heard on the wharf, that when the mate of the Dartmouth was asked for a light to go down below with, he had a whole pound of candles brought immediately. However, to go on with my

† Previous to the revolution, it was customary in Boston to celebrate the gun powder plot on the 5th of November, by getting up a procession, in which an effigy of the pope, surrounded by various other figures and illuminated by lanterns and torches, was drawn through the streets on a lofty wooden stage or platform, and afterwards consigned to the flames in one of the open squares.

own part of the story—there was another pow wow.—'What says the chief, Mr. Interpreter?'—'He says he wants some smart young men to break up the chests as they are hoisted out and to throw all their contents into the sea.' There was another parley—and the interpreter being again questioned, replied, 'The chief wishes you to understand that the whole cargoes of the three vessels must be discharged entirely into the water, every chest being broken up before it is thrown over.'

'Oh! sorrowful,' cried Aunt Rhoda.—'All the good tea! It almost makes me cry to hear of it.'

'Well it was done—completely done,' continued the merciless Chase. 'It was all every chest of it, hoisted out of the hold of every ship. There was no want of young men to jump on board the vessels, and break up the boxes before pitching them into the sea. Cromwell, Bradshaw, and I went to the shop for hatchets, and ran there and back with all our might, for fear we should not get places. I stood in the mainchains of the Dartmouth, and on the edge of the wharf, and in the water, and every where—breaking up so thoroughly, that whole chests were often pitched towards me, by those on board, for they saw how well I did my work.'

'Now do not be bashful, Chase,' said Aunt Rhoda, 'I never like assumacy—all sorts of pride is a sin.'

'Dear Aunt,' said Annis, 'do allow Chase to have this sort of pride in peace, at least just for one night.'

'Were there a great many tea boxes?' asked one of the women.

'Yes,' answered Chase, 'so many that as the tide was coming in, and rose round the wharf, the chests made a platform or pile, high enough to bear up the young men that stood upon them; and when we had emptied all the tea, we finished by getting brooms and sweeping into the sea all that had been spilt about the decks. How clean we made them!'

'The best of it is,' said Tudor 'that the whole was done with scarcely any noise, bustle or confusion. There was no quarrelling, no fighting, and no body was hurt, though we were at work three or four hours. In each vessel one of the Indians acted as commander and was implicitly obeyed. There was one man, however, a (great lover of tea, I suppose) that managed to fill both his pockets with it.'

'Tudor, you should not tell that,' said Chase, 'nor any thing else that is dishonorable to Boston.'

'Oh! yes—tell us all about it!' exclaimed the women, 'we would rather hear that than all the rest put together.'

'He did it so sliily,' continued Tudor, 'that no body perceived him but Bob Hewes—and when some one asked at the conclusion

of the business, if all the tea chests were overboard, Hewes pointed to the man who had loaded his pockets, and said, 'No—here's one left.' His coat skirt with the pockets, were immediately cut off by a knife and thrown into the water, and the man slunk back into the crowd.'

'Poor fellow—poor fellow,' sighed Aunt Rhoda.

'He deserved to have been thrown into the water along with his tea,' said Chase, 'but only hear what passed as some of our people, on their way home, were going by the house of Coffin the tory, who lives just on the wharf. There was the admiral looking out of an open window. 'So,' said he, 'you have had a fine frolic to-night—but you'll have to pay the fiddler's bill next spring.' 'We are ready to pay him now,' was the reply of a dozen voices. And the admiral shut down the sash, and walked off.

'Well,' remarked Aunt Rhoda, 'I am no tory—but it does seem to me very strange that any christian people could go in cold blood, and set regularly about destroying any thing eatable or drinkable; I raley can't see how the country is to be bettered by it. But every body now a days seems to have got their heads full of wild unnatural notions. What do you think the governor will say to all this?'

'Let him say what he pleases,' replied Chase.

'I never talk like a tory,' pursued Aunt Rhoda, 'My worst enemies cannot say that of me; but I do think the governor has a hard time of it, a-governing such ungovernable people. To be sure it is the king that bids him, but poor Tommy Hutchinson can neither move to the right or left, speak or let it alone, or act or do nothing, but he is found fault with, and there is a meeting about it at Funnel Hall. He is still worse off now than he was in Jemmy Otis's time, who made a speech about every thing the King did, and everything the governor did.—I've often heard my dead husband repeat parts of Jemmy Otis's speeches.'

'And capital speeches they were, too,' said Tudor, 'I wish Mr. Otis's health would allow him to make more of them.'

Chase Loring jumped from the table, and traversed the room, singing.

'The rostrum then he mounted,
And loudly he did say,
Defend, defend, defend my boys,
Defend America.'

Tudor smiled. 'Suppose you give us the whole of that song,' said he.

'Oh!' replied Chase, coloring a little, 'that is the only verse that suits—for the truth is, it is a tory song, as you know—surely you would not have me sing,

'Their pattern Jemmy Otis,
That sage of high renown,
Like sheep he led the rabble
Of this seditious town.'

'By this time all the visitors had departed, and shortly after, when Chase and Tudor had partaken of a hasty supper, the family retired for the night.

Next morning when Aunt Rhoda first entered the sitting room, she found Tudor Haviland just coming into the house.

'Why Tudor,' said she, 'you've been a taking an early start. I never before knew you go out before breakfast.'

'Aunt,' replied Tudor, 'to tell you a secret, I think of writing some verses on the events of last night, and I went to the wharf to see how things looked there, for there's nothing like taking our ideas from reality—drawing from nature, as the painter's say.'

'And a sorrowful sight it must have been,' sighed Aunt Rhoda. 'But did you see any signs or leavings of the poor tea?'

'Yes,' replied Tudor, 'there it was—the leaves all opened out, and sticking in great bunches to the sides of the wharves, mixed with clusters of sea weed. I saw a chest that had not been well broken up, (certainly not one of Chase's doings) it had floated into a little nook considerably above Griffin's wharf, and was safely lodged among the shells and sand. I do not believe the tea that remains in it is at all damaged, except perhaps a little on the top.

'Were I to tell Chase of it, he would go there on purpose to break it to atoms.' 'Don't tell him—don't then,' said Aunt Rhoda; and she added sententiously, 'Tea was wisely provided by natur for the drinking of us poor human creatures—and how then do we know that this awful work with it is not a sin, after all?'

'It cannot be a sin,' replied Tudor, 'let me explain it to you.'

'No, no,' interrupted Aunt Rhoda, 'how often must I tell you that it never does me the least good to have things explained to me? I always understand better when I find out myself as is mostly the case with folks that are cude by natur. My dead husband never explained any thing to me. But do you think that box of tea is much the worse?'

'I think it is not,' replied Tudor.

'Is it laying where every body can see it?'

'No; it is in a very lonely place, near which there are no buildings and no inhabitants, and it is hidden by some low rocks that have not yet been disturbed to make a wharf. Probably nobody has seen the chest but myself.'

'Tudor Haviland,' said Aunt Rhoda, 'I have always found you good and biddable, very different from Chase Loring, though I say it that should not say it, as he is my own nephew, and you are of no a-kin to me. Chase to be sure, is good enough, but far from biddable.—How have you found me?'

'Very kind always, Aunt Rhoda,' replied

Tudor. 'Ever since I have boarded in your house, you have treated me as your own son, and done many things for me that were 'not in the bond.'

'I do not know what bond you mean,' said Aunt Rhoda, with some *fierte*. When your father put you here, he thought he could trust me to do justice by you, without having writings drawn up.—However, that's neither here nor there. To be sure, I scorn to talk of such things, but many's the night I have set up here darning your stockings and mending your wristbands, and covering your buttons, just as I do for Chase, only that he is rather harder upon his clothes. We should never brag of our good deeds, but you know I always pleat the ruffles of your Sunday shirts with my own hands. It's not my way to cast up favors, but you know whenever you've a cold, there's no end to the yerb teas I make, and the quakers I stew for you out of the best West India molasses, and fresh butter, and good cider-vinegar. Your very last cold was cured by one of my stewed quakers. I never was apt to trumpet my good deeds from the house top, but you must remember last winter when the pile of books tumbled down on your head—'

'Dear aunt,' interrupted Tudor. 'I gratefully acknowledge all your kindness, and shall be glad to avail myself of every opportunity of repaying as much of it as I can.'

'That's verily prettily spoke,' said Aunt Rhoda, 'well, then, you've now an opportunity.'

So saying, she took a pillow case out of the high bureau that stood under the large oval white framed looking glass, and coming up close to Tudor, she laid her hand on his shoulder, and said to him in a low mysterious voice—

'Tudor my good boy, I am but a poor widow, a lone forlorn woman, with a dead husband; and what odds will it make to any body, if I should have just a pillow case full of that nice tea, that will soon be washed away by the tide, and carried out to the wide sea to be lost altogether; for I'm sure there's nothing there that wants it; I don't believe fish would take tea if it was given to them.'

'I don't believe they would,' said Tudor smiling.

'Now,' she continued, 'if you only knew how I've longed and longed for a little tea, and how much good it would do me, and how it would cheer me up in these awful times, if I could get but a single cup, just to try once more the taste of tea.'

'But aunt,' replied Tudor, 'you know that we whigs (and I am sure that you are one of us) have made abstinence from tea a test of patriotism; nay, all the grocers in town, except William Jackson, have put their names to a paper in which they pledge themselves neither to buy nor sell it.'

'More is the pity,' observed Aunt Rhoda. 'As I have said before, I don't see how the nation could be hurt or liberty put down by just one old woman, more or less taking a cup of tea when she was all but pining away for it.'

'Yet the example, Aunt—the example!'

'Example! who have I to set an example to? Dear knows you and Chase want no examples as to whiggery. As for old black Marcy in the kitchen, nobody will ask whether she is whig or tory. And as to Annis Chadwick, there is no fear of *her* doing any thing that Tudor Haviland would not like.'

'Do you really think so, aunt?' said Tudor, his eyes sparkling.

'To be sure I do. It was but three weeks ago last Friday, that she asked me if I did not think Tudor Haviland the sensiblest young man that ever lived. Now she never says any thing about Chase, only that he has sparkling eyes, and rosy cheeks, and white teeth and curly hair, and all such nonsense.'

'Does she say all that of him,' demanded Tudor in a tone of chagrin.

'Oh yes,' returned Aunt Rhoda, a little embarrassed; 'but you know handsome is that handsome does. She says you are a very handsome reader-out.—She has too much respect for you to talk about your looks. It is your own sense and learning that she chiefly notices—all owing to the bringing up she has had from me. When she was only six years old, she asked me if she might go to college when she was big enough, and seemed quite cast down when I told her that girls never went to college. Yes—though Chase is my own sister's son, and though, after all, he has no bad ways, yet I know he would not suit Annis half so well as a bookish young man.'

'I don't think he would suit her at all,' said Tudor, turning away, and going to the window to look out at nothing.

'Tudor—dear Tudor, pursued Aunt Rhoda, following him with the pillow-case.

'What is it you wish me to do?' said Tudor, turning round quickly, and looking much annoyed.

'Tudor,' said the old lady, patting his shoulder, 'the short and the long of it is, that as Chase is over sleeping himself, and I suppose that all the boys that were busy at Griffin's wharf last night will be excused by their masters if they are not at work as early as usual, could not you now, before people are stirring much—could not you go to the place where you saw that almost whole tea-box, and fill me this bit of a pillow-case?'

'With what?' said Tudor, perversely.

'Tea, my dear boy—tea,' whispered Aunt Rhoda, looking fearfully round.

Tudor, who was prepared for this request,

promptly declined it; but she persisted in her importunities, till wearied out with them, and, perhaps, attaching no great importance to the act, he finally consented by taking the pillow-case, rolling it up, and putting it into his pocket.

'That's a good Tudor,' said Aunt Rhoda; 'if Annis was to hear this, I know she would like you all the better.'

'No, she would not,' said Tudor, quickly; 'she ought not to like me for it.'

'What, not for your kindness to her poor aunt, that has always been a mother to her?'

Finally Tudor departed—and though a very good patriot, he thought it possible that a harmless old woman might be indulged with a little tea, 'and neither heaven nor earth grieve at the mercy.'

[Concluded in our next.]

TRAVELLING SKETCHES.

Republic of San Marino.

Nor far from Riminali, upon a high and steep hill, among savage rocks, overlooking the despotism and slavery of men all around; there firmly and proudly enthroned, sits a little republic of an age of 1300 years, one of the oldest, if not the oldest government of the world; but alas! 'the last of all the Romans;' the last of those glorious republics that once dotted and sparkled upon all the Italian plains! Liberty, that inspiring word, when no longer heard in the Roman Forum, and no longer fought for on the isles of Venice, when the very whisper of it was death upon the banks of the Arno even then found a refuge in the forbidding cliffs that overlook the Adriatic, and was proudly blazoned upon the portals of San Marino.

The oldest republicans of the world are there in one little town, as some proud Eagle in her sky-built eyry.—The waves of despotism have for ages beat against this rock, but have never overtopped its summit. The invading armies of Romagna the Hun, the Austrian and the Frank have never clambered up its sides. Even the 'thunderer of the earth,' as the French once styled the last man-conqueror of theirs, who, by the noise and confusion he made, well deserved the name, hurled no bolts of wrath against the Republic nestling in the very heart of his achievements. Even when flushed with triumphs, and seizing every thing for himself and France with his own hand, he complimented the little miracle of a government, and promised it an increase of territory, which the people had the wisdom to refuse, with thanks for the offer, but with the avowal that they had no ambition to aggrandize their territory and thus to compromise their liberties.—Even despots then, and the subjects of despots, respect a Government thus consecrated by age, and the interest of an

American is re-doubled on seeing this little fac-simile of his own far-off land; upon feeling, as it were the pulse of a people whose sympathies are in unity with his. The little heart that is beating here upon the Rock of San Marino is in the new world, sending life-blood through ten thousand mighty veins, and flushing with its health the broad spread surface of a country that reaches from the sea wrought battlements of the bay of Fundy to the sands of Mexico: and though the hope is wild, yet it will spring up—That the humble work of honest Dalmatian masons, who flying from persecution founded their city upon the Titan's mount, may become what the like government was that arose on the Palatine Hill, and stretched at last from Scotia to the Euphrates, or like that nobler empire of those wandering pilgrims who first landed on the rock of Plymouth. Italy would thrice save the world and thrice redeem it from its indifference, if but the principles and the purity of Marino's Republic could extend from the frozen needles of the Alps to the blazing mouths of Vesuvius.—*Brooks' Letters.*

MISCELLANY.

To Parents.

THE following most excellent suggestions to parents, are contained in an address lately delivered in Ohio, by D. P. KINE, Esq.

Fathers and mothers, you stand at the fountain; with the lightest trace of your finger on the yielding soil, you can give a direction to the infant stream; you can send it gliding down through verdant fields and flowery lawns, imparting new fertility and beauty, and anon contributing its strength to propel the complicated machinery of industry; or you can send it dashing, foaming over precipices, to join with other impetuous, headlong streams, carrying devastation in their course; or you can suffer it to roll its sluggish way into some stagnant pool, affording a refuge for loathsome reptiles, and poisoning the atmosphere with its pestilential vapors. In infancy and at home, the deepest and most lasting impressions are made; your children may have able and faithful instructors, but there are many lessons of practical wisdom which are not taught in the schools. The mind of your child is constantly busy—he will be learning a lesson of you when you least think of it. To your child, your remark is wisdom; your observation, experience; your opinion sound doctrine, and your word a law; your child is learning a lesson from every look and action—but most of all, your example is educating your child. It is a book constantly open before him, and which he is constantly studying. Be careful anxious father, fond mother, that you insert no page which hereafter you may wish to tear,

no line you may wish to blot; be careful that you admit into that much read volume, no sentiment which you are unwilling your child should transcribe on the fair tablet within his own innocent bosom. The great secret of happiness consists in never suffering the energies to stagnate. If you can accustom your children to patient and cheerful labor, you have secured for them the means of happiness and independence.

'Eighteen Years Old.'

THERE is a period in the life of every young man, over which to pass safely requires the most skillful navigator. To double this point is more dangerous to the moral character, than for a navigator to double Cape Horn. The whirlpool of pride, and the quicksands of self-conceit yawn upon them, and are to young men what Scylla and Charybdis were to the ancients. The period is from sixteen to twenty-one years of age; and during this time a young man is subject to what is commonly called 'eighteen years' fever; though owing to the precocity of some they are attacked as early as sixteen. The effect of this disease is altogether different from those morbid complaints to which the human system is subject, instead of wasting away, it produces a general inflation of the intellect, if I may so express it, which renders the subject more like a bladder filled with wind, than a rational being.

A young man under the influence of this disease, is a perfect wiseacre, he is too knowing to learn from the experience of age; he knows best what is his own interest; his parents, all who have gone before him are, in his opinion, fools; he imagines himself to be the first of a very wise generation, and therefore construes every friendly admonition into an attempt to coerce him or to abridge his privileges.

Royalty in Rags.

MARY of Medicis, the widow of Henry the Great, mother of Louis XIII, mother-in-law of three sovereigns, and regent of France, frequently wanted the necessaries of life, and died at Cologne in the utmost misery. The intrigues of Richelieu compelled her to exile herself, an unhappy fugitive.

Hume tells an anecdote of singular royal distress. He informs us that the queen of England, with her son Charles, had a moderate pension assigned her; but it was so ill paid, and her credit ran so low, that one morning when the Cardinal de Ratz waited on her she informed him that her daughter, the princess Henriette, was obliged to lie a bed for want of a fire to warm her. To such a condition was she reduced, in the midst of Paris, a queen of England, and daughter of Henry IV, of France!

The daughter of James the first, who married the Elector Palatine, in her attempts to get her husband crowned was reduced to the utmost beggary, and wandered frequently in disguise as a mere vagrant.

A strange anecdote is related of Charles VII, of France. Henry V, had shrunk his kingdom into the town of Bourges. It is said that, having told a shoemaker, after he had just tried a pair of his boots, that he had no money to pay for them, Crispin had such callous feelings that he refused his majesty the boots.—*Alexandrian.*

SINGULAR COINCIDENCE.—It is stated by the Star, that a correspondent of the New-Orleans Bulletin notices as a curious fact, that the names of the leading men who have figured in our country, terminate with *on*—for instance: 'Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Hamilton, Jackson, Clinton, Livingston, Hopkinson, Harrison, Wilkinson, Singleton, Marion, Middleton, Fulton; and in addition to these, we have Houston, who is about establishing the independence of a country.' Thirteen names of the signers of the declaration of independence had the same terminations; and the names of the greatest captains of their day, end with the same letters: Napoleon, Nelson, and Wellington.

SIGN.—A being covered with rags, and dressed in five jackets, all of which failed to conceal his raggedness, bolted into a store on Exchange-street a few days since, with the exclamation of—

'Worse than I look by —! Well, I've let myself for fourteen dollars a month, and find myself.'

'To do what?' asked the principal of the establishment.

'To stand on the corner for a paper mill sign—'Cash paid for rags,' that's all.'

ANSWER TO A CHALLENGE.—A Rhode Island judge being challenged by a senator, the following dialogue ensued: *General*—Did you receive my note, sir? *Judge*—Yes, sir. *General*—Well, do you intend to fight me? *Judge*—No, sir. *General*—Then, sir, I consider you a pitiful coward. *Judge*—Right, sir, you knew that very well, or you never would have challenged me.

The Rural Repository.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 27, 1836.

MIRROR OF TASTE AND NOTITIA DRAMATICA.—This is the title of a new paper just commenced at Buffalo, N. Y. by S. T. Hosmer. It is published weekly, at \$2 per annum, in advance, and is, as its name denotes, devoted chiefly to polite literature and the drama. It seems to be conducted with considerable talent, and 'while truth and virtue wield the pen,' we hope the labors of the editor will be crowned with success.

DISTRESSING ACCIDENT.—On Thursday the 11th inst. Mr. Edward W. McKinstry, of Catskill, aged 21 years, son of Henry McKinstry, Esq. was killed by the accidental discharge of his own gun, while engaged with a few friends on an excursion of pleasure. His sudden and untimely death has cast a gloom over his native village, and will be long and severely felt by a numerous circle of relatives and friends, to whom he was endeared by his amiable deportment and many virtues. He was an only son, on him rested the hopes and affections of fond and devoted parents, of an only, beloved and affectionate sister. By this mysterious Providence these hopes have been most suddenly blasted, these affections; that seemed twined with their very existence, have been rudely torn asunder. In the midst of health and innocent hilarity, buoyant with hope, he was cut down. How solemnly by this afflictive dispensation are we admonished of the vanity of earthly hopes—that 'in the midst of life we are in death.'

We learn from the Daily Advertiser, Cleveland, Ohio, that the editor has made arrangements to obtain the assistance of Mr. O. P. Baldwin, late of this city, in the editorial department of that paper.

To Correspondents.

'What art thou Death,' it is our impression is not original, whether meant to be offered as such we know not, and shall therefore not publish it at present.

'Adieu to Childhood,' will be published soon—the tale accompanying it is not examined.

'Farewell to U **** A *****' will appear ere long.

'The Ascension,' was filed away unnoticed in our friend's letter—it speaks more for the mind and fancy than for the experience of the writer; but agreeable to his wishes we will give it an insertion.

'Oh that thou wert only here,' inadmissible.

Letters Containing Remittances.

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of Postage paid.

H. S. Shelburne, Ms. \$1.00; E. L. Claverack, N. Y. \$1.00; H. B. Ballston Spa, N. Y. \$1.00; F. S. Shelburne, Ms. 1.00; S. S. Wately, Ms. \$1.00; S. M. H. Cairo, N. Y. \$5.00; R. C. South Greenfield, \$1.00; W. H. U. Milfordville, Ga. \$5.00; W. H. S. Stanfordville, N. Y. \$5.00; C. G. Auburn, N. Y. \$1.00; G. D. Redhook, N. Y. \$1.00; D. C. New Britain, N. Y. \$1.00; N. M. G. East Abington, Ms. \$1.00; G. W. R. West Harpersfield, N. Y. \$2.00; J. C. New Hampton, N. H. \$5.00; L. C. East Creek, N. Y. \$2.00; G. M. L. New Britain, Ct. \$5.00; P. M. Pompey Center, N. Y. \$5.00; A. J. B. Ghent, N. Y. \$1.00; J. G. Lebanon, N. H. \$5.00; P. M. Collins Center, N. Y. \$5.00; E. S. Harwinton, Ct. \$2.00; W. N. P. Pittstown, N. Y. \$0.90; M. P. Castleton, N. Y. \$1.00; M. L. W. New Berlin Center, N. Y. 3.00; W. H. Harpersfield, N. Y. \$1.00; S. W. Shelburne, Ms. \$1.00; P. M. Ellicottville, N. Y. \$3.00; L. E. M. Cassville, N. Y. \$5.00; A. J. E. Troy, N. Y. \$2.00; P. M. Marshall, N. Y. \$0.50; P. M. Ira, N. Y. \$5.00; P. M. Akron, N. Y. \$5.00.

MARRIED.

In this city, on the 20th inst. by the Rev. J. B. Waterbury, Mr. Samuel Gifford, to Miss Eliza Van De Bogart.

In Ghent, on the 10th inst. by the Rev. J. Berger, Dr. Richard H. Mesick, of Centreville, to Miss Maria Groat, of the former place.

At Centreville, on the 6th inst. by the Rev. J. Berger, Mr. Simeon Decker to Miss Maria Fries, both of Taghkanick.

At New-York, on Tuesday evening, by the Rev. Mr. Williams, Mr. James Hine, of Georgia, to Miss Sarah J. Hathaway, daughter of the late Capt. Bailey Hathaway, of this city.

At Farmington, Ct. on the 10th instant, by the Rev. Dr. Porter, Chauncy Brown, M. D. to Miss Julia M. daughter of Capt. Pomeroy Strong.

DIED.

In this city, on the 21st inst. after a protracted illness, Hannah, wife of Isaac Sherman, aged 30 years.

On the 14th inst. Caroline, daughter of John and Mary Woodhouse, aged 23 years.

In Ghent, on the 3d inst. Andrew A. Sharts, in the 67th year of his age.

In Livingston, on the 8th inst. Wandle Rote, in the 35th year of his age.

At Claverack, on the 1st inst. Harman Sagendorph, aged 76 years.

At Canaan, Ct. Mrs. Abigail Adam, only daughter of the late Samuel Forbes, Esq. aged 81 years.

At Boston, on the 5th inst. Mrs. Mary E. Lyman, consort of Theodore Lyman, Jr.



SELECT POETRY.

Night Watching.

BY JAMES G. PERCIVAL.

SHE sat beside her lover, and her hand
 Rested upon his clay-cold forehead. Death
 Was calmly stealing o'er him, and his life
 Went out by silent flickerings, when his eye
 Wake up from its dim lethargy, and cast
 Bright looks of fondness on her. He was weak,
 Too weak to utter all his heart. His eye
 Was now his only language, and it spake
 How much he felt her kindness, and the love
 That sat, when all had fled, beside him. Night
 Was far upon its watches, and the voice
 Of nature had no sound. The pure blue sky
 Was fair and lovely, and the many stars
 Looked down in tranquil beauty on an earth
 That smiled in sweetest summer. She looked out
 Through the raised window, and the sheeted bay
 Lay in a quiet sleep below, and shone
 With the pale beam of midnight—air was still,
 And the white sail far o'er the distant stream
 Moved with so slow a pace it seemed at rest,
 Fixed in the glassy water, and with care
 Shunned the dark den of pestilence, and stole
 Fearfully from the tainted gale that breathed
 Softly along the crisping wave—that sail
 Hung loosely on its yard, and as it flapped,
 Caught moving undulations from the light,
 That silently came down, and gave the hills,
 And spires, and walls, and roofs, a tint so pale,
 Death seemed on all the landscape—but so still,
 Who would have thought that any thing but peace
 And beauty had a dwelling there! The world
 Had gone, and life was not within those walls,
 Only a few, who lingered faintly on,
 Waiting the moment of departure; or
 Sat tending at their pillows, with a love
 So strong it mastered fear—and they were few,
 And she was one—and in a lonely house,
 Far from all sight and sound of living thing,
 She watched the couch of him she loved and drew
 Contagion from the lips that were to her
 Still beautiful as roses, though so pale
 They seemed like a thin snow-curl. All was still
 And even so deeply hushed the low faint breath
 That trembling gasped away, came thro' the night
 As a loud sound of awe. She passed her hand
 Over those quivering lips, that ever grew
 Paler and colder, as the only sign
 To tell her life still lingered—it went out!
 And her heart sank, within her, when the last
 Weak sigh of life was over, and the room
 Seemed like a vaulted sepulchre, so lone
 She dared not look around: and the light wind
 That played among the leaves and flowers that grew
 Still freshly at her window, and waved back
 The curtain with a rustling sound, to her,
 In her intense abstraction, seemed the voice
 Of a departed spirit. Then she heard,
 At least in fancy heard, a whisper breathe
 Close at her ear, and tell her all was done,
 And her fond loves were ended. She had watched
 Until her love grew manly, and she checked
 The tears that came to flow, and nerved her heart
 To the last solemn duty. With a hand
 That trembled not, she closed the falling lid,

And pressed the lips, and gave them one long kiss;
 Then decently spreading over all a shroud;
 And sitting with a look of lingering love
 Intense in tearless passion, rose at length,
 And pressing both her hands upon her brow,
 Gave loose to all her gushing grief in showers,
 Which as a fountain sealed till it had swelled
 To its last fulness, now gave way and flowed
 In a deep stream of sorrow. She grew calm,
 And parting back the curtains, looked abroad
 Upon the moonlight loveliness, all sunk
 In one unbroken silence, save the moan
 From the lone room of death, or the dull sound
 Of the slow-moving hearse. The homes of men
 Were now all desolate and darkness there,
 And solitude and silence took their seat
 In the deserted street as if the wing
 Of a destroying angel had gone by,
 And blasted all existence, and had changed
 The gay, the busy, and the crowded mart
 To one cold, speechless city of the dead.

Columbia's Freedom.

BY THE BOSTON BARD.

WHEN Freedom, midst the battle storm,
 Her weary head reclined,
 Around her fair, majestic form,
 Oppression faint had twined;
 Amidst the din—beneath the cloud,
 Great WASHINGTON appeared;
 With daring hand, rolled back the shroud,
 And thus the sufferer cheered.

'Spurn, spurn despair! be great, be free!
 With giant strength arise!
 Stretch, stretch thy pinions, liberty,
 Thy flag plant in the skies!
 Clothe, clothe thyself in glory's robe,
 Let stars thy banner gem!
 Rule, rule the sea—possess the globe—
 Wear victory's diadem!

Go tell the world a world is born,
 Another orb gives light,
 Another sun illumines the morn,
 Another star the night.
 Be just—be brave—and let thy name
 Henceforth Columbia be;
 Wear, wear the oaken wreath of fame—
 The wreath of liberty.'

He said, and lo! the stars of night
 Forth to her banner flew,
 And morn, with pencil dipt in light,
 The blushes on it drew.
 Columbia's chieftain seized the prize,
 All gloriously unfurled;
 Soared with it to his native skies,
 And waved it o'er the world!

From the Youth's Sketch Book.

The Little Boat Builders.

BESIDE the sea-shore Charles and Ben
 Sat down, one summer day,
 To build their little boats—and then
 To watch them sail away.

'Hurrah!' the boats have left the shore,
 And side by side they sail;
 And pleasant sunshine all before,
 Behind, the summer gale.

But all too rough the sunny sea;—
 One boat upheaves—and then
 They clap their hands and shout with glee,
 'Hurrah! she's up again.'

But on the wave it cannot live;
 It sinks:—and now the other!
 And now a louder shout they give,
 'Hurrah! we'll build another!

'Let's make ourselves a little sea—
 The ocean is too large;
 This tub will do for you and me
 To sail our little barge.'

Dear children! thus through life your joys
 May vanish! Will you then
 Still laugh as o'er your childish toys,
 And think they'll rise again?

And when life's ocean seems too wide
 Your quiet course to trace,
 Say, will you wisely turn aside
 And choose a humbler place?

And with you, as your joys decay,
 First one, and then the other,
 Shout on, as the hope sinks away,
 'Hurrah! I'll build another!'

From the London Court Journal.

She is no more!

THE rose upon her cheek was red,
 And, on its faithless tint relying,
 Though languor came and vigor fled,
 We could not think that she was dying!

We bore her to yon distant shore,
 Where Arno rolls, a stream, of gladness!
 But Alps and ocean, traversed o'er,
 But added sorrow to our sadness!

Devoted beauty! on thy cheek,
 Though deep Decay has placed her finger,
 Still health imparts a glowing streak,
 And there, unblanched, her roses linger!

There is no sorrow in thy sigh—
 Like Hope, reposing on her anchor—
 Thine eye is bright—thy cheek is dry,
 But 'neath its vermeil tint, the canker lies!

So, when autumnal suns arise
 And Nature's radiant form is brightest,
 The groves display their richest dyes,
 But wither while their leaves are brightest.

Blanks.

A general assortment of Lawyers and Justices' Blanks,
 according to the revised statutes, for sale by
 A. STODDARD.

Book & Job Printing,

Of all descriptions, neatly executed, with ink of different
 colors, on new and handsome type, at the shortest notice
 and on the most reasonable terms, at this office.

Notice.

37 Notes under Five Dollars taken in payment for the
 Repository, as usual.

THE RURAL REPOSITORY,

IS PUBLISHED EVERY OTHER SATURDAY, AT HUDSON, N. Y. BY

Wm. B. Stoddard.

It is printed in the Quarto form, and will contain
 twenty-six numbers of eight pages each, with a title page
 and index to the volume.

TERMS.—One Dollar per annum in advance, or One
 Dollar and Fifty Cents, at the expiration of three months
 from the time of subscribing. Any person, who will remit
 us Five Dollars, free of postage, shall receive six copies,
 and any person, who will remit us Ten Dollars, free of
 postage, shall receive twelve copies, and one copy of either
 of the previous volumes. 37 No subscriptions received
 for less than one year. All the back numbers furnished
 to new subscribers.

37 All orders and Communications must be post paid,
 to receive attention.



DEVOTED TO POLITE LITERATURE, SUCH AS MORAL AND SENTIMENTAL TALES, ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS, BIOGRAPHY, TRAVELING SKETCHES, AMUSING MISCELLANY, HUMOROUS AND HISTORICAL ANECDOTES, SUMMARY, POETRY, &C.

VOL. XIII.—[IV. NEW SERIES.]

HUDSON, N. Y. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1836.

NO. 7.

SELECT TALES.

From the Saturday Courier.

PRIZE TALE.

Chase Loring.

A TALE OF THE REVOLUTION.

BY MISS LESLIE.

[Concluded.]

When Chase came down, he inquired for Tudor; and Aunt Rhoda said, evasively, that he was out a-walking.

'I dare say,' remarked Chase, 'that he has gone to see how the wharf looks this morning. I wonder he did not waken me; I would have gone too.'

'Well, you had better have your breakfast now,' said Aunt Rhoda; and Annis coming down, they all placed themselves at the table.

Just as they were finishing their repast, the old lady saw Tudor pass the window on his return.—She started up, and ran to meet him in the little square passage that divided the street-door from that of their sitting-room. 'Have you got it?' she whispered. Tudor took the pillow-case from under his coat; there was only about a pound of tea in it.

'This,' said he, 'is all that I could find dry.' And the old lady, looking somewhat disappointed at the smallness of the quantity, after she had provided so large a receptacle, directly transferred it to one of her immense dark jean pockets.

'Tudor,' said she, pressing his hand significantly, 'contrive to come home earlier than usual this evening.'

She then returned to the parlor, where Tudor took his seat at the breakfast table, while Chase stood before the looking-glass, fixing his collar, and humming a line or two of one of his Liberty songs, as he called them.

'Well, Tudor,' said Chase, 'who did you meet in your morning walk?'

'I met at least half a dozen clergymen,' replied Tudor, 'one at a time, taking an early opportunity to visit the scene of action. There was Dr. Cooper, and—'

'Ah!' sung Chase—

'In Brattle street, you'll often meet
The silver-tongued Sam.'

'Well,' said Aunt Rhoda, 'it does seem strange that the ministers, good men as they are, should take sides in these unnatural times.'

'Yes,' pursued Chase—

'Parson Hopper, as he thinks proper,
In Liberty's cause is bold.'

'Aunt Rhoda,' observed Tudor, 'a cause that is sanctioned by the approval of so many wise and pious men cannot fail to prosper.'

'By the by, Tudor,' said Chase, 'are not you going to give us some verses on last night's affair? I saw you writing before you went to bed, late as it was.'

'I fear,' replied Tudor, with a smile, 'I shall never equal the very popular poets whose elegant lyrics seem to have taken such a hold on your fancy. But come, you shall hear as much as I have composed on what you call the affair of last night:

'Now Cynthia's silver lamp serenely shone
On the deep green of Neptune's liquid throne.'

'I know old Neptune very well,' interrupted Chase; 'but who is Cynthia?'

'Oh! Chase,' exclaimed Annis, 'Cynthia is one of the poetical names of the moon.'

'Now,' said Chase, 'I should just have said—
"The moon was bright,
The sea was light."

That would have been much shorter and easier.'

'Pho!' replied Tudor—and he proceeded in the usual style of very young poets—

'Yet silence slept not on Boston's towers.'

'Bostonia!' interrupted Chase; 'its a shame to disguise good names—but you'll never get on at this rate. Now, were I a poet, I would despatch the business at once, by just saying—

'When the boys chopped away,
Soon the tea dropped away,
Then they all hopped away
And nobody stopped the way.'

And, 'sufficing the action to the word,' he was out of the room in a moment.

During the day, Aunt Rhoda (who was afraid to trust her treasure an instant out of her possession) frequently put her hand into her pocket to feel if the tea was still there. Whenever she happened to be alone, she

opened it to inhale its fragrance, and her opposite neighbors wondered why Rhoda Spraggins was seen so often with her head down in a pillow-case. She was strongly tempted to make a little tea, and drink it before dinner, but (as she said afterwards) she could not find it in her heart to be so selfish as to take this long-desired beverage alone, and she dared not entrust any one else with the secret. Therefore she steadily adhered to her first intention of preparing some for herself and Tudor, when he came home towards evening—having heard it remarked that bookish people are generally fond of tea.

The day appeared to her a very long one; and at dinner Tudor almost feared that she would excite Chase's curiosity by her winks and smiles at himself, and by her grateful over-complaisance. Annis regarded her with surprise. But Chase did not observe Aunt Rhoda's significant proceedings, being earnestly engaged in discussing with Tudor the events of last night, and their probable consequences, and in talking of the quantity of wet tea that had been thrown up that morning by the tide; a ridge of it extending along the shore from Griffin's wharf almost to South Boston, and which he and his comrades had assisted in shoveling back again into the sea.

When dinner was over, and the young men had gone to their respective shops, Aunt Rhoda sat down to some wonderfully ingenious patch-work, which she had long been putting together at her leisure. But on this afternoon she made so many mistakes, (such as sewing to each other, side by side, two pieces of the same calico) that she thought it best to defer the arrangement of her star-work and block-work till her mind should be less pre-occupied. Having set away her basket of patches, she took her knitting, sent her black woman Marcy on a long errand, and told Annis she might step in next door and visit her friend Edith Edes.

Having now the house to herself, Aunt Rhoda, who always kept a fire in her chamber, conveyed thither a kettle of water, and all the proper apparatus for making tea; first carefully closing the calico curtains of her window,

Evening came—the black woman had set the supper table down stairs as usual, and Annis, who had just returned from her visit, was reclining in the arm chair, and meditating by the light of a bright fire, when Tudor arrived. As soon as Aunt Rhoda heard his voice, she came down and invited him and Annis up stairs. They went—and saw near the hearth a little table with a cloth thrown lightly over its contents. With much dramatic effect the old lady lifted the cloth, and exhibited her best waiter, her best tea-pot, sugar-dish, &c. and a plate of white ginger bread.

‘Now, children,’ said she, ‘see what I’ve been getting ready for you. I’m a grieving that we can’t have Chase Loring with us. But you know he’s so desperate a whig, that it’s out of the question. Come set up. The tea is well drawn by this time. It actually does my heart good to fud myself a-sitting once more at my own tea table.’

‘Oh! dear Aunt! where did this tea come from?’ exclaimed Annis, ‘if you were not my own aunt, I should fear that you were doing something—I won’t say bad—but something very ungood.’

‘There’s no ungoodness at all in taking a little tea that would else have floated off on the waves of the salt sea,’ said Aunt Rhoda, ‘There’s Fear Fearing, that the neighbors say has had some way of getting tea all along—at least now and then. I suppose she buys it of Billy Jackson, the tory grocer. Both Ruth Ruggles and Faith Foolidge have seen her coming out of his store. They say she makes tea in the coffee-pot, and sets about it any hour in the day, just whenever she has a chance. Then she hides herself in the clothes-press, and drinks it standing, and sets her two little girls a-watching, to give her notice when their father’s a-coming. And if they watch well, she rewards them by pouring more water on the grounds, and giving them the leavings.’

‘More shame for her,’ said Annis.

‘Now Annis, that’s ugly in you to talk so,’ said Aunt Rhoda, ‘come now, get over your spite at the tea, and take this cup.’

‘No, I thank you, aunt.’

‘Not take it, Annis?’

‘No indeed aunt—I cannot bring myself even to taste it.’

‘Nor I neither,’ said Tudor, pushing away the cup which had just been set before him.

‘Why Tudor?’ exclaimed the old lady, ‘I know you used to like tea—and now you have been without it for months.’

‘Had I been without it for years,’ exclaimed Tudor, ‘I would not take a drop of that tea—that tea of all others.’

‘Well—rally Tudor—I did not expect this of you!’ ejaculated Aunt Rhoda.

‘I am sorry to hear you say so,’ replied Tudor, ‘you certainly understood that I

brought the tea for your own gratification, not for my own,—and you may be assured that nothing, whatever, shall induce me to partake of it.’

‘Tudor,’ said Aunt Rhoda, ‘I did not suppose such stubbornness was in you. Come now only try one cup—you’ve no notion how nice it is—see how dark it pours out, and how fine it smells—(sipping from her saucer)—come now, just taste it. You need not be afraid of Chase—he’ll never know it.’

‘Afraid of Chase!’ exclaimed Tudor, coloring violently, and almost starting from his chair, ‘Tudor Haviland afraid of Chase Loring!’

Before his indignation could vent itself farther, the door was suddenly thrown open, and Chase Loring appeared at it. On coming home rather earlier than usual, and finding no one in the parlor, he had inquired of Marcy where they all were? ‘I don’t know,’ said Marcy, ‘Old missus was up chamber when I came home, and she called master Tudor and Annis up to her, and they never come down again. I guess, may be, she’s a having a fainty-fit, or something. Her voice didn’t seem natural. I’ve been afeared to go and ax.’

Chase hastily ran up stairs, and unceremoniously throwing open the door, he saw the tea-table with all its appurtenances, Aunt Rhoda holding a saucer to her lips, and Tudor and Annis sitting with each a cup before them.

‘What is all this?’ exclaimed Chase, ‘are you actually drinking tea?’

‘Oh! Chase,’ cried Annis, ‘Why did not you knock at the door?’

Aunt Rhoda changed color, and started so that she dropped her saucer—but trying to rally, she proceeded to remedy the disaster with affected composure, and said with a forced smile,—

‘There’s no great harm done after all—so set down, Chase Loring, and take a friendly cup of tea with us.’

‘I—I—’ exclaimed Chase, springing up half way to the ceiling—‘I drink tea!—Where did you get it? Tell me where that tea come from?’

‘I brought it to her,’ said Tudor, calmly.

‘You—you,’ cried Chase, ‘do you say that you gave her that tea?’

‘I do say so,’ replied Tudor.

Chase stood for a moment motionless. Then going up to Tudor, he said in a voice half-choked from the effort to speak with something like composure,—

‘Tudor I have just seen a man brought in from Medford—all the way from Medford—who had somehow managed to carry a great deal of tea home with him. But his townsmen found him out, and they made him come along with them to Squire Hancock, who has a supper party to night. And Squire Hancock shamed him before all the gentlemen, and the tea that had been taken from him was

burnt on the common in front of the squire’s house. This I have seen.’

‘Well,’ said Tudor, ‘and what is all this to me?’

‘Tudor,’ said Chase, trying to speak coolly ‘just tell me why you kept back that tea, and why you brought it home with you?’

‘If you really suppose,’ replied Tudor, ‘that I secreted this tea, last night, for the purpose of bringing it home with me—if you, indeed, think so—you may think so still,’ and he walked about the room in a fever of indignation.

‘Oh! no—no,’ cried Aunt Rhoda, ‘it was all my fault—I teased him—I coaxed him—it was only this morning I persuaded him to go to the water-side and pick it up for me—and I had hard work to get him to do it—it was all me—nobody but me.’

‘Tudor,’ resumed Chase, ‘you have not been drinking it say this instant that you have drank none of it?’

‘Chase Loring,’ answered Tudor, turning suddenly upon him, ‘I neither like your tone nor your manner. By what right do you question me. If I chose to bring home tea, or even to drink it, am I not at liberty to do so without accounting to you for it?’

‘Tudor,’ said Chase ‘you will not dare to drink that cup of tea.’

‘Dare!’ exclaimed Tudor, and in an instant he took up the cup, and swallowed its contents.

‘Oh! Tudor!’ cried Annis—turning very pale, and covering her eyes with her hands.

‘Mercy on me! What next!’ ejaculated Aunt Rhoda.

Tudor having emptied the cup, set it down, and advanced towards Chase, who stood firm, and looked at him in silence.

‘Oh! boys—boys!’ cried Annis, ‘don’t look so very angry at each other—your faces are scarlet, and your eyes flash like fire—you frighten me out of my wits, and see poor Aunt Rhoda is trembling in her chair.’

But the remonstrance was unheeded.

‘By what right,’ repeated Tudor, ‘does Chase Loring presume to question Tudor Haviland!’

‘Presume!’ reiterated Chase, ‘I understand you now. Because your master is a bookseller, and mine a carpenter, you pretend to look down upon me—I know you do—you think your company a favor, and you check my talk, and you laugh at my liberty songs—I see it all now—I wonder I have been blind so long.’

‘Oh! Chase—Chase!’ exclaimed Annis, going between them, ‘do not say such bad things to Tudor. Do not talk so much worse than you think. Have you not told me that you thought you had improved by living with Tudor? Come now, be friends with him—for your aunt’s sake—for my sake.’

'Yes, for your sake,' said Tudor, bitterly—'that's well put in. No doubt there's an understanding between you. Has he not been trying to win you for himself? I know he has.'

'It is false!' cried Chase, 'No one shall ever say, man or boy, that I cheated him out of his sweetheart. I scorn to do such a thing—only say that again—'

Nothing but the habitual respect which is felt by American men for the presence of women, could now have prevented the young adversaries from proceeding to extremities on the spot. Aunt Rhoda and Annis interposed with vehemence, and cried, and entreated, and essayed their utmost to induce a reconciliation. But it was all in vain. Each imagined that he had gone too far to retreat, and that the other had gone too far to be forgiven. Both were inflamed with the stings of their imaginary affronts, and with the young and impetuous, imaginary injuries often wound more deeply than real ones. In the heat of passion, Chase had unjustly accused Tudor of despising him, and Tudor had equally irritated Chase by the underserved insinuation that he had been tampering with the affection of Annis. Both intimations were felt to be unmerited, and therefore they were the more exasperating to the ingenuous natures of the two young men.

'Tudor,' said Chase, after a pause, 'we have gone too far to be friends again. If we cannot live together as we have formerly done, it is best we should part.'

'With all my heart,' replied Tudor, 'if it is your wish that we should separate, it cannot for a moment, be mine that we should not.'

'To-night, then,' said Chase, 'I quit this house. Your staying here will be of more advantage to the women than mine can—and it is better for me to leave my aunt, than for you to leave your sweetheart.'

Aunt Rhoda and Annis now burst into tears. The old lady seized the hand of Chase, while Annis took that of Tudor, and both attempted to unite those hands in returning friendship. But in vain; the young men struggled to free themselves from the grasp of the women, and both indignantly turned away from each other.

'I will go at once,' said Chase, 'this very moment.' And hastily embracing his old aunt, he bade her farewell in a hurried voice. He then took the hand of Annis, and was drawing her towards him, but dropped it on recollecting himself, and said, 'No—Annis—no. Even at parting I will not kiss you. He shall not say I did.' He then ran rapidly down stairs, and out of the house; and Tudor paced the room in silence,

'Oh! the bad tea—the wicked tea!' cried Aunt Rhoda, 'I wish I had never seen it, nor tasted it.'

'Oh! Aunt Rhoda,' sobbed Annis, 'I am now quite sure that getting that tea was a sin—and you see what it has brought upon us.'

'It shall never bring us into any more trouble,' said Aunt Rhoda, and taking the pillow case from her pocket, she shook the remaining tea into the fire.

'That's right, aunt,' exclaimed Annis, 'It does me good to hear it crackling, and see it burning.'

'I can never forgive Chase,' said Tudor, 'for having in daring me to do so, caused me to disgrace myself by drinking a cup of that tea. All the rest I might pardon; but that I cannot, while I live.'

'Oh!' cried Annis, 'I never could understand why boys think they must always do whatever they are dared.'

'Well,' said Aunt Rhoda, 'this has been an unlucky day for us all—and I take shame to myself for having been the chief cause of it. I ought to have had more sense—I am sure I thought I had. What's done can't be undone, as my dead husband used to say. But I doubt if we ever see Chase again.'

Tudor passed the back of his hand over his eyes, threw himself into a chair, and covered his face; and then started up and left the room.

'Go down stairs Annis,' said Aunt Rhoda, 'I suppose Marcy has got supper ready in the keeping-room—go down, and I'll come presently—but I guess nobody wants much, and we'll have no Chase now to 'liven us up at meals. The evening is spoiled, and the sooner we go to our sorrowful beds the better. Go down, Annis, child—I guess may be you'll find Tudor there—I'll come as soon as I've cleared away these things; I can hardly bear the sight of them—dear me! how we shall miss Chase! But he said right. Though he is my own sister's son, it's better he should go than Tudor. But I'm very sure Tudor never meant any assumption over him. Dear me! how affrontive boys are!'

Annis departed, pale and dispirited—and Aunt Rhoda proceeded with a heavy heart to wash the tea things, indignantly emptying the tea pot into the slop-bowl.

Early next morning a boy came for Chase's effects, and brought the following note:

DEAR AUNT RHODA:

I am sorry to leave you—but it must be so. I have spent a great many happy days in your house; and you have been very kind to me. I have taken a room with the widow Checkere, my master's sister, in Essex street. I staid there last night, Cromwell and Bradshaw board with her. I find it won't do for me to live with gentlemen booksellers. I wish you well—and Annis too—even if it *does* give offence.

Your loving nephew,
CHASE LORING.

Tudor Haviland was much hurt—and he offered to go away himself that Aunt Rhoda might send for Chase to come back again. But we must confess that his offer was not very earnestly urged, as the idea of giving up the daily society of Annis was too painful to him. Also, he had still a lurking fear of the superior personal attractions of Chase Loring.

When Chase's father came to town, Aunt Rhoda candidly explained to him all that had passed. His son refused to tell him any thing particular concerning the cause of his removal to the widow Checkere's, but he obtained a promise from the good old man, that he would continue to send Aunt Rhoda the usual supply of presents from his farm, that, as Chase said, 'she may lose nothing by my leaving her.' The elder Loring, finding that his son was comfortably and respectably situated in his new abode, concluded it best that he should remain there, saying, 'The truth, is, sister Rhoda, I have always found that the best way of managing Chase was to let him take his course.'

Aunt Rhoda went sometimes to see her nephew, but each of the young men had interdicted all mention of the other's name. Both were determined not to be the first in proposing a reconciliation, or in allowing their friends to do so for them, and therefore no such proposal was made. Still, had they analyzed their own hearts they would have found that, after the first ebullition no serious animosity existed between them, and that false pride was the only feeling that kept them apart.

Now that he had no fear of finding a rival in Chase, Tudor Haviland soon came to an explicit understanding with Annis, and it was settled that she was to become his wife when his time with Mr. Knox had expired, and when he should be able to go into business for himself.

More than two years rolled rapidly away. The term of Chase's apprenticeship had elapsed, and after a visit of a week to his native place, he had taken a shop in Charlestown, and set up, on his own account, as a carpenter. Being an excellent workman, of cheerful disposition, and popular manners, he was soon a favorite with his customers, and much liked throughout the village.—Tudor's term was also out, but owing to the confusion of the times, his father was as yet unable or unwilling to set him up; and therefore, at the earnest desire of Mr. Knox, he agreed to remain in his store a year longer, in the capacity of clerk.

The clouds which had so long loomed in the political horizon of America were now fast approaching the zenith, and already were heard the coming thunders of that tremendous storm

'Which ancient systems into ruin hurled,
And shook the basis of the Atlantic world.'

The Rubicon was crossed. Blood had

already flowed at Lexington and at Concord, and the hardy champions of their country's rights had proceeded to the defence of Bunker Hill certainly 'with hearts resolved,' and with hands as well prepared as circumstances would allow.

On the night before that singular battle, whose consequences converted defeat into triumph, and victory into ruin,—when the Americans, lighted only by the stars, were silently and secretly engaged in throwing up their entrenchments, Chase Loring (whom it is unnecessary to say was there) heard the clear and distinct voice of Mr. Knox, remarking to some one who was digging near him, 'Well done, Tudor, I am glad to see that on occasion you can use the spade as readily as the pen.'

'I wish it were morning,' said Tudor, 'that we might enjoy the surprise of the British at seeing how we have fortified our hill.'

'So do I,' replied Mr. Knox, 'I know that we shall be true to ourselves, and to each other. All that we have to apprehend in the event of to-morrow, is the possible failure of our ammunition, should the contest be a long one.'

'I confess,' replied Tudor, 'that my own supply of ball is rather less than I could wish.'

Chase Loring paused a moment in his work. His pockets were filled with bullets, cast by himself at his shop fire in the secrecy of midnight. He took out a handful, and passing cautiously behind him, he slipped them into one of the pockets of Tudor.

With the first beams of morning the British prepared for the attack, amazed and incensed as they were when the light of day revealed to them the redoubt erected in the darkness of a single night by their cool and indefatigable opponents. Covered by the fire from their ships that were anchored in Charles River, the British regulars crossed rapidly in their boats the narrow water that divided them from the hill where the antagonists were expecting them. While the soldiers of England were marching proudly to the battle-ground,

— 'In bright array,
With glittering arms, and banners gay,
And plumes that on the breezes play,
And music sounding martially.'

their onset was steadfastly awaited by a band of citizens and husbandmen in their ordinary attire, with no music to exhilarate them, and no standards around which to rally. Many of these hardy yeomen had no other weapons than the fowling pieces with which they had sought game on the hills, the axes that they had used in cutting their fire wood, and the spades with which they continued to extend the mound they had thrown up during the night.

They had no leaders with aristocratic names, no scions of hereditary nobility. But they had the brave and honest Putnam, the

sagacious and intrepid Prescott, and the enthusiastic Warren. And they had ministers of the gospel, who came fearlessly to the field of the expected fight, to offer on that spot their prayers to Omnipotence in behalf of the defenders of their country's rights, the asserters of her claim to freedom.

The battle raged—every inch of ground was desperately contested, and when their entrenchments of earth were stormed, the Americans made another breastwork by tearing up the fences, piling the rails on each other, and filling the interstices with grass, the field having been newly mown. The village of Charlestown, whose inhabitants had all left it at an early hour, was enveloped in flames, occasioned, it is said, by a fire-ball from the enemy kindling one of the roofs.

'Chase Loring, your shop is burning,' exclaimed his old master,

'No matter,' replied Chase, 'I have no time to think about trifles now,' and having a musket, he proceeded to load and fire as before. Often in the battle he passed Tudor Haviland, whose gallant bearing excited Chase's admiration. Once when a shot from Tudor's musket had brought down a British grenadier, Chase raised his hand to clap his old companion on the shoulder, but he recollected himself and desisted—for Tudor's dress and demeanor were now more than ever those of a gentleman, and Chase was habited in his usual working clothes.

He, soon after, saw a British fusilier in the very act of taking aim at Tudor. Chase instantly rushed forward, and with his own musket beat up that of the soldier, whom the next instant he leveled with the ground.

'Chase you have saved my life,' said Tudor.

'I would have done the same for any other American,' replied Chase, walking away with apparent carelessness, but endeavoring to conceal the emotion that he felt on hearing the voice of Tudor addressing him once more.

Notwithstanding their disparity of force, the Americans defended their hill with the most obstinate intrepidity. The enemy fell in heaps before them, and had it not been for the entire failure of their ammunition, victory must have been declared in favor of the patriot novices in the art of war. Even when reluctantly compelled to give way, they turned again and again upon their assailants, striking them with the butt ends of their muskets, and availing themselves of every means of attack and defence that remained.

It was at the close of the battle that the gallant Warren received his death-wound, and he fell in the midst of a group of intrepid young men, who like himself were unwilling to quit the field, though to remain longer was now unavailing. Accident had placed Chase Loring and Tudor Haviland opposite to each

other, as they both gazed, with deep regret, on the last mortal struggles of the dying hero. He ceased to breathe. The two young men looked up. They joined their hands across the body of the fallen patriot, while the last bullets of the enemy were whistling around our heads.

'Chase Loring,' said Tudor, 'this is no time to indulge in private quarrels, even in quarrels of more importance than ours, which originated in misapprehension, and was sustained by false shame—the shame of being the first to acknowledge error. Let us, henceforth, reserve all resentment for the enemies of our country.'

'With all my soul,' exclaimed Chase, warmly shaking the hand of Tudor, 'from this moment we are friends again; and friends I hope, for ever.'

In conclusion, we must briefly state, that from the day of Bunker Hill, Chase Loring gave himself up entirely to the cause of his country, and till he had seen her through her struggle, he felt it impossible to turn his attention to any other object. He entered the service as a volunteer, and his hardy, dauntless, and enterprising spirit was soon rewarded with the command of a company. Tudor, having secured Annis Chadwick by marrying her, followed the example of Mr. Knox, and applied for a commission in the continental army, in which he soon saw the patriotic and accomplished bookseller of Cornhill elevated to the rank of major general.

Chase Loring and Tudor Haviland sometimes lost sight of each other during the long and wide spread contest; but their friendship was never again interrupted. When the war was over, and they could calmly sit down with their compatriots to 'enjoy the peace their valor won,' each resumed his former occupation. With the new impulse that was given to the whole people they both prospered, even beyond their expectations. But Chase, who now commenced business in the city, made his fortune the soonest; and Tudor first became the tenant, and afterwards the purchaser of a handsome house, in the center of a fire block built and owned by his friend Loring, who had long since married a very pretty and intelligent girl from Charlestown.

Aunt Rhoda, (whose triangular halitosis is still standing) felt very happy when the time arrived in which tea might again be drank without example, and during the remainder of her life she partook of it with much pleasure on alternate Sunday evenings, at the respective houses of her two boys, as she always continued to call them.

REPARTEE.—Greenough is full of wit. 'I fear,' said a lady to him, 'that I shall not make a good bust.' 'Oh, madam, I will make the bust,' was the reply.

TRAVELING SKETCHES.

Letterings of Travel.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

KENILWORTH.

Pierce Gaveston—his execution and character—associations connected with Kenilworth—Italian boy—contrast between domestic and wandering habits—ruins of the castle—feelings excited by a visit here—antique fireplace—Miss Jane Porter—the historical romance—common herd of tourists.

On the road from Warwick to Kenilworth, I thought more of poor Pierce Gaveston than of Elizabeth and her proud earls. Edward's gay favorite was tried at Warwick, and beheaded on Blacklow Hill, which we passed soon after leaving the town. He was executed in June; and I looked about on the lovely hills and valleys that surround the place of his last moments, and figured to myself very vividly his despair at this hurried leave-taking of this bright world in its brightest spot and hour. Poor Gaveston! It was not in his vocation to die! He was neither soldier nor prelate, hermit nor monk. His political sins, for which he suffered, were no offence against good-fellowship, and were ten times more venial than those of the 'black dog of Arden,' who betrayed and helped to murder him. He was the reckless minion of a king, but he must have been a merry and pleasant fellow; and now that the world, (on our side the water at least,) is grown so grave, one could go back with Old Mortality, and freshen the epitaph of a heart that took life more gaily.

As we approached the castle of the proud Leicester, I found it easier to people the road with the flying Amy Robsart and her faithful attendant, with Mike Lambourne, Flibbertigibbet, Richard Varney, and the troop of minsters and players, than with the more real characters of history. To assist the romance, a little Italian boy, with his organ and monkey, was fording the brook on his way to the castle, as if its old towers still held listeners for the wandering minstrel. I tossed him a shilling from the carriage window, and while the horses slowly forded the brook, asked him in his own delicious tongue, where he was from.

'Son' di Firenze, signore!'

'And where are you going?'

'Li! al castello.'

Come from Florence and bound to Kenilworth! Who would not grind an organ and sleep under a hedge, to answer the hail of the passing traveler in terms like these? I have seen many a beggar in Italy, whose inheritance of sunshine and leisure in that delicious clime I could have found it in my heart to envy, even with all its concomitants of uncertainty and want; but here was a bright-faced and ink-eyed child of the sun, with his wardrobe and means upon his back, traveling from one land to another, and loitering

wherever there was a resort for pleasure, without a friend or a care; and, upon my life, I could have donned his velvet jacket, and with his cheerful heart to button it over, have shouldered his organ, put my trust in *i forestieri*, and kept on for Kenilworth. There really is, I thought, as I left him behind, no profit or reward consequent upon a life of confinement and toil; no moss ever gathered by the unturned stone, that repays, by a thousandth part, the loss of even this poor boy's share of the pleasures of change. What would not the tardy winner of fortune give to exchange his worn-out frame, his unlovable and furrowed features, his dulled senses, and his vain regrets, for the elastic frame, the unbroken spirits, and the redeemable, yet not oppressive poverty of this Florentine *regazzo*? The irrecoverable gem of youth is too often dissolved, like the pearl of Cleopatra, in a cup which thins the blood and leaves disgust upon the lip.

The magnificent ruins of Kenilworth broke in upon my moralities, and a crowd of halt and crippled *ciceroni* beset the carriage-door as we alighted at the outer tower. The neighborhood of the Spa of Leamington, makes Kenilworth a place of easy resort; and the beggars of Warwickshire have discovered that your traveler is more liberal of his coin than your sinner-at-home. Some dozens of pony-chaises and small, crop saddle-horses, clustered around the gate, assured us that we should not muse alone amid the ruins of Elizabeth's princely gift to her favorite. We passed into the tilt-yard, leaving on our left the tower in which Edward was confined, now the only habitable part of Kenilworth. It gives a comfortable shelter to an old seneschal, who stands where the giant probably stood, with Flibbertigibbet under his doublet for a prompter; but it is not the tail of a rhyme that serves now for a passport.

Kenilworth, as it now stands, would probably disenchant almost any one of the gorgeous dreams conjured up by reading Scott's romance. Yet it is one of the most superb ruins in the world. It would scarce be complete to a novel-reader, naturally, without a warder at the gate, and the flashing of a spear-point and helmet through the embrasures of the tower. A horseman in armor should pace over the draw-bridge, and a squire be seen polishing his cuirass through the opening gate; while on the airy bartizan should be observed a lady in hoop and farthingale, philanthropic with my lord of Leicester in silk doublet and rapier. In the place of this, the visitor enters Kenilworth as I have already described, and stepping out into the tilt-yard, he sees, on an elevation before him, a fretted and ivy-covered ruin, relieved like a cloud-castle on the sky; the bright blue plane of the western heavens shining through the

window and broken wall, flecked with waving and luxuriant leaves, and the crusted and ornamental pinnacles of tottering masonry and sculpture just leaning to their fall, though the foundations upon which they were laid, one would still think, might sustain the firmament. The swelling root of a creeper has lifted that arch from its base, and the protruding branch of a chance-sprung tree, (sown perhaps by a field-sparrow) has unscaled the key-stone of the next; and so perish castles and reputations, the masonry of the human hand, and the fabrics of human forethought; not by the strength which they feared, but by the weakness they despised! Little thought old John of Gaunt, when these rudely-hewn blocks were heaved into their seat by his herculean workmen, that, after resisting fire and foe, they would be sapped and overthrown at last by a vine tendril and a sparrow!

Clinging against the outer wall, on that side of the castle overlooking the meadow, which was overflowed for the aquatic sports of Kenilworth, stands an antique and highly ornamental fire place, which belonged, doubtless, to the principal hall. The windows on either side looking forth upon the fields below, must have been those from which Elizabeth and her train observed the feats of Arion and his dolphin; and at all times, the large and spacious chimney-place, from the castle's first occupation to its last, must have been the center of the evening revelry, and conversation of its guests. It was a hook whereon to hang a reverie, and between the roars of vulgar laughter which assailed my ears from a party lolling on the grass below, I contrived to figure to myself, with some distinctness, the personages who had stood about it. A visit to Kenilworth, without the deceptions of fancy, would be as disconnected from our previous enthusiasm on the subject as from any other scene with which it had no relation. The general effect at first, in any such spot, is only to dispossess us, by a powerful violence, of the cherished picture we had drawn of it in imagination; and it is only after the real recollection has taken root and ripened—after months, it may be—that we can fully bring the visionary characters we have drawn to inhabit it. If I read Kenilworth now, I see Mike Lambourne stealing out, not from the ruined postern which I clambered through, over heaps of rubbish, but from a little gate that turned noiselessly on its hinges, in the unreal castle built ten years ago in my brain.

I had wandered away from my companion, Miss Jane Porter, to climb up a secret staircase in the wall, rather too difficult of ascent for a female foot, and from my elevated position I caught an accidental view of that distinguished lady through the arch of a gothic window, with a background of broken architecture and foliage—presenting, by chance,

perhaps the most fitting and admirable picture of the authoress of the *Scottish Chiefs*, that a painter in his brightest hour could have fancied. Miss Porter, with her tall and striking figure, her noble face, (said by Sir Martin Shee to have approached nearer in its youth to his *beau ideal* of the female features than any other, and still possessing the remains of uncommon beauty,) is at all times a person whom it would be difficult to see without a feeling of involuntary admiration. But standing, as I saw her at that moment, motionless and erect, in the morning dress, with dark feathers, which she has worn since the death of her beloved and gifted sister, her wrists folded across, her large and still beautiful eyes fixed on a distant object in the view, and her nobly-cast lineaments reposing in their usual calm and benevolent tranquillity, while, around and above her, lay the material and breathed the spirit over which she had held the first great mastery—it was a *tableau vivant* which I was sorry to be alone to see.

Was she thinking of the great mind that had evoked the spirits of the ruins she stood among—a mind in which (by Sir Walter's own confession) she had first bared the vein of romance which breathed so freely for the world's delight? Were the visions which sweep with such supernatural distinctness and rapidity through the imagination of genius—visions of which the millionth portion is probably scarce communicated to the world in a literary lifetime—were Elizabeth's courtiers, passions, secret hours, interviews with Leicester—were the imprisoned king's nights of loneliness and dread, his hopes, his indignant, but unheeded thoughts—were all the possible circumstances, real or imaginary, of which that proud castle might have been the scene, thronging in those few moments of reverie through her fancy? Or was her heart busy with its kindly affections, and had the beauty and interest of the scene but awakened a thought of one who was most wont to number with her the sands of those brighter hours?

Who shall say? The very question would perhaps startle the thoughts beyond recall—so elusive are even the most angelic of the mind's unseen visitants?

I have recorded here the speculations of a moment while I leaned over the wall of Kenilworth, but as I descended by the giddy staircase, a peal of rude laughter broke from the party in the fosse below, and I could not but speculate on the difference between the various classes whom curiosity draws to the spot. The distinguished mind that conceives a romance which enchants the world, comes in the same guise, and is treated but with the same respect as theirs. The old porter makes no distinction in his charge of half-a-crown, and the grocer's wife who sucks an orange on the grass, looks at the dark crape

hat and plain exterior—her only standards—and thinks herself as well dressed, and therefore equal or superior to the tall lady, whom she presumes is out like herself on a day's pleasuring. One comes and goes like the other, and is forgotten alike by the beggars at the gate and the seneschal within, and thus invisibly and unsuspected, before our very eyes, does genius gather its golden fruit, and while we walk in a plain and commonplace world, with commonplace and sordid thoughts and feelings, the gifted walk side by side with us in a world of their own—a world of which we see distant glimpses in their after creations, and marvel in what unsunned mine its gems of thought were gathered!

MISCELLANY.

Nature's Teacher.

WHEN I was a child, I knew an old grey-headed man. Age had given him wisdom, and I loved him, for he was kind as well as wise. Once he said to me, 'I know a way to be happy. 'Who taught it to you?' I inquired. And he answered, 'I learned it in the fields.' Then I drew near and entreated him to teach it also to me. But he replied, 'Go forth into the fields, among the living things and learn it for thyself.'

So I went forth, I looked attentively upon all that was moving around. But no voice spoke to me. Then I returned to the grey-headed man. And when he asked 'what hast thou seen in the fields?' I answered:—

'I saw the brook flowing on, among sweet flowers. It seemed to be singing a merry song. I listened but there were no words to the music. The sparrow flew by me with down in her beak, wherewith to line her nest, and the red breast, with a crumb she had gathered at the door to feed her chirping young. The ducklings swam beside their mother in the clear stream, and the hen drew her chickens under her wings and screamed at the soaring hawk. The spider threw out her many threads like lines of silver and fastening them from spray to spray, ran lightly on the bridge made from her own body. The snail put his horrid head through the door of his shell, and drew it suddenly back. The ant carried a grain of corn in her pincers, and the loaded bee hastened to her hive, like a laborer to his cottage.—The dog came forth and guarded the young lambs, frisking fearlessly by the side of their serious mother, who cropped the tender grass. All seemed full of happiness. I asked them how I also should be happy. But they made me no reply. Again and again I asked, 'Who will teach me the way to be happy?' Yet nothing answered, save the 'echo ever repeating my last words, 'happy—happy,' but not to tell me how to become so.'

'Hast thou looked upon all these,' said the aged, 'young man, yet received no instruction? Did not the brook tell thee, that it might not stay to be idle, that it must haste to meet the river and go with that to the ocean, to do the bidding of the ocean's king, and that it had pleasure by the way, in refreshing the trees that stretched their roots to meet it, and in giving drink to the flowers that bowed down to its face with a kiss of gratitude! Thou didst see the birds building their nests, or flying with food to their little ones; and couldst thou not perceive that to make others happy is happiness? The young duck gave diligence to learn of its mother the true use of its oary feet, and how to balance its body aright in the deep water; and the chickens obeyed the warning to hide under the broad wing, though it knew not the cruelty of the foe from which it fled. And did they not bid thee seek with the same obedience, the lessons of thy mother, who every day teacheth thee, and every night lifted up her prayer, that thy soul may avoid the destroyer, and live forever? When the spider's silken bower was swept away, and she began another without ill temper or complaint, and the snail willingly put forth all her strength to carry her house upon her back, and the ant toiled with her load of corn to her winter store house, and the bee wasted not the smallest drop of sweetness, that could be found in the honey cups—came there no voice to thee from their example of patience, prudence and wisdom? Thou didst admire the shepherd's dog, minding so readily the word of his master, but fail to understand that faithful continuance in duty is happiness. From all these teachers of the field, came there no precept unto thee? When they all spake with different voices, wert thou deaf to their instruction? Each in his own language told thee, that industry was happiness, and that idleness was an offence both in nature and to her God.'

Then I bowed down my head, and my cheek was crimson with shame, because I had not understood the lessons of the fields, and was ignorant of what even birds and insects knew. But the man with hoary hairs smiled on me and comforted me. So I thanked him for the good teachings of his wisdom. And I took his precept into my heart that I might weigh it and see if it were true. And though I was then young and now am old, I have never had reason to doubt that industry is happiness.

L. H. S.

The Mother of Washington.

THE mother of Washington, on whom the care of bringing him up devolved on the death of his father, is described to me, by those who knew her well, as a woman of ordinary stature, once a great belle and beauty in that part of Virginia called the Northern Neck. High-

spirited, yet of great simplicity of manners, uncommon strength of mind and decision of character, she exacted great deference from her sons, of whom George was the favorite.

The only weakness of her character was an excessive fear of thunder, which originated in the melancholy death of a young female friend, who was struck dead at her side by lightning, when Mrs. Washington was about fifteen years old.

The same inflexible regard to the performance of those ordinary duties of life, on which so much of our own happiness and that of others depends; the same strict punctuality in keeping her word, and discharging all the obligations of justice, by which Washington was distinguished, characterized his mother. There was a plain honesty and truth about her, peculiar to that age, and which has been ill-exchanged for empty professions and outward polish. As a native of Virginia, she was hospitable by birth-right, and always received her visitors with a smiling welcome. But they were never asked to stay but once, and she always speeded the parting guest, by affording every facility in her power. She possessed all those domestic habits and qualities that confer value on women, but had no desire to be distinguished by any other titles than those of a good wife and mother.

She was once present, and occupied the seat of honor, at a ball given to Washington at Fredericksburg, while in the full measure of his well-earned glory; and when nine o'clock came, said to him with perfect simplicity. 'Come, George, it is time to go home.'

Example and Precept.

BY J. K. PAULDING.

A FINE fashionable mother, one beautiful spring morning, walked forth into the city, leading by the hand a little child of five or six years old. The former was dressed in all the fantastic finery of the times; she had a pink bonnet ornamented with a bird of paradise, shaded with huge bows of wide ribbon; sleeves which caused her taper waist to appear like lean famine supported on either side by overgrown plenty; her gown was of such redundancy of plaits and folds, that a whole family might have been clothed from its superfluities; and while with one hand she led the little girl along, in the other she held a cambric handkerchief worked with various devices, and bordered with rich lace, reported to have cost fifty dollars. The little child was dressed as ~~was~~ its mother, for she unfortunately had light curly hair, and was reckoned a beauty.

They passed a toy-shop, and the child insisted on going in where she laid out all the money she had in various purchases that were of no use whatever, in spite of the advice of her mother, who alternately scolded and

laughed at her for thus wasting her allowance on things so useless. The child seemed to reflect a few moments, and thus addressed her mother:

'Mother, what is the use of those great sleeves you wear?'

The mother was silent, for the question puzzled her.

'Mother what is the use of that fine bird on your hat?'

The mother was still more at a loss for a reply.

'Mother, what is the use of having a worked handkerchief, bordered with lace, to wipe your nose?'

'Come along,' cried the mother somewhat roughly, as she dragged the little girl out of the toy-shop, 'come along, and don't ask so many foolish questions.'

Advance pay for Papers.

A MAN from a neighboring town called at our office the other day, and said, 'Well you have stopped sending a paper to me. We undertook to explain; but he interrupted by saying, 'I want no apology; you do right to discontinue every paper not paid for in advance; I am very glad you have at length learned how to do business; I have often felt vexed to see papers sent to some persons in our town, who I knew would never pay you, whilst myself and others would have to pay as long as we were able to do so—your present system is right, and I'll cheerfully pay for another year in advance.' He further remarked, 'I wish the whole system of small book debt was vetoed, so far as it has law to sustain it. It would be better for community, and promote industry, compelling all to earn and get their dollar before spending it.'—*Col. Register.*

Ours vs. My.

MR. SLANG always used to say, my horse, my boys, &c. Mr. Slang now invariably says our horses, our boys, or our farm. This substitution of ours for my, by Mr. Slang, was brought about thus: Mr. Slang had just married a wife. On the day after the wedding, Mr. Slang casually remarked 'I now intend, Mrs. Slang, to enlarge my dairy.'

You mean our dairy my dear, replied Mrs. Slang.

No; quoth Mr. Slang, I say I shall enlarge my dairy.

Say our dairy, Mr. Slang.

No; my dairy.

Say our dairy, say our, screamed Mrs. S. seizing the poker.

My dairy! my dairy! my dairy! vociferated the husband.

Our dairy! our dairy! our dairy! re-echoed the wife, emphasizing each 'our' with a blow of the poker upon the back of her cringing spouse.

Mr. Slang retreated under the bed, in passing under the bed clothes, Mr. Slang's hat was brushed off. Mr. Slang remained under cover several minutes, waiting for a calm. At length his wife saw him thrusting his head out at the foot of the bed, much like a turtle from its shell.

What are you looking for, Mr. Slang, says she? I am looking, my dear, sniveled he, to see if I can see any thing of our hat. The struggle was over. The next Sunday morning, Mr. Slang asked Mrs. Slang, if we might wear our clean linen breeches to meeting? And in short, ever since the above mentioned occurrence, Mr. Slang has studiously avoided the use of that odious singular possessive pronoun. He stands corrected. Forsooth he considers Mrs. Slang the better grammarian.

A TIGHT SQUEEZE.—COME here, my lad, said an attorney to a boy about 9 years of age. The boy willingly came, and asked what case was to be tried next. A case between the Pope and the Devil, which do you think will gain the action? answered the attorney. I guess it will be a pretty tight squeeze; the Pope has the most money, but the Devil has the most lawyers, replied the boy.

Letters Containing Remittances,

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of Postage paid.

H. W. jr. Pembroke, N. Y. \$1.00; E. S. Cherokee Corner, Ga. \$0.50; E. T. St. Johnsbury, Vt. \$1.00; G. M. C. Dixboro, Mich. \$1.00; A. G. South Gardner, Mass. \$874; E. A. W. Porters Corners, N. Y. \$0.75; J. C. H. Freedom, N. Y. \$1.00; T. P. Elliot's Mills, Md. \$1.00; J. W. Sutton, Mr. \$1.00; E. S. Fort Ann, N. Y. \$1.00; J. N. P. Charleston, S. C. \$1.00; E. E. New-York, \$1.00; W. J. A. Erieville, N. Y. \$10.00; H. J. B. Brunswick, Ms. \$0.874; A. T. Hadley, Ms. \$1.00; M. J. Troy, N. Y. \$1.00; E. S. Greenfield, Ms. \$1.00; B. B. T. Caimonsburgh, Pa. \$5.00; A. D. F. Willmans M. Ms. \$1.00.

SUMMARY.

Men of substance and education are said to be emigrating in great numbers from Europe to this country.

The Hon. Richard Rush goes to England to attend to the great bequest of Mr. Smithson, for the establishment of an University in the U. States.

A physician in New-York argues that wooden pavements may prove unhealthy; and plausibly so too, for the vicinity of decaying timber is proverbially unhealthy.

The present population of the United States is estimated at nearly seventeen millions.

The Gretna Green blacksmith died a few weeks ago, but his office was not in an interregnum of an hour.

Mellichamp Mr. Slamm's new novel, will be shortly issued from the press of the Harpers.

An advance in the Shield, of nine inches a day, is considered a good day's work in the construction of the London Tunnel!

MARRIED.

In this city, on the 24th inst. by the Rev. William Whittaker, Mr. Richard F. Clark to Miss Sarah J. Coffin, all of this city.

On the 1st inst. by the Rev. William Whittaker, Rev. Zenas Cook, to Miss Mary Ann Knight, all of this city.

DIED.

In this city, on the 31st ult. Mr. Wm. Hollenbeck, in the 63d year of his age.

On the 1st inst. Mr. Joseph Allen, in the 64th year of his age.

On the 2d inst. Phebe Leach, aged 25 years.

On the 4th inst. Mr. Henry Clark, aged 67 years.

At Chatham, on the 31st ult. Mr. Michael Rogers, aged 79 years.

At the residence of Walter Patterson, Esq. on Wednesday afternoon, John W. Patterson, late of the city of New-York, aged 58 years.

At Claverack, on the 23d ult. John Staats Lansing, son of Doct. J. S. Miller, aged 1 year and 10 months.

In Claverack, on the 23d ult. Mr. James Hyatt, in the 64th year of his age.



SELECT POETRY.

From the Knickerbocker for July.

The Departed.

BY MARY ANNE BROWN.

THEY are not there! where once their feet
Light answer to soft music beat—
Where their young voices sweetly breathed,
And fragrant flowers they lightly wreathed,
Still flows the nightingale's sweet song—
Still trail the vine's green shoots along;
Still are the sunny blossoms fair—
But they who loved them are not there!

They are not there! by the lone fount
That once they loved at eve to haunt;
Where, when the day-star brightly set,
Beside the silver waves they met:
Still lightly glides the quiet stream—
Still o'er it falls the soft moon beam;
But they who used its bliss to share
With loved hearts by it, are not there!

They are not there! by the dear hearth,
That once beheld there harmless mirth;
Where, through their joy came no vain fear,
And o'er their smiles no darkening tear:
It burns not now a beacon-star,
'Tis cold and fireless as they are:
Where is the glow it used to wear?
'Tis felt no more—they are not there!

The following beautiful but most melancholy lines, are
copied from the Louisiana Gazette:

Limes

By a person long resident in a foreign country
on his return home.

I CAME but they had passed away—
The fair in form, the pure in mind;
And like a stricken deer I stray,
Where all are strange, and none are kind;
Kind to the worn, the wearied soul,
That pants, that struggles for repose;
Oh that my steps had reached the goal
Where earthly sighs and sorrows close.

Years have passed o'er me like a dream
That leaves no trace on memory's page;
I look around me, and I seem
Some relic of a former age,
Alone, as in a stranger clime,
Where stranger voices mock my ear,
I mark the lagging course of time,
Without a wish—a hope—a fear!

Yet I had hopes—and they have fled;
And I had fears, and all too true;
My wishes too!—but they are dead,
And what have I with life to do?
'Tis but to wear a weary load,
I may not, dare not cast away;
To sigh for one small, still abode,
Where I may sleep as sweet as they;—

As they, the loveliest of their race;
Whose grassy tombs my sorrows steep;
Whose worth my soul delights to trace—
Whose very loss 'tis sweet to weep!
To weep beneath the silent moon,
With none to chide, to hear, to see;

Life can bestow no dearer boon
On one whom death disdains to free!

I leave the world that knows me not;
To hold communion with the dead;
And fancy consecrates the spot
Where fancy's softest dreams are shed;
I see each shade all silvery white,
I hear each spirit's melting sigh;
I turn to clasp those forms of light—
And the pale morning chills my eye.

But soon the last dim morn shall rise—
The lamp of life burns feebly now—
When stranger hands shall close my eyes,
And smooth my cold and dewy brow,
Unknown I lived—so let me die;
Nor stone nor monumental cross,
Tell where his nameless ashes lie,
Who sighed for gold and found it dross!

From the Zodiac.

The Gentle Nurse.

THE finger of disease had placed
Its seal upon my brow;
And deep the lines that finger traced,
Though all are vanished now:
And weariness hung o'er my bed,
And pain was hovering nigh,
While dreamy visions, wild and dread,
Woke many a deep-drawn sigh.

My sleep!—oh! how unlike the sleep
Of childhood's early days!
When yet I had not learned to weep,
Or trod life's weary ways:
When calm and sweet, as evening spread
Her dusky wing o'er earth,
Sleep came, with soft, elastic tread,
And hushed my gladsome mirth.

I woke from sleep, and on my view,
There fell a vision bright,
Of one, with heart of kindness true,
Who watched o'er me that night:
And Pity's voice fell on mine ear,
With tones so sweet and low,
It soothed my pain, and bade me hear,
That gentle music flow.

I've seen that light and graceful form,
When floating in the dance;
I've seen that dark and laughing eye,
When brilliant was its glance;
I've heard that voice, when swelling out
In music wild and sweet;
I've heard her light guitar's deep tones,
With thrilling cadence meet.

I've seen those dark and wavy locks,
Shading her ample brow,
And gazed upon her till I loved—
Not as I love her now,
For yet I see her, as she sat
Beside my couch of pain,
And patient watched, till morning shed
Her beams o'er earth again.

That gentle hand! I feel it yet,
As when it bathed my brow;
And all her kindness and her care,
Are present with me now;
Oh, may a heavenly light o'er guide
Her beauty and her youth!
And keep her that her steps ne'er slide,
From joy, and peace, and truth!

Stockbridge, Mass.

A. D. W.

From the Schœnectady Parthenon.

What is Love?

THERE sat beside me as beautiful a being as ever tinted
lamp shone upon. Her pretty lip was almost impercep-
tibly curled when I spoke of the dominion of passion;
and the passion and the smile dwelt in her soft eye like a
diamond sparkling in a setting of jet. 'And what is love?'
inquired she, in a tone that made my heart answer in its
quickenings throbbings. But my lips uttered no sound. I
felt then it would be madness to reply. 'And what is
love?'—Knew she not—she, the queen of a thousand
hearts. I went home that night less calm than I ever be-
fore parted from lady. 'And what is love?'

Go ask the child on its mother's knee;
Who stoops to kiss his sunny cheek,
What makes his heart beat joyously—
His infant lips now strive to speak?
Why lies his head on her bosom warm,
As if her bosom could shield from harm?

Go watch the tear in that mother's eye,
Her trembling limbs; her looks of woe;
And mark her grief, her deep drawn sigh,
The wild lament of hopes laid low.
Then ask the mother, her grief to tell;
Ah! hark! a shriek! 'tis her infant's knell.

Go ask the maid with sunlit brow,
With 'eye of light and lip of song,'
Why heeds she not the revel now;
Her glance flies o'er the gladsome throng:
It rests on one—'t'en his lightest word,
Though whispered it be, her heart has heard.

Go ask the youth who lowly kneels,
At beauty's shrine in star-lit brower
Yes, ask him then why o'er him steals
A flood of bliss in that lone hour.
Why throbs his heart as he hears her voice?
What secret power bids his soul rejoice?

You ask what makes the infant speak;
The mother's heart give forth the sigh?
What calls the blush on the maiden's cheek,
And lights with joy the manly eye?
A charm, fair girl, if its spell be wove
Around your heart, then you love—you love.

For the New-York Weekly Messenger.

Our Father's Hearth.

BY G. W. HOLLEY.

KNOWN other friends in other scenes caress,
And strive to make a paradise of earth,
Yet none will e'er so warmly, truly bless,
As those we knew around our Father's Hearth.

Though other kindly voices greet our ears,
And them we join in songs of mirth,
Yet none will ever charm in after years
Like those we heard around our Father's Hearth.

Though other eyes on us may brightly beam,
Revealing thoughts to which the heart gives birth,
Yet as bright and kind they ne'er will seem
As those we met around our Father's Hearth.

THE RURAL REPOSITORY,

IS PUBLISHED EVERY OTHER SATURDAY, AT NEWBURY, N. Y. BY
Wm. B. Stoddard.

It is printed in the Quarto form, and will contain
twenty-six numbers of eight pages each, with a title page
and index to the volume.

TERMS.—One Dollar per annum in advance, or One
Dollar and Fifty Cents, at the expiration of three months
from the time of subscribing. Any person, who will remit
us Five Dollars, free of postage, shall receive six copies,
and any person, who will remit us Ten Dollars, free of
postage, shall receive twelve copies, and one copy of either
of the previous volumes. No subscriptions received
for less than one year. All the back numbers furnished
to new subscribers.

All orders and Communications must be post paid,
to receive attention.



DEVOTED TO FINE LITERATURE, SUCH AS MORAL AND SENTIMENTAL TALES, ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS, BIOGRAPHY, TRAVELING SKETCHES, AMUSING MISCELLANY, HUMOROUS AND HISTORICAL ANECDOTES, SUMMARY, POETRY, &c.

VOL. XIII.—[IV. NEW SERIES.]

HUDSON, N. Y. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1836.

NO. 8.

SUBJECT TALES.

The Expiation.

GERALDINE was young and beautiful.—No careful mother had taught her to curb the wild exuberance of her romantic fancy, or to regulate her conduct, by the strict rules of female etiquette, for she was early left an orphan. Possessed of an ardent imagination and a buoyancy of feeling, which as yet, had never known the influence of sorrow, she followed without restraint the impulses of her feelings, and the dictates of her own fancy; and well for Geraldine that nature had bestowed on her a benevolent heart and noble sentiments; for they often supplied to her the place of discretion, and more than atoned for the errors of her judgment. There was a fascination in her look, a charm about every thing she said and did, that silenced rebuke, and not unfrequently attracted wisdom and prudence to the side of youthful folly.

At sixteen, Geraldine was in love—at least, she fancied herself so; and her cousin, Montgarnier, who was nearly as gay and whimsical as herself, worshipped the little idol who was at once his delight and his torment. He was the partner of all her wild schemes and childish frolics, and not unfrequently her agent in acts of true benevolence and noble generosity; for fortune too, had been liberal of her gifts to Geraldine, and her warm and feeling heart delighted to dispense happiness to others. He never dreamed of disputing her will, and she was certain of implicit obedience when she issued a command or hinted a wish to Montgarnier. He had often told her how dearly he loved her, and, as she never rebuked him, he imagined she loved him in return; and so thought Geraldine, though the idea of marriage never disturbed her tranquillity, for she never gave it a thought. Happy would it have been for Montgarnier—at least he then thought so, if Geraldine had never seen the graceful Fitzroy. He was a stranger from England, and was introduced to the house of the friends with whom she resided. Fitzroy was charmed with her beauty—his imagination

was fascinated by the playful sallies of her wit—her ingenious simplicity and noble frankness won his esteem while the proof of sensibility and tenderness which appeared through all her giddiness, completed her conquest over his heart. He devoted himself entirely to her; and now, Geraldine in reality loved, and with love came reflection. She felt she must be miserable, if deprived of Fitzroy's affection; and this conviction led her to review her own conduct towards Montgarnier.

'I fear,' sighed Geraldine, 'he loves me too well; and must I make him unhappy? I, for whom he would make any sacrifice, to whom he has given so many proofs of attachment! Till now, I never imagined I could love any one better than my cousin; yet I knew not my own heart when I permitted him to talk to me of love. I could now never be happy in marriage with him. I will give him my full confidence; he is generous and amiable; he will pity, he will resign, but he will not condemn me!'

Montgarnier had kept aloof from the time he perceived Fitzroy's love for Geraldine, and the latter, absorbed in her own passion, had scarcely noticed the youth. In pursuance of her resolution, Geraldine sought an interview with her cousin, and with her usual frankness, proposed to speak, though not without extreme pain, of the state of her feelings.

'Say nothing, lovely Geraldine,' interrupted the generous youth, 'I know all you would utter. It was but the affection of a sister that you felt for me. I am not worthy to aspire to the hand of Geraldine, but I may still love her as a sister, still reverence her as the loveliest of her sex.' Be happy with Fitzroy; and remember, when at a distance, that Montgarnier's fervent prayers are offered for the felicity of both! Geraldine melted into tears, and left the noble boy with feelings of deep respect.

'It was a few days previous to that appointed for her bridal, that Geraldine again met Montgarnier by accident, and was listening to his reiterated and respectful wishes for her happiness, with softened feelings and a moistened eye. Geraldine was happier for this meeting,

for it assured her that he would endeavor to conquer his youthful attachment, and, in time, regard her merely as a friend. But one had witnessed that interview, on whose mind it made a deeply painful impression. Fitzroy had wandered out in search of Geraldine, and saw her in a retired walk, conversing with Montgarnier; he saw she was weeping, but heard not their discourse; he turned, and left the spot; but the idea that the youth might have been a lover, perhaps a favored one, haunted his fancy. Yet when he again met his beautiful Geraldine, her ingenious smile and fascinating gaiety restored peace to his bosom.

'It is all folly,' said he, as he dismissed the last throb of jealous feeling from his heart; 'is she not wholly mine, and is she not irresistibly lovely?'

The bridal day arrived, and the slightly pensive thought, and beautiful modesty, which displaced the smiles and dimples on the cheek of Geraldine, rendered her more than usually charming; and Fitzroy was at the summit of happiness. It was decided that they were to sail the day after their union to England, as affairs of importance urged his return to his own country; and Geraldine willingly consented to quit her native land, and the scenes of her childhood, happy in the love of one being, who was now the whole world to her.

The marriage ceremony was over—festive gaiety reigned throughout the mansion, when suddenly Fitzroy missed his bride from among the lovely groups that had surrounded her; and thinking she had strayed into the garden to avoid the bustle of the scene, he sought her there, and having wandered to its farthest extremity, he beheld Geraldine leaning against a tree; her fair hands were crossed over her brow; beside her stood a youth—it was Montgarnier! Presently Geraldine turned, as if to depart. Fitzroy maddened by jealous agony, rushed frantically forward. Montgarnier perceiving his approach, stood calmly awaiting him. The sight of Fitzroy's infuriated countenance and gestures took from Geraldine the power of utterance. Fitzroy cast on her a look of rage and contempt,

and with frantic violence, bade Montgarnier prepare to meet him, to decide the fate of one of them.

'Insolent stripling,' he furiously exclaimed, 'thus on my bridal day, to dare my vengeance!'

'Fitzroy,' answered Montgarnier, 'I will never raise my hand against the husband of Geraldine.'

'Her husband!' madly repeated Fitzroy, 'I disclaim the title. Here we part forever! Madam, I give you back your worthless vows. I claim my own. What is an idle ceremony which your heart disavows? Henceforward we are strangers.'

'Hear but a moment,' she faintly uttered; but Fitzroy scorned to listen.

He again repeated his challenge to Montgarnier, which was by the latter calmly, and with firmness, declined.

Stung with madness, Fitzroy rushed from the garden; and Geraldine, in a state of mind which beggars description, reached the house, and gained the privacy of her own apartment. To one friend only did the forsaken bride communicate her anguish, and its cause; to all others, sudden indisposition was alleged as an excuse for her absence. To this dear friend the protectress of her youth, she confessed she met Montgarnier by appointment, to give and receive a last farewell; that in parting with him, she felt as if bidding adieu to a dear and only brother, and that Montgarnier claimed from her only a sister's love.

This was the first affliction Geraldine had ever known. Her agony at the mistake, and consequent conduct of Fitzroy, nearly deprived her of her senses. Her fears for his safety, and for that of Montgarnier, completed her misery.

After some hours of suspense, a note came from Montgarnier. He bade her be under no apprehension, for he would never meet Fitzroy with hostile views; that he had sought Fitzroy on board the ship which was to convey him to England, but he refused to see him, or to listen to an explanation, unless Montgarnier would first accept his challenge.

A sudden thought darted across Geraldine's mind, and in all probability, saved her from distraction. It was to follow Fitzroy, nay, to sail in the same ship with him, and keep him in ignorance of her being near him.

'When arrived in England,' argued Geraldine, 'I shall be enabled to convince him of my truth and his injustice. I owe him some expiation for the misery he now feels. Montgarnier, the kind, the noble Montgarnier, will aid my enterprise.'

To the fears which her friends expressed for her safety and comfort, she only answered;

'Heaven will protect me; it is my duty. The holiest bonds have united us—fate only can work our separation.'

An agreement was privately made with the captain of the ship, whose sailing was delayed a day longer. In the darkness of night, Geraldine went on board, taking with her only one female servant, and bade adieu to her native land with a heart vibrating between hope and fear. Fitzroy, secluded in his cabin, a prey to all the tortures of jealous love, little suspected that his wife was so near him. On his asking who his neighbor was, the captain informed him that the cabin was engaged by an invalid lady, who seldom came on deck.

Geraldine had often heard Fitzroy mention an aunt he had in England. To her Geraldine determined to go, and engage her to assist her in proving to Fitzroy her innocence, and her unbounded love. She determined to keep him in ignorance of her being in England, and when time had blunted the keenness of his resentment, she would reveal herself, and explain all.

'He who could doubt me,' she said to herself, 'deserves to suffer some suspense.'

Fitzroy's curiosity was a little excited by the mystery which enveloped the 'invalid lady.' He never saw her except by catching an accidental glimpse as she went on deck when he had retired to his cabin, and then she was so closely enveloped in her mourning dress, that he could not distinguish her figure or countenance.

On their arrival, he went to the house of his aunt, Mrs. Wallingford. As he entered, he encountered a female leaving the house, whom he thought he recognised as his invalid fellow passenger. After the first joyful meeting was over, he inquired of his aunt concerning her. She told him the lady was a stranger, had called on business, and would probably take up her abode at her house for a short time; that she was in affliction, and wished to be perfectly retired.

So far, Geraldine's plan succeeded even beyond her expectations. She had hastened to Mrs. Wallingford immediately on her arrival, and engaged the good lady entirely in her interest.

Mrs. Wallingford had drawn from him an avowal of his marriage, and the events which followed. She assured him that Geraldine might have listened in tears to the farewell of her young lover, and even thrown herself into his arms at parting, and still be free from any feeling more tender than the relationship between them warranted. In short, she convinced him that he might have been mistaken, and certainly had been rash.

Fitzroy determined to return to America, and listen to the vindication he now began to repent not having listened to before, to hear his doom from Geraldine's lips, and to live near her. This resolution he immediately communicated to his aunt, who as promptly made it

known to Geraldine. Fitzroy was suddenly seized with a violent fever, which prevented his departure, and wore a threatening aspect. In the threatening paroxysm of his delirium, he raved for Geraldine, who at the moment was bending over him with all the agonizing solicitude of affection. At length his recollection returned, and again Geraldine became invisible. Once, when he slept, she stole to his pillow to gaze on his pale cheek and marble brow. Suddenly he awoke and Geraldine glided away. His fancy dwelt on the receding figure, and he inquired what beautiful visitant watched his slumbers. His aunt tried to evade his inquiries, but Fitzroy still dwelt on the vision he had seen. 'It wears,' said he, 'the figure of my own deserted love.' As Fitzroy's health returned, his desire to revisit America acquired new force.

'I will no longer delay,' said he to his kind friend; 'I feel a conviction that my wife is innocent—that she still loves me. Let me hasten to expiate my crime, and if possible, atone to her for my cruel desertion.' 'Wait only one week,' returned she, 'and if you still persist in your resolution, I promise to be the companion of your voyage; nay, even my secluded guest, the visitant of your sick couch, shall accompany us.'

Fitzroy started; 'tell me,' he exclaimed, 'who is this mysterious being. Her face I could not see, but her figure, her step, her floating hair—can there be two such forms? Often I imagined, during my illness, that the soft voice of Geraldine addressed me. It was a strange delusion!'

'If you look into the garden,' said his venerable friend, 'you will again see your fellow passenger. She is walking there.'

Fitzroy looked. The lady was no longer enveloped in her impervious covering, but her sylph-like form, the same he had seen in his chamber, appeared in all its symmetry. The dark golden ringlets were unconfined, and all except the pensive, measured step, reminded him of Geraldine. She turned, and Fitzroy sunk almost fainting on his seat.

'It is herself!' he wildly exclaimed—'my own deserted wife!'

Brief and rapturous were the explanations that followed; Geraldine was clasped in the arms of her repentant lover.—Both had suffered severely; but now mutual confidence succeeded to jealousy and suspense. Generous pity and sincere respect filled his heart towards the high minded youth who had proved himself so worthy to be the friend of his beloved companion.

'Alas! my Geraldine,' he said, 'Montgarnier suffered severely enough in loving you, and to those sufferings I added scorn and revilings. Had it not been for his noble forbearance, I should not thus have held thee.'

'Ah! but for *him*,' answered she, 'I could not have followed you, and thus have made MY EXPIATION.'

From the Ladies Companion.

Scenes at Washington.

'COME, Alice, you have been gazing into that tree long enough to have counted its leaves. See, your carriage is waiting. Where shall we drive this afternoon? You will say to the banks of the Anacosta for a romantic ramble—I say to the Capitol-grounds, to mix in the throng of Washington fashionables and their lions. I am your guest, you know, and therefore must have my will;' and as she spoke Isabel Warnham playfully placed the simple straw bonnet upon Alice's fair locks, and casting a farewell glance at the drawing-room mirror, followed her friend to the carriage. As the glittering vehicle stopped at one of the gates of the beautiful grounds which surround the Capitol, and which, with good taste, the citizens have chosen for an evening promenade, several gentlemen were seen hastily advancing to assist the ladies in alighting, and to attend them during their walk. Alice Meriton was the heiress of a fine estate near the city of Washington, upon which she resided with her mother. A pretty delicate creature, surrounded by attached slaves, she had never experienced any very strenuous opposition to her most fanciful desires; and as she had been educated in the convent at Georgetown, she had, like many of the young girls in the vicinity, acquired an attachment to the Catholic religion, and all its picturesque observances so captivating to a young and romantic mind. Novels or books of devotion formed her only library, and the constant perusal of these had induced a retiring and romantic disposition, which rendered the homage paid to her wealth an annoyance, rather than a pleasure to her. Isabel was from one of the northern states, and consequently a different creature, she was poor, and, although beautiful, she had early been taught the importance of useful and ornamental accomplishments, and indeed, perceiving with the peculiar tact of our northern damsels, that a graceful manner and Parisian bonnet were the sum total of the beauty of many a belle; she had adopted both, and at home was the charm of a circle of admiring friends, who had persuaded her to accept a warm invitation from her early friend, Alice, to pass a month with her, and, as they secretly hoped, to dazzle the heterogeneous world of the metropolis. After they had chatted with their acquaintances, paused to admire the sunset view of the widely extended city beneath their feet; the majestic Potomac; the wooded hills which rise behind the city, and near them the noble Capitol with its proud porticoes and sweeping terraces, they re-en-

tered the carriage to return to Meriton Hall, leaving two or three of their most assiduous beaux bowing at the gate.

'One, who wore the uniform of the Marine corps, burst into a laugh, and exclaimed—'Well, Frank, how did you like the heiress?'

'Oh charming! So witty, so sensible, so elegant!'

'Oh! such a good joke!' cried the Lieutenant, laughing again. 'I meant to have let you alone until after the ball, but I cannot keep it to myself.'

'What charming joke is this, Manton? Pray enlighten me.'

'Well, Frank, the truth is, the light-haired girl is the heiress, and not the pretty dark eyed one to whom I introduced you. I wanted to get into Miss Meriton's good graces, and as I feared the effect of your sentimental eyes, I put you upon the wrong scent.'

'Charles Manton!' exclaimed the mortified dandy, 'I thought, you had more friendship for me. Here I have wasted an hour upon a girl without a cent—exhausted my most brilliant speeches—practised my most striking attitudes—when I might have attended the Secretary's daughter, or, at least, pursued my acquaintance with Mrs. S——, who gives such charming parties.' And Frank Hall was walking away, highly offended at such unkind treatment, when the young officer proposed, as a peace-offering, to introduce his injured companion to the dashing lady of one of the Auditor's who was just alighting from her carriage.

'Oh, Isabel when will this whirl of gaiety cease?' sighed Alice as she threw off her shawl on their return from a party, and seated herself at a window in the moonlight. 'It is almost June, and still we must spend our evenings in a crowded apartment, instead of breathing the sweet air of the groves. I wish Congress would adjourn and leave us to our quiet life again.'

'Dear Alice, do you find it so hard to obey your mother's wishes, and mix in society where you are so much courted and admired?' said Isabel, rather sadly.

'I am so weary with dancing!—are you not, Isabel?'

'I—I have not danced much lately.'

'Why do you not? you have always liked it more than I.'

'Because,' replied Isabel proudly; 'no one asks me.'

'Dear Isabel! and I have been so selfish, so entirely occupied with my own vexations or pleasures that I have not noticed it.'

'You could not avoid it, Alice, you have been so much surrounded. At first I was noticed as your guest, but now, as I have no other claim to distinction than my own merits, I yield to those who have.' Isabel was vexed—it was plain, and Alice vainly endeavored

to convince her it was the effect of accident—of anything which might soothe her wounded vanity; but Isabel continued: 'And Lieutenant Manton introduces me to all the vain coxcombs in the room, that he may attend you more exclusively. Oh! Alice, and what do you think I overheard him say this evening as I stood behind him coming from the supper-room? 'Here James, you are a stranger, and want to dance—I will introduce you to Miss Warnham, a pretty nobody, who will be thankful for any attention.' 'You may imagine I did not receive his knight very graciously, and therefore danced no more.'

'But Isabel, you must be mistaken—he could not have meant you. Oh, if you knew him as well as I do—his sentiments are so noble, and he possesses so much refinement, and enters so entirely into all my ideas, and is so considerate and attentive to my wishes!'

'And loves you so well too. Does he not say so, Alice?'

Alice blushed, and faked—'He does.'

Isabel was startled. She had spoken thoughtlessly, for she dreamed not that matters were so far advanced; but as she glanced at the agitated countenances of her friend, she perceived that the doubtful attachment which the ambitious young man professed, was more than returned by the affectionate and confiding Alice. Isabel said no more, but kissing her friend, she retired to her own apartment, convinced by her knowledge of Alice's character, that any attempt to undeceive her by argument were superfluous. Beautiful and accomplished, the idol of her own circle in a small town in Connecticut, Isabel was ill prepared to contend for distinction with the 'aristocracy' of the South; and, in spite of her better reason, felt sensibly the obscurity of her situation in the metropolis, and as Mrs. Meriton had taken a whim that Alice and Manton should not marry until he had attained the rank of captain in his corps, which might not occur within a year, Isabel determined to return to her native town.

Judge Lawcourt was a wealthy and childless widower, and his niece, Isabel Warnham, a poor orphan. What more natural that he should make her his heiress? He did so, upon the condition that she should take his name, and consider herself, in all respects, as his daughter. Her early childhood had been passed at boarding-school, a short distance from him; and as she had been intrusted, at her parents' death, to the care of a maiden aunt, he had thought little of her existence, until after her return from Washington, when, feeling the want of a female companion, he had sought her out to cheer his lonely household. The Judge was one of the warmest politicians in Connecticut, and an active and valuable friend of the government; and when, the following year, he was

appointed a member of the United States Senate, his fellow citizens congratulated themselves upon the luster which would reflect upon them from his brilliant talents and energetic mind. Isabel was to accompany him, and rejoicing in the prospect of being once more near her friend Alice, whom she supposed was already a bride, she cheerfully consented to return to the scene of gaiety although not entirely forgetful of her former disappointment.

'A letter from Alice—how delightful! I suppose to inform me of her marriage:' and Isabel eagerly commenced the perusal of the following letter:—

MY DEAREST FRIEND: To you only can I express the agony of my heart. All, all my hopes of happiness have fled! To-day I hoped to have been the bride of one whom my heart singled out from all who addressed me—one, whose soul I pictured to myself as the counterpart of my own, and whose hopes I blindly thought, were fixed on me alone. But, ah! dearest Isabel, why did I not see him as you did? Worldly, heartless, and false! Forgive me if I write hurriedly and wildly. I will strive to tell you all. Two days ago he was obliged, by some military duty, to leave me for a day. He wrote to me, and also to Frank Hall. But it seems as if fate had ordained that he should betray himself to me, as well as to you; for, in his haste, he addressed Frank's letter to me, and mine, I suppose, to Frank. Isabel, I will transcribe it literally:—'Friend in iniquity: I wish you would satisfy that dun of a tailor for me in any way you can, for I shall get hold of some of Alice's property soon, and I am sure I deserve it, for all my patience and perseverance. I am almost run out—credit and all; but hope to hold out some days longer. You need not be concerned about my engagement with Mary Lanner, I have not taken the trouble to break it, to be sure, but she will see my marriage in the paper, and that will be time enough. You know she has no father or brothers to bother me. I always take care of that.'

'Oh Isabel! I cannot bear that the world should know how base he is. I have promised him that I will not divulge the cause of our separation, and you also, my friend, must aid me to keep it secret. Say I am odd—say anything, but that I loved such a man. He has gone to a distant station. A. M.'

Isabel wept long and bitterly over her friend's touching letter. She mourned that she could not be near to console her, or that she was not a man to avenge her. But the time approached for her departure, and in the bustle of her preparations, which, according to her uncle's desire and liberal allowance, were made on an extensive scale, Isabel strove to forget her friend's sorrows, in the hope of meeting and consoling her.

'Indeed, Mr. Hall, you must stop a little while. I am positively weary promenading around these immense rooms, with such a variety of splendid dresses and brilliant lights around me. I am sure the President never had such an elegant party before.'

'My dear young lady,' replied Frank to the pretty girl that was leaning on his arm. 'You may venture to occupy a part of one of these inviting sofas, although our tyrant fashion has ordained that all must stand, walk or dance.'

'Well, now that we are so comfortably settled, tell me the news of the evening. Why does Governor G—— seem so much occupied with that young lady in white satin and emeralds? I declare he is going to waltz with her! and at his age too. Who *can* she be?'

'It is plain, Miss ——, that you have been absent from the city some time, or you must have heard of the charming Miss Lawcourt, who is winning all hearts. She is the piece of the new Senator from Connecticut, and heiress of his immense wealth.'

'So it appears. What a crowd of admirers she has around her. Quite *the ton* I declare. And Judge Lawcourt is a widower, I believe,' said the young lady, rising to obtain another glance at the new arrivals. 'Ah, there is Mrs. Meriton,' she continued; 'once more in the gay world. What could have induced her pretty daughter, Alice, to have joined the Sisters of Charity? and just at the meeting of Congress, when every one anticipated such a gay season.'

Frank Hall let his glove fall, and sought for it while the lady ran on. 'By-the-by, Mr. Hall, you ought to know something about that affair, you were intimate with Captain Manton, when Alice so strangely changed her mind about marrying, and then undertook to devote her life to teaching orphans, and disguised her fair face beneath the horrid hood of the Sisters, and her graceful form in their clumsy cloth dress.'

'She was always very odd and romantic,' murmured Frank.

'Ah, true. And I hear that Captain Manton has returned to Washington.'

'He arrived this morning. I have not yet seen him, but expect him to meet me here to-night. I see him seeking for me in the crowd. Excuse me if I leave you. Your brother is approaching.'

Frank made his way impatiently through the brilliant throng towards his friend, whom he found gazing in astonishment at their old acquaintance, Isabel, whom he perceived surrounded by the proudest of the nation, conversing with members of the foreign legations in their native languages, and heard, from time to time, exclamations of—'how charming,'—'so much wit,'—and such taste

in dress;' for now none of Isabel's attractions were unobserved.

After the first greeting had passed between the young men, Manton exclaimed: 'Pray, Frank, what does this mean? I fear I have made a sad mistake. When I first entered the room I saw Miss Wargham leaning upon the arm of an elderly gentleman, and, as I was in haste to be presented to the elegant Miss Lawcourt, of whom I have heard so much to-day, I passed her, rather rudely, I confess, with a slight bow. Now I see her, apparently, the star of the evening. Explain to me this riddle.'

Frank related the cause of this change, which appeared to his auditor perfectly natural and satisfactory, and all his anxiety was now directed to repair his negligence. 'But Captain, do you think she knows anything about Alice's affair?'

'Nothing, I assure you. Alice determined to keep it secret for her own sake, and no one suspects a word.'

Thus encouraged, they approached to render homage to the belle. Isabel was too sensible to attribute the admiration which she excited to her own charms alone, for she was aware that she had changed very little since her first appearance in the same scenes; but the daily increasing distinction conferred upon her, through her uncle's influence, was momentarily pleasing, and she derived much amusement from the study of character now opened to her. Alice's determination to forsake a world for which she found herself unfitted by the severe trial to which her gentle spirit had been brought, was a bitter disappointment to Isabel; and the more she reflected upon her fate, the more she became possessed with a desire to avenge her injuries. Isabel visited her friend constantly in her retreat, and was almost vexed with the apparent composure with which Alice, now Sister Clementina, fulfilled the arduous duties shared by the noble-minded sisterhood, cheered by heartfelt devotion to their mind-enthralled religion. Among all her former acquaintances, Isabel looked round with the most interest for the obscure artist, Henry Shirley, who had formerly been constantly at hand to relieve her from an unpleasant situation, or attend her in a crowd. Now she saw him but rarely—occasionally, while in the Senate gallery listening to Judge Lawcourt's eloquent speeches, she could perceive his dark eyes fixed upon her from the opposite side; or, upon returning from a ride, find a bouquet for the evening party, with his card; but at the scene of gaiety her eye roved in vain to distinguish his graceful form, or if they did by chance meet, he scarcely addressed her, unless she invited him to her side. In the meanwhile Captain Manton's attentions to Isabel became every day more assiduous. If

she joined the ladies of her circle in their favorite lounge at the fashionable dry-good shops of the city, he was near to turn over the laces, or decide upon the color of her next dress. If a slight fall of snow set the Washington world on runners, his was the only establishment rich enough in bells to make a jingle fit for a Northern ear; and his fleet ponies were first at her door. And Isabel—could she have forgotten the past? Isabel always received him with a smile, listened to his glowing words with a varying blush—and in short, it was soon made known that she had consented to bestow her expected thousands and her own charming self, upon the handsome Captain Manton.

'How very soon! only a few weeks since she arrived; and the first offer I understand.'

'How could the Judge allow it?' Thus spoke the world while the wedding arrangements were making, and the day speedily arrived. Isabel decided upon inviting a large number of guests, and the bride's will was law. Young Captain Manton was in ecstasy at his success; and Frank Hall declared, in a tone of vexation, that if a man were handsome he needed no other qualification to marry Donna Maria herself. Judge Lawcourt's spacious apartments were filled with guests, the Reverend Mr. — had arrived, the groom, in a dazzling new uniform, awaited the appearance of the bride. She comes at length, simply attired in muslin, and takes her place at the end of the room. The Clergyman approached to commence the ceremony, when Isabel begged him to delay a few minutes, while she explained some circumstances to her friends, of which they were ignorant.

'I believe you will all agree with me,' said she, 'that when a foul wrong is done in private, and the perpetrator of it enjoys the favor of the public, to the exclusion of more honorable persons, that it is a great injustice. I have long known such a case, and have been, until lately, under a promise to keep it a secret. Now, with my uncle's permission, I will divulge it as a punishment to the guilty. This young man,' pointing to the bewildered groom, 'bears a good character among you. Some years ago he declared an attachment to a poor orphan without any intention of carrying it beyond a jest; and boasted that he had taken care to ascertain that she had no father or brothers to trouble him, when he should choose to undeceive her! She is now dying. During this engagement, when he found himself on the point of ruin from dissipation, he formed another with a young lady of fortune in order to pay his debts with her property after his marriage. She accidentally discovered his intention and dismissed him; but, from mistaken delicacy, kept the cause of their separation a secret. I have also good reason to know that his suddenly professed

attachment to me arises from no purer motives; and thus I publicly reject him. Can you deny these things, Sir?' she added, turning proudly to the agitated Captain Manton.

He strove some minutes to speak, but conscience struck, and perceiving the uselessness of a weak defence, he covered his face and rushed from the room. That evening the eccentric Isabel was married to her unassuming lover, Henry Shirley, to whom she had been secretly engaged. The marriage preparations, she, with his and her uncle's consent, had allowed to go on in the name of Captain Manton, in order, as she said, 'to punish him for his dastardly and cruel conduct.'

Captain Manton was never again seen in Washington, having been privately advised to resign his commission in the Marine corps. Sister Clementina has regularly renewed her vows every year, resisting all Isabel's entreaties to return to the world; and, while actively performing her charitable duties, has received that 'peace of mind,' which the world had failed to bestow. S. C. S.

TRAVELLING SKETCHES.

Loiterings of Travel.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

THE STREETS OF LONDON.

Early morning rambles—people abroad at that hour—shabby-genteel eating-houses at the West End—their frequenters—the region of French and Italian exiles—second-hand fashionable snary shops—the squalid misery of the inhabitants between the town and city—the Strand, the main artery of the world.

It has been said 'that few men know how to take a walk.' In London it requires some experience to know *where* to take a walk. The taste of the perambulator, the hour of the day, and the season of the year, would each affect materially the decision of the question.

If you are up early—I mean early for London—say ten o'clock—we would start from your hotel in Bond-street, and hastening through Regent-street and the Quadrant, (deserts at that hour,) strike into the zigzag of thronged alleys, cutting transversely from Coventry-street to Covent-garden. The horses on the cab-stand in the Hay-market, 'are at this hour asleep.' The late supper-eaters at Dubourg's and the *Café de L'Europe* were the last infliction upon their galled withers, and while dissipation slumbers they may find an hour to hang their heads upon the bit, and forget gall and spavin in the sunshiny drowse of morning. The cab-man, too, nods on his perch outside, careless of the custom of them as pays only their fare, and quite sure not to get 'a gemman to drive' at that unseasonable hour. The 'waterman'—(called a waterman, as he will tell you, 'because he

gives *hay* to the 'orses')—leans against the gas lamp at the corner, looking with the vacant indifference of habit at the splendid coach with its four blood bays just starting from the Brighton coach-office in the Crescent. The side-walk of Coventry-street, usually radiant with the flaunting dresses of the frail and vicious, is now sober with the dull habiliments of the early stirring and the poor. The town—(for this is *town*, not *city*)—beats its more honest pulse. Industry alone is abroad.

Rupert-street on the left is the haunt of shabby-genteel poverty. To its low-doored chop-houses steal after dusk the more needy loungers of Regent-street, and in confined and greasy, but separate and exclusive boxes, they eat their mutton-shop and potato, unseen of their gayer acquaintances. Here comes the half-pay officer, whose half-pay is halved or quartered with wife and children, to drink his solitary half pint of sherry, and over a niggard portion of soup and vegetables, recall, as well as he may in imagination, the gay dinners at mess, and the companions now grown cold—in death or worldliness! Here comes the sharper out of luck, the debtor newly out of prison. And here comes many a 'ghy fellow about town,' who will dine to-morrow, or may have dined yesterday, at a table of unsparing luxury, but who now turns up Rupert-street at seven, cursing the mischance that draws upon his own slender pocket for the dinner of to-day. Here are found the watchful host and the suspicious waiter—the closely-measured wine, and the more closely-measured attention—the silent and shrinking company, the close-drawn curtain, the suppressed call for the bill, the lingering at the table of those who value the retreat and the shelter to recover from the embarrassing recognition and the objectless saunter through the streets. The ruin, the distress, the despair, that wait so closely upon the heels of fashion, pass here with their victims. It is the last step within the bounds of respectability. They still live 'at the West End,' while they dine in Rupert-street. They may still linger in the Park, or stroll in Bond-street till their better-fledged friends flit to dinner at the clubs, and within a stone's throw of the luxurious tables and the gay mirth they so bitterly remember, sit down to an ill-dressed meal, and satisfy the calls of hunger in silence. Ah, the outskirts of the bright places in life are darker for the light that shines so near them! How much sweeter is the coarsest meal shared with the savage in the wilderness, than the comparative comfort of cooked meats and wine in a neighborhood like this!

Come through this narrow lane into Leicester Square. You cross here the first limit of the fashionable quarter. The Sabloniere Hotel is in this square, but you may not give

it as your address unless you are a foreigner. There is the home of that most miserable fish out of water—a Frenchman in London. A bad French hotel, and two or three execrable French restaurants, make this spot of the metropolis the most habitable to the exiled *habitué* of the Palais Royal. Here he gets a mocking imitation of what, in any possible degree, is better than the *sacré bistek*, or the half-raw mutton-chop and barbarous boiled potato! Here he comes forth, if the sun shine perchance for one hour at noon, and paces up and down on the side-walk trying to get the better of his bile and his bad breakfast. Here waits for him at three the shabby, but most expensive *remise* cab, hired by the day for as much as would support him a month in Paris. And here prowl about in search of his frogged coat and his inexperience, those unfortunate daughters of sin who are too far reduced in health and beauty to attract notice from their own more difficult and more liberal countrymen. Leicester Square is the place for conjurors, bird-fanciers, showmen, and generally for every foreign novelty in the line of nostrums and marvels. If there is a dwarf in London, or a child with two heads, or a learned pig, you will see one or all in that building, so radiant with placards, and so thronged with beggars.

Come on through Cranbourne Alley. Old clothes, second-hand stays, *idem* shawls, capes, collars and ladies articles of ornamental wear generally; cheap straw bonnets, old books, gingerbread and stationery! Look at this once-expensive and finely-worked muslin cape! What fair shoulders did it adorn when these dingy flowers were new—when this fine lace-edging bounded some heaving bosom perhaps like frost-work on the edge of a snow-drift. It has been the property of some minion of elegance and wealth, vicious or virtuous, and by what hard necessity came it here? Ten to one, could it speak, its history would keep us standing at this shop window, indifferent alike to the curious glances of these passing damsels and the gentle eloquence of the Jew on the other side, who pays us the unflattering compliment of suggesting an improvement in our toilette by the purchase of the half-worn habiliments he exposes. I like Cranbourne Alley, because it reminds me of Venice. The half-daylight between the high and overhanging roofs, the just audible hum of voices and occupation from the different shops, the shuffling of hasty feet over the smooth flags, and particularly the absence of horses and wheels, make it (in all but the damp air and the softer speech) a fair resemblance to those close passages in the rear of the canals between St. Mark's and the Rialto. Then I like studying a pawnbroker's window, and I like ferreting in the old book-stalls that abound here. It is a good lesson

in humility for an author to see what he can be bought for in Cranbourne Alley. Some 'gentle reader,' who has paid a guinea and a-half for you, has re-sold you for two-and-sixpence. For three shillings you may have the three volumes, 'as good as new,' and the shopman, by his civility, pleased to be rid of it on these terms. If you will console yourself, however, buy Milton for one-and-sixpence, and credit your vanity with the eighteen pence of the remainder.

The labyrinth of alleys between this and Covent-garden are redolent of poverty and pot-house. In crossing St. Martin's Lane, life appears to have become suddenly a struggle and a calamity. Turbulent and dirty women are everywhere visible through the open windows, the half-naked children at the doors look already care-worn and incapable of a smile, and the men throng the gin shops, bloated, surly and repulsive. Hurry through this leprous spot in the vast body of London, and let us emerge in the Strand.

You would think London Strand the main artery of the world. I suppose there is no thoroughfare on the face of the earth where the stream of human life runs with a tide so overwhelming. In any other street in the world you catch the eye of the passer-by. In the Strand, no man sees another except as a solid body, whose contact is to be avoided. You are safe nowhere on the pavement without all vigilance of your senses. Omnibuses and cabs, drays, carriages, wheelbarrows and porters beset the street. Newspaper hawkers, pickpockets, shop-boys, coal-heavers and a perpetual and selfish crowd dispute the side-walk. If you venture to look at a print in a shop-window, you arrest the tide of passengers, who immediately walk over you; and, if you stop to speak with a friend, who by chance has run his nose against yours rather than another man's, you impede the way, and are made to understand it by the force of jostling. If you would get into an omnibus you are quarreled for by half-a-dozen who catch your eye at once, and after using all your physical strength and most of your discrimination, you are most probably embarked in the wrong one, and are going at ten miles the hour to Blackwall, when you are bound to Islington. A Londoner passes his life in learning the most adroit mode of threading a crowd, and escaping compulsory journeys in cabs and omnibuses; and dine with any man in that metropolis from twenty-five to sixty years of age, and he will entertain you from the soup to the Curacoa with his hair-breadth escapes and difficulties with cabs and coach-drivers.

POETRY.—An English punster being asked why the best poets were obliged to write prose, answered, 'Because poetry is *prose-scribed*.'

MISCELLANY.

Early Frugality.

In early childhood you lay the foundation of poverty or riches, in the habits you give your children. Teach them to save every thing; not for their own use for that would make them selfish—but for *some use*.—Teach them to share everything with their playmates; but never allow them to destroy any thing. I once visited a family where the most exact economy was observed; yet nothing was mean or uncomfortable. It is the character of true economy to be as comfortable with a little as others are with much. In this family, when the father brought home a package, the older children would of their own accord, put away the paper and twine neatly instead of throwing them in the fire; or tearing them to pieces. If the little ones wanted a piece of twine to spin a top, there it was in readiness, and when they threw it upon the floor, the older children had no need to be told to put it again in its place.

Judge Marshall's respect for the Female Sex.

THE following is an extract from Judge Story's Eulogy upon his character; which was one of the noblest that ever adorned our country.—*Philadelphia Gazette*.

'May I be permitted also in this presence to allude to another trait in his character, which lets us at once into the inmost recesses of his feelings with an unerring certainty. I allude to the high value in which he held the female sex, as the friends, the companions, and the equals of man—I do not here mean to refer to the courtesy and delicate kindness with which he was accustomed to treat the sex, but rather to the unaffected respect with which he spoke of their accomplishments, their talents, their virtues and their excellencies, the scoffs and jeers of the morose, the bitter taunts of the satirist, and the lighter ridicule of the witty, so profusely, and often so ungenerously poured out upon the transient follies and fashions, found no sympathy in his bosom. He was still farther above the common place flatteries, by which frivolity seeks to administer aliment to personal vanity, or vice to make its approaches for baser purposes. He spoke to the sex when present, as he spoke of them when absent, in language of just appeal to their understandings, their tastes, and their duties. He paid a voluntary homage to their genius, and to the beautiful productions of it, which now adorn almost every branch of literature and learning. He read their productions with a glowing gratitude. He loudly proclaimed their merits, and vindicated on all occasions their claims to the highest distinction. And he did not hesitate to assign to the great female authors of our day,

a rank not inferior to that of the most gifted and polished of the other sex. But above all, he delighted to dwell upon the admirable adaptation of their minds, and sensibilities, and affections, to the exalted duties assigned to them by Providence. Their superior purity, their singleness of heart, their exquisite perception of moral and religious sentiment, their maternal devotedness, their uncomplaining sacrifices, their fearlessness in duty, buoyancy in hope, their courage in despair, their love, which triumphs most when most pressed by dangers and difficulties, which watches by the couch of sickness and smooths the bed of death; and smiles even in the agonies of its own sufferings—these were the favorite topics of his confidential conversation, and on these he expatiated with an enthusiasm which showed them to be present in his daily meditations.

CHURCH MUSIC.—Some mischievous wag having greased the spectacles of a clerk of the church, the latter, on attempting to give out the hymn, imagining that his eye-sight was failing him, exclaimed with his usual twang:

'My eyes are blind, I cannot see.'

The people mistaking this for a part of the hymn began immediately to sing it; whereupon the clerk, wishing to correct them, continued:

I cannot see at all.'

Which being also sung, he drawled out with somewhat less monotony:

'Indeed my eyes are very blind.'

This being sung, too, the clerk out of all patience, exclaimed:

'The devil's in you all.'

As this appeared to rhyme very well, the singers finished the stanza:

'My eyes are blind, I cannot see,

'I cannot see at all;

'Indeed my eyes are very blind,

The d—'s in you all.'

Opinion and Judgment,

DEPEND very much upon disposition and interest.—For example, two persons once traveled the same road at the same time, but at the end of the journey gave a very different account of the state of the road.—One said it was a good road as need to be; the other said it was the worst he ever saw; and each showed the condition of his boots as a sort of confirmation of his opinion. But then the truth was that one of the travelers had picked the best of the road, the other, for some reason had picked the worst of it—walking through every mud hole, and over every rough place he could find.

So it is with two classes of mankind, in forming an opinion of, and pronouncing judgment upon the general character of their

fellow men. One says the world of mankind is good enough—as good as need to be; he has been particular in picking his road through the world; another is continually growling and grumbling—says the world is a bad one—that every body is dishonest and not to be trusted; this character seeks, in his travels, the mud holes and rough places in the road, and of course when he seeks them he finds them—Perhaps the true philosophy of life is, to be *right ourselves*, in the first place, so far as knowledge and opportunity will enable us, and in the second place to make the best of men and things around us. The idea that all is well around us is very gratifying to a well disposed mind, whilst on the other hand the suspicion or belief, that all are dishonest and treacherous around us, whether founded on fact or not, is a constant source of uneasiness and trouble.—Which of these courses is the wisest, is a question for debate; which is best calculated to promote individual happiness, is self evident.—*Blairsville Rec.*

SELF-FLATTERY.—We find a momentary gratification in the indulgence of appetite, or in obeying the dictates of our passions, and our wills, and forget the lessons of reason or of revelation. We bring disease and misfortune upon ourselves, and we are so prone to self-flattery as well as self-indulgence, that we say, 'I could not avoid it; I obeyed the dictates of nature.' Thus we charge our Creator. The intemperate man says,—'I only seek the gratifications which nature points out or makes necessary;' he fires his blood with wine and brandy, and then flies to the haunts of impurity.—Still he says, 'I have these impulses from nature. If strife and murder, or disease and death follow, all must of course be charged on nature. There is no evil which man brings upon himself by his own selfishness, that he does not endeavor to impute to necessity, fate, nature, or the Creator of the universe.—*Dunlap.*

MULTIPLICATION.—The secret of multiplying the inner garment is given in a newspaper, and a very desirable art many may esteem it. The story on which the scrap is founded, bears a family likeness to that of Toney Le Brun the player, whose wife, when his one shirt was past all washing, hung it up on the garden fence, and dashed a bucket of water over it.

'As Bays, whose end of poverty was dashed,
Lay snug in bed while his one shirt was washed,
The dame appeared, and holding it to view,
Said, 'If 'tis washed again, 'twill wash in two.'
'Indeed!' cries Bays, 'then wash it, pray, good cousin—
And wash it, if you can, into a dozen!'

THE true economy of house keeping is, simply the art of gathering up all the fragments, so that nothing be lost. I mean fragments

of time as well as matters. Nothing should be thrown away as long as it is possible to make any use of it, however trifling it may be, and whatever may be the size of a family, every member should be employed either in earning or saving money.

TRUTH is always consistent with itself, and needs nothing to help it out. It is always near at hand, and sitteth upon our lips, and is ready to drop out before we are aware; whereas a lie is troublesome, and sets a man's invention on the rack; and needs many more to make it good.—*Tillotson.*

'How the deuce happened you to lose your leg?' said an impudent, inquisitive dog, the other day, to a person who was stumping along the street, with but one leg. 'Why,' says he, 'it is very vulgar now to walk on two legs—every body does it; so I took mine off to be different from the vulgar herd.'

BOOKS AND WOMAN.—A good book and a good woman are excellent things for those who know how justly to appreciate their value. There are men, however, who judge of both from the beauty of the covering.

A SMART ANSWER.—A gentleman recently traveling in the country, called out to a boy, 'Where does this road go to, my lad?' 'Well, I don't know where it goes, but it's always here when I come along.'

Letters Containing Remittances,
Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of Postage paid.

J. L. G. Danville, N. Y. \$1.00; C. W. B. Stockport, N. Y. \$3.00; E. B. K. Galeana, Ill. \$3.00; J. M. J. Hillsdale, N. Y. \$1.00; J. V. V. Peterboro', N. Y. \$1.00; J. T. T. Burlington, Vt. \$1.00; J. M. Rochester, Vt. \$2.00; P. M. Ira, N. Y. \$5.00; F. B. Brainard's Bridge, N. Y. \$5.00; C. B. Chatham 4 Corners, N. Y. \$1.00; R. C. Valatie, N. Y. \$1.00; S. B. Canaan, Ct. \$2.00; H. B. Ballston Spa, N. Y. \$5.00; P. M. Marshall, N. Y. \$5.00; P. M. Essex, Ms. \$2.00; C. C. Moravia, N. Y. \$1.00; W. D. D. Marianna, Fl. T. \$0.75; P. M. Stokes, N. Y. \$10.00.

MARRIED.

At Troy, on the 13th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Butler, Darius Peck, Esq. Recorder of this city, to Miss Harriet M. Hudson, of Troy.

At Livingston, 8th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Van Waggonan, Mr. Rensselaer N. Hill of the firm of Thorn & Hill of Bethlehem, to Miss Frances, daughter of Moncrief Livingston, Esq. of the former place.

At Spencertown, on the 14th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Whitney, Horace B. Dresser, Esq. Counselor at law, of New York, to Miss Lucy, daughter of Erasmus Pratt, Esq. of the former place.

In Chatham, on the 7th inst. by the Rev. J. Berger, Mr. John T. Vosburgh, of Ghent, to Miss Sophia Bowman, of the former place.

DIED.

In this city, on the 8th inst. Mrs. Eliza B. Crawford, wife of Mr. George Crawford, and daughter of the late Walter T. Livingston of Clermont, aged 42 years.

On the 21st inst. Mr. Richard Bolles, aged 77 years.

On the 11th inst. Mr. Abraham Perry, aged 80 years.

On the 13th inst. Martha Ann, daughter of John and Maria Hamlin.

On the 20th inst. Sarah, daughter of Robert and Sarah Smith, in the 5th year of her age.

At Athens, on the 7th inst. Mr. Frederick Ewars, aged 35 years.

At Staten Island, on the 13th inst. Col. Aaron Burr, formerly Vice President of the United States, in the 81st year of his age.

At New Lebanon, on the 1st inst. John King, Esq. formerly Sheriff of this county and member of Congress from this district, aged 62 years.



ORIGINAL POETRY.

• For the Rural Repository.

Adieu to Childhood.

'Time' teases not his course—but yesterday
And I was in my childhood—happy age!

Dreams of my infancy and are you fled?
Visions of joy, shall I behold you never?
Lost, gone like wild-flowers wreathed around the dead,
Or lovers' lips that meet to part forever!

Sweet childhood, to thy blissful days
Reluctant now I bid adieu;
Henceforth in manhood's care-worn ways
Life's pilgrimage I must pursue.

Alas! how little did I think,
When basking in thy sunny smile—
At thy sweet fount when I did drink—
That thou wert flying swift the while.

But now thou art forever past,
Thou fountain of exquisite bliss;
Thy pleasures were too sweet to last
In such a changing world as this.

And, ah! how often shall I grieve
That thou'st forever from me flown,
For now thy dear haunts I must leave,
In regions far remote to roam.

Yes, from thy hallowed scenes afar,
In unknown climes I'm doomed to stray,
Without a guide, a friendly star,
To keep me from temptation's way.

No parents kind will there be near,
To guard my footsteps—me caress;
Nor'll thy companions there appear,
To solace me in my distress!

And, oh! no more thy joyous hours
In cheerful frolics shall I spend;
No more shall sport in pleasure's bowers,
With many a much loved youthful friend.

But manhood's staff I now must take,
With it life's residue pursue,
Must all thy childish sports forsake,
And, weeping, bid thee now adieu!

RURAL BARD.

From the American Traveler.

Time.

CHIDE not the lingering hours of life,
Its toils will soon be o'er,
Its schemes of glory and of strife,
Its dreams and disappointments rife,
Will vex the heart no more—
And yet the very souls that grieve
A moment's weary track;
Perhaps in after years would give
A world to win it back.

Chide not the lingering lapse of Time,
Nor count its moments dull;
For soon the bell with mournful chime,
Will waft thy spirit to a clime,
More bright and beautiful;
A land where grief will never fling,
Its darkness on the soul!
Where faith and hope shall gladly wing
Their paths without controul.

Chide not Time's slow and silent hours,
Though heavy they may seem;
The past has sought oblivion's shores—
The present which alone is ours,
Is passing like a dream;
And they who scarcely heed its track,
Or wish its course more fast,
With fruitless prayer may yet call back
One moment of the past.

Chide not a moment's weary flight
Too soon it speeds away;
And ever brings the hour of night—
And dimmer makes the feeble sight—
Then work while yet 'tis day;
Thus shall Life's morning ray depart,
Without one vain regret;
And death steal gladly on the heart
When life's bright sun hath set.

There is a beautiful moral in the following effusion, from
the ever sweet muse of Mrs. Sigourney.

The Lady-Bug and the Ant.

THE Lady-Bug sat in the rose's heart,
And smiled with pride and scorn,
As she saw a plain-drest Ant go by,
With a heavy grain of corn—
So she drew the curtains of damask round,
And adjusted her silken vest,
Making her glass of a drop of dew
That lay in the rose's breast.

Then she laughed so loud, that the Ant looked up,
And seeing her haughty face,
Took no more notice, but traveled on
At the same industrious pace:
But a sudden blast of Autumn came,
And rudely swept the ground,
And down the rose with the Lady Bug bent,
And scattered its leaves around.

Then the houseless Lady was much amazed,
For she knew not where to go,
And hoarse November's early blast
Had brought with it rain and snow:
Her wings were chilled and her feet were cold,
And she wished for the Ant's warm cell
And what she did, in the wintry storm,
I'm sure I cannot tell.

But the careful Ant was in her nest,
With her little ones by her side,
She taught them all, like herself to toil,
Nor mind the sneer of pride:—
And I thought, as I sat at the close of day,
Eating my bread and milk,
It was wiser to work and improve my time,
Than be idle and dress in silk.

'Pass on Relentless World'

BY GEORGE LUNT.

SWIFTER and swifter, day by day,
Down Time's unquiet current hurled,
Thou passest on thy restless way,
Tumultuous and unstable world!
Thou passest on! time hath not seen
Delay upon thy hurried path;
And prayers and tears alike have been
In vain to stay thy course of wrath!

Thou passest on, and with thee go
The loves of youth—the cares of age;
And smiles and tears, and joy and wo
Are on thy history's troubled page!
There, every day, like yesterday,
Writes hopes that end in mockery!
But who shall tear the veil away
Before the abyss of things to be?

Thou passest on, and at thy side,
Even as a shade, Oblivion treads,
And o'er the dreams of human pride,
His misty shroud forever spreads;
Where all thy iron hand has traced
Upon that gloomy scroll to-day,
With records ages since effaced—
Like them shall I live—like them decay.

Thou passest on—with thee, the vain,
That sport upon thy flaunting blaze,
Pride, framed of dust, and folly's train,
Who court thy love, and run thy ways;
But thou and I—and be it so—
Press onward to eternity;
Yet not together let us go
To that deep-voiced but shoreless sea;

Thou hast thy friends—I would have mine;
Thou hast thy thoughts—leave me my own!
I kneel not at thy gilded shrine—
I bow not at thy slavish throne!
I see them pass without a sigh;
They wake no swelling rapture now,
The fierce delights that fire thine eye—
The triumphs of thy haughty brow!

Pass on, relentless world!—I grieve
No more for all that thou hast given;
Pass on, in God's name—only leave
The things thou never yet hast given:
A heart at ease—a mind at home—
Affections fixed above thy sway—
Faith set upon a world to come,
And patience through life's little day.

Lines

Written in a Sketch-book by a Printer.

With business so much pressed,
That, in a case like mine,
Scarcely a space is left
To justify a line.

Yet lest impressions wrong
Should meet a brother's view—
To me it should belong
To make the matter true—

That, when the hand now warm
Has printed its last sheet;
And when the lifeless form
The pulse has ceased to beat;

It may be taken down,
When, washed from every stain,
On heaven's own corner stone
To be imposed again.

JOB PRINTING,

Executed with neatness, accuracy and despatch, at the
office of the RURAL REPOSITORY, No. 135, Cor. of Warren
and Third Streets, such as

Books, Pamphlets, Cards, Checks, Handbills
of every description, on the best of type, and on as reason-
able terms, as at any office in the city.

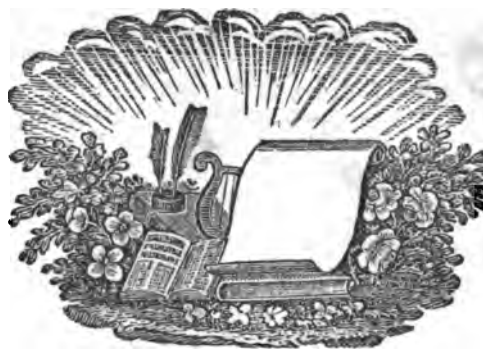
THE RURAL REPOSITORY,

IS PUBLISHED EVERY OTHER SATURDAY, AT HUDSON, N.Y. BY
Wm. B. Stoddard.

It is printed in the Quarto form, and will contain
twenty-six numbers of eight pages each, with a title page
and index to the volume.

TERMS.—One Dollar per annum in advance, or One
Dollar and Fifty Cents, at the expiration of three months
from the time of subscribing. Any person, who will remit
us Five Dollars, free of postage, shall receive six copies,
and any person, who will remit us Ten Dollars, free of
postage, shall receive twelve copies, and one copy of either
of the previous volumes. No subscriptions received
for less than one year. All the back numbers furnished
to new subscribers.

All orders and Communications must be sent paid,
to receive attention.



DEVOTED TO POLITE LITERATURE, SUCH AS MORAL AND SENTIMENTAL TALES, ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS, BIOGRAPHY, TRAVELING SKETCHES, AMUSING MISCELLANY, HUMOROUS AND HISTORICAL ANECDOTES, SUMMARY, POETRY, &C.

VOL. XIII.—[IV. NEW SERIES.]

HUDSON, N. Y. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1836.

NO. 9.

SUBJECT TABLES.

The Old Maid's Legacy.

BY RICHARD PENN SMITH.

OLD maids, at times, have singular notions of metaphysics, and why should they not; since the remark is equally applicable to some able professors, who receive large salaries to declaim in colleges.

Penelope Singleton early imbibed the idea that there was no family as free from alloy as the Singletons on this side of the Atlantic. There was not a tradesman or a mechanic to be found even among the most distant branches of the genealogical tree. All the Singletons were either gentlemen or ladies;—born to consume, not to produce. Ornamental, but not useful. Panoplied with these notions, Miss Penelope was unapproached, and unapproachable.

Her brother, Reginald Singleton, of Singleton Hall, was the magnus Apollo of the family. Every family has its magnus Apollo. There is a white bird in all flocks, no matter how black the rest may be. Reginald had been a colonel in the militia, before it was customary to appear on parade armed with corn-stalks and broom-sticks, and as he had been called colonel time out of mind, it was generally believed that he had served under Washington. This opinion he deemed it unnecessary to rectify, and whenever the question was too closely pressed, he would evade it, by saying, 'It was unpleasant to talk about the services he had rendered his country.' Like the rest of the family, the colonel was a great stickler for gentility, and that he might maintain his pretensions to the last, he died one day with a fit of the gout in his stomach. There needs no other proof that he was a gentleman; for as Galen sagely remarks, the gout is the most aristocratic of all diseases, and Galen was tolerable authority before panaceas and catholicons came in fashion.

The colonel, like non-productives generally, died involved. He had made a nice calculation that Singleton hall would supply his wants for a certain number of years, and when that

time elapsed, the accuracy of his arithmetic was fully tested. The colonel died, having spent his last dollar, and his property was found to be mortgaged for its full value. It requires talents of no ordinary grade to make a calculation of this description; for if he had accidentally slipped a figure, and the gout in his stomach had not come to his relief at the precise moment his resources had left him, it is no difficult matter to conceive how the colonel would have been astonished. It is the lot of many to play their part through life with credit, but few have the knack to time a happy exit, and that to the ambitious is all important, for we are remembered only as we were when we died, and not as when we lived.

The colonel, besides a host of creditors, left two daughters to mourn his loss. The elder, whose name was Isabel, was about twenty, and her sister Mary two years younger. They were both lovely girls, though the elder had been partially deprived of reason for several years. The girls at the time of our story resided in Singleton Hall, a splendid mansion on the banks of the Delaware, without any other means of support than the interest of what their father owed. Many live in a similar manner and keep their coaches.

The time having arrived when aunt Penelope felt that she was about to be gathered to her fathers, she prepared to set her house in order; and though she had herself done but little to perpetuate the Singleton family, she imagined that the world would come to an end, should it become extinct. What would after ages do without them! No; Mary must be married 'to give the world assurance of a man.' But who was worthy to receive the hand of the sole heir of all the pride of the Singletons! No one but a Singleton! Fortunately Mary had a cousin Arthur, a lieutenant in the navy, otherwise her worthy aunt would have condemned her to the Malthusian life she had led herself.

Arthur was fixed upon for this important duty. But he was at sea, and as the young couple had not seen each other for four years, possibly in this world of disappoint-

ments something might occur to thwart her latest wishes. Accordingly she framed her will in such a way as she imagined would bring about what she most desired. If there was any thing on earth to be relied upon, it was the generosity of the Singletons. There was not a selfish bone in the body of one of them. Taking this position for granted, she bequeathed all her fortune to Arthur and Mary, but the one who should first refuse to accept the other in marriage should be entitled to the whole legacy. This was working by the rule of contraries, but then she knew that neither would be so selfish as to refuse for the purpose of enriching himself.

There was a certain Mr. Jenkins, living in the vicinity of Singleton Hall. Joseph Jenkins, a cotton spinner, who was as full of motion and bustle as one of his own jennies. He belonged to that class of men who appear to have been sent into the world for no other purpose than to spin cotton and make money. He possessed the charm of Midas, and he cared not a rush for high tariff or low tariff, for whatever he touched was converted into gold. Your undistinguished Joseph Jenkins, is the right fellow to travel prosperously through this dirty world. Your high sounding Mortimers and Fitzhughs, too frequently sink dejected by the way-side; but who ever heard of a Jenkins, Smith or Jones sticking in the mire. And if such an accident should chance to befall them, they have the consolation of not being identified in the myriads of the same cognomen, and shortly you see them brushing the dirt from their heels, and traveling on as spruce and impudently as ever. The name of Jones or Smith is about as convenient an inheritance as a man's godfather can bestow upon him.

Joseph Jenkins was a good fellow in the main. He was as industrious as a brewer's horse, and at the same time as liberal as a prince. Colonel Singleton was charmed with his company, for Jenkins lent him money freely, without examining too closely into the security, and the cotton spinner was equally charmed with the company of the colonel, as it afforded him frequent opportunities of seeing the fair face of Mary. And many a long

yarn he spun with her, until she began to look upon him with much favor in spite of his plebeian calling.

Our voracious history commences in the month of May, in the year 13—. The colonel and his sister Penelope had resolved themselves into their primitive elements, and notwithstanding the large space they had occupied in their passage through this world, they now remained perfectly quiet in a very narrow compass, and in spite of their pride, their possessions were upon an equality with the meanest of their neighbors. Death is your only true radical: he reduces all to the same level: a heap of ashes;—nothing more! We occasionally meet with men, loth to believe this fact, though solemnly proclaimed every Sabbath from the pulpit.

It was in the smiling month of May; the fields had put on their livery of green; the blue birds were singing on the budding trees, and old Delaware rolled as freely and as majestically as though he had never been subject to ice-bound fetters. Phœbus was spurring his fiery footed steeds over the Jersey hills, with such speed, as though he had over slept his time in the rosy arms of Tethys—or, in common parlance, it was about two hours after sunrise, when a gallant well mounted, and gay as a bird in spring, rode up to the lofty piazza in front of Singleton hall. He dismounted, deliberately fastened his fine bay hackney to a post, there planted for the purpose, set his dress in order, and then knocked at the door, with an air that spoke, as plainly as a knock could speak, that he was confident of receiving a cordial welcome. Having waited some time and no one appearing, he repeated the knock, rather impatiently, when an old negro man unlocked the door, opened it, and stood in the door-way. He was dressed in a drab frock-coat, of the fashion of that described in the celebrated ballad Old Grimes; the cuffs and collar of which were of tarnished scarlet, as an evidence that he belonged to a family of distinction. There is nothing like your negro in livery for settling the true caste of a family, from Maine to Georgia.

'Good morning, Cato; charming morning this,' said the gentlemen, as the old black stood in the door-way.

'Fine day, Massa Jenkins,' replied Cato for the new comer was no other than the veritable Joseph Jenkins, of cotton spinning celebrity.

'Is your Mistress stirring yet Cato?'

'Yes, sar. She rises with the lark, every morning, sar. We study to preserve our health at Singleton Hall, sar.'

'That's right, Cato. There is no wealth like health. The sun seldom catches me with my night-cap on. We were not born to sleep out our existence. Now, Cato,

announce my arrival to Miss Singleton, for I must be at the factory again in a couple of hours. Business, business, you know must be attended to. Eh! Cato.'

'Yes sar. And you had better lose no time, sar, for you cannot see my young mistress, sar.'

'Cannot see her!' exclaimed Jenkins, 'I, her friend, lover—almost husband! to be denied an interview? Come, come, old ebony, you are jesting.'

'No joke, sar. Miss Mary charged me to give you your dismissal in as polite a manner as possible.'

'My dismissal!' exclaimed Jenkins, starting like a young tragedian in the ghost scene in Hamlet—'My dismissal!'

'Yes, sar: no joke sar,' continued Cato, with philosophic phlegm, 'as you will perceive by this letter, written by Miss Singleton's own little white hand. We do every thing according to etiquette at Singleton Hall, sar.'

Cato handed Jenkins a letter, at the same time slightly bending his erect body, and shaking his curly gray head, which he considered the only legitimate aristocratical bow, being modeled upon that of his master, the colonel. Jenkins received the letter, and with some agitation breaking the seal, read as follows:

MY DEAR JENKINS—

Circumstances that it is impossible for me to explain to-day, compel me to postpone our union for the present, and perhaps for ever. If I have any influence over you, pray suspend your visits at Singleton Hall, until such time as I may deem it prudent to recall you.

MARY SINGLETON.

'It is plain; plain as noon-day!' ejaculated Jenkins.

'Very true, sar. Nothing could be plainer,' responded Cato, bowing. 'There is no mistake at Singleton Hall, sar.'

'Here is a pretty piece of caprice! It was but yesterday she partook of all my joy, and now—no matter! Let those explain woman who can; for my part, I would sooner attempt to unravel the riddle of the Sphinx, or find out the philosopher's stone.'

'It would be an easier task, sar,' replied Cato. 'I am now sixty, and never attempted to unravel a woman in my life; and strange to say the older I grow, the less am I inclined to undertake it.'

Jenkins heard nothing of the interruption of Cato, for his mind was engrossed with reflections which arose in too rapid succession even to give them utterance. What was it that created this sudden revolution in his matrimonial prospects? Had family pride, which, according to his notions, was 'vox et preterea nihil,' made his bank stock, spinning-jennies, cotton stuff, and rail-road scrip kick the beam? Had she taken a sudden dislike to his per-

son?—or had some one made a more advantageous offer? Had he been slandered?—or had he done any think to offend her delicacy? Various queries of this kind arose in the mind of Mr. Jenkins, no one of which could he answer satisfactorily; but on one point he was perfectly satisfied, and that was that he had been very shabbily treated, for it occurred to Mr. Jenkins that he had already lent more money on Singleton Hall, than he ever expected to see again, and its inmates had for years past, in all cases of emergency, first applied to him for advice, and never failed to receive assistance. Such reflections, in a moment of irritation, might have occurred to a less matter of fact mind than that of Mr. Jenkins, and the obligation might have been canceled by giving them utterance; for it is somewhere laid down, that as soon as you advert to a favor conferred you deserve to be repaid with ingratitude. A cheap and common mode, by the way, of repaying an obligation—but Mr. Jenkins did nothing of the kind; he kept his thoughts between his teeth, walked silently and deliberately to the post where he hitched his horse, mounted, and retraced his steps at a brisk canter.

'Good morning, sar, and a pleasant ride to you,' exclaimed Cato, bowing; but Mr. Jenkins returned no answer, and Cato entered the house and closed the door.

Miss Mary Singleton had witnessed the foregoing interview from the parlor window and though she had overheard nothing she had seen enough to convince her that her lover had departed in a less pleasant humor than he approached the house. She arose from the breakfast table as Cato entered.

'Well Cato, has Mr. Jenkins gone?'

'Yes, Miss, as fast as horse can carry him; and a very fine horse dat too of Mr. Jenkins—good bit of flesh for a factory man to ride, but not to be compared to old master's Nicodemus. Han't got the blood no how.'

'I hope you acquitted yourself of your message with all delicacy.'

'O, certainly, Miss—old Cato never loses sight of the family dignity, no how. But my politeness was thrown away. Massa Jenkins has gone off in a furious passion. Only see how he puts the spur to his nag. Hard life that, to be a factory man's hackney.'

Miss Singleton looked out of the window, and beheld her lover riding along the avenue as if he had studied the art of horsemanship in the school of the celebrated John Gilpin.

'Poor fellow!' she sighed, 'he loves me very much!'

'Never saw a man so much in love in all my life,' responded Cato.

'Ah! Why do you imagine so?'

'Thing's very plain, missus. Only see how he rides. Your true lover always goes ahead as if old Nick were driving him.'

The young lady, perfectly satisfied with the conclusion of Cato, withdrew, while the old man continued watching the progress of the manufacturer, inwardly congratulating himself upon the diplomatic manner in which he had upheld the dignity of the Singleton family. Indeed, since the death of his master, he began to look upon himself as one of the Corinthian pillars of the ancient house—in fact the only one to sustain the magnificent ruin.

Old Cato's meditations were interrupted by a handsome vehicle dashing along the avenue, which drove up to the house and stopped at the door. A handsome young fellow, dressed in a naval uniform, alighted and rang at the bell. Cato immediately recognised in the new comer, Arthur Singleton, and hastened to receive him in due form; but before opening the door, he was heard crying out, 'John, William, Thomas!' but neither of these imaginary personages making his appearance, after growling at their negligence he opened the door, and with an air of importance proceeded to ring a bell, which extended to the back buildings.

'Never mind disturbing yourself, old man,' said Arthur, 'my servant can attend to the horses.'

'These fellows, sar, are always out the way since the death of the colonel. But they shall all be discharged. Useless *varment*? And you shall not see one of them under this roof to night.' He could make that assertion in safety.

'Come, come, be pacified, and don't make so much disturbance on my account.'

'For whom should I make it, if not for Captain Singleton?'

'So you know me, it seems, old fellow.'

'Yes sar. You are the only son of Mar-maduke Singleton, who was the brother of my old master the colonel, peace to his remainders, who married a Howard of Howard Park in Virginny, whose mother was a Talbot, whose grandmother was a Calvert.'

'Stop, stop, Cato, why you are a living record; and the genealogical tree, though long since reduced to ashes, is still green in your memory.'

'Ah! sar, these matters are too important to be forgotten; and we who belong to good families should set a proper value on our birthright, even when there's nothing else remaining.'

'And are you also tinctured with family pride, old lad?'

'Yes, sar,' replied the old black, standing more erect, 'thank heaven, I can boast that the Catos have been born and bred in the Singleton family for two centuries. No low black puddle in these veins. My great grandfather was old Cudjo, who married Quashee, whose father was a king in Guinea.

Their eldest son was Sambo, famous in his day for playing on the banjo. Sambo he married Phillis, then come the first Cato——'

'I will hear the remainder when I am more at leisure, so show me into the parlor, and announce my arrival.'

Cato, with many bows, ushered the young officer into the parlor, then returned to the piazza, and again rang lustily at the bell; but no one appearing, he called over the roll of imaginary servants, and then showed the coachman the way to the stable, all the time muttering at the want of attention on the part of the 'useless *varment*.'

Mary Singleton, upon whom the care of the family had almost exclusively devolved, in consequence of the mental aberration of her sister, was of a tall and stately figure, though agile as a sylph in her movements. Her eyes and luxuriant hair were jet black, and her beautiful and delicate features, had an expression of masculine firmness, that denoted more decision of character than might have been expected from so fragile and lovely a being, educated in seclusion. Still this very seclusion may have produced the results referred to, as from her childhood she had been taught to respect herself, and to believe that her family occupied a large space in the public eye. When opinions of this kind have taken root, even the harshest collision with the world proves insufficient to dissipate the delusion. No one can patiently bear even a sprig to be taken from the tree of his self-esteem. It germinates in childhood, and too frequently in our progress through this world, we find that it is all that the world has left us. Well, let the world take all but that, for it is heaven's own legacy—a green spot in the desert.

Arthur had examined the pictures, with which the room was decorated, over and over again, with the eye of a connoisseur, not that he had a taste for the arts, but for the lack of something to do, when his fair cousin Mary entered; her cheeks were flushed, and her manners somewhat embarrassed, as she said,

'A thousand pardons, cousin Arthur, for having made you wait!'

'Nay, cousin, I should rather ask to be excused, as I arrive a day sooner than my letter announced. But my impatience was natural, and now I have seen you, I regret we had not met earlier.'

This compliment only tended to increase the embarrassment of Miss Singleton, which doubtless will appear very strange to my fair reader; but it should be borne in mind that my heroine was born and educated in the country. Arthur, who had not the gift of ornamental flourish in conversation, proceeded, it must be allowed, not in the most diplomatic manner, to explain the object of his visit.

'Cousin, you are aware we are destined for each other. Under these circumstances it is natural on our first interview to feel some embarrassment, but I beseech you to banish all restraint with me. Speak frankly, and act frankly.'

Miss Singleton making no reply, Arthur continued—

'As for myself, I acknowledge without hesitation that I find you even more lovely than I anticipated; and faith, coz, I expected much too, for well I remembered what a little sylph you were when we were play-fellows. I have thought of you many a time, when the ocean rolled between us, and taxed my imagination to present me with the full development of your early promise.'

'And are you not disappointed, Arthur?' demanded Mary, in a tone that denoted any thing but satisfaction at the favorable impression she had produced. This may appear strange, but still not the less true.

'Disappointed!—I am but too happy that our names have been joined together in the last will of our aunt, and for myself I will undertake that there should be no lapse of the legacy.'

'You increase my embarrassment. I know not how to answer.'

'Come, come, I am not that coxcomb to imagine that my merit on a first interview, could make as favorable an impression as your's has done. But to-morrow—'

'To-morrow? Shall I discover all your merit in twenty-four-hours!' replied Mary, archly. 'Really, cousin, you must acknowledge the term is rather short for such a labor.'

'Not to an apt scholar, Mary, with a good preceptor. But there's a clause in the will which forbids my giving you longer time. To-morrow we must demand each other's answer, and I forewarn you that you will obtain no delay; for it would be dangerous for me to prolong my stay near you, when with a single word you can destroy all my hopes.'

'Pray be seated, and explain.'

'The will in question is one of the strangest acts that can be imagined, even in an age resolved to be astonished at nothing. Our aunt has laid down two principles as incontestible truths; the first, that you are the most accomplished women on this side of the Atlantic, and that the possessor of your hand will be the happiest creature in christendom.'

'The jest pleases me. Pray go on.'

'On the first point I confess I am entirely of her opinion, but as to the second—'

'Well, well—why hesitate? Let us hear the second.'

'Pardon my confusion—she pretends that I am exactly such a man as you are a woman.'

'It appears that she had not a bad opinion of the family,' replied Mary, laughing;

'O, she was a woman of discernment, coz, and notwithstanding our modesty, out of respect to her memory we must admit that she was right. So these two principles being taken for granted—'

'It is easy to foresee the consequences.'

'Plain as noonday,' continued Arthur.

'We are absolutely formed for each other—there is no escape for either, and in marrying we shall make a match of both convenience and inclination.'

'And have we but twenty-four-hours to make up our minds?' demanded Miss Singleton.

'That's all. The will is positive.'

'It appears, notwithstanding the perfection which our aunt supposed us to be possessed of, that she did not believe us capable of standing a very long examination.'

'She rather presumed an examination to be altogether unnecessary. But this is not all; she has taken other means to insure our union. She leaves all her fortune between us, in case we fulfil her wishes, but, on the contrary, should one be refused by the other—'

'She leaves that one all, no doubt, as a consolation,' exclaimed Miss Singleton.

'Cousin, I have a great mind to make you rich. What say you?'

'Make me rich! How?—by rejecting me?'

'Certainly. True, you will lose the most accomplished woman on this side the Atlantic; but then you will receive a handsome fortune, without the incumbrance of a wife.'

'Zounds! Have a care or you will ruin me,' exclaimed the young sailor. 'The better to insure the success of her plan, she makes that one her sole legatee who shall first refuse the other.'

'Ah! that alters the case. I cannot reject you on those terms, Arthur.'

'And she forbids all kind of collusion on the penalty of the estate passing to distant relations.'

They were interrupted by an exclamation at the door:—'I tell you I will go in. It is useless. I will see him again; I will.' Isabel entered the apartment with a hurried step. Her long auburn hair was straying in confusion, her gentle and lovely countenance was animated and suffused with blushes, and an unnatural wildness kindled in her deep blue eyes. Her sylph-like form would have served as a model for a poet when he peoples his ideal world with all that is delicate and beautiful, and her gentle mind might be likened to the æolian harp, that discourses most eloquent music when wooed by the summer breeze, but the first rude blast jars every string, and turns all the harmony to discord.

Isabel looking around wildly, continued:—

'wished—I came—I know not now why I

came—but there is something! Assist me sister. I tremble and I blush as when you sometimes scold me. But for all that you are very good to me, sister, very good. Ah! hide me! I'm afraid!—she concealed her face in Mary's bosom.

'Recover yourself, dear Isabel,' said Mary, and turning to Arthur, continued. 'You see, cousin, the situation of this poor unfortunate.'

'I am distressed that my presence has caused this apprehension,' he replied, and at the sound of his voice Isabel raised her head, but did not turn her face towards him.

'Mary, I believe he spoke to me. Did he not speak?'

'He did.'

'O! how sweet his voice is! I remember that voice.'

'My presence, I fear, offends her; I had better retire.'

Isabel turned to him, her face illuminated with smiles, exclaimed hurriedly—

'O! no, no, no! Do not leave us. Stay stay.' She paused, and looked at him intently—'Ah! I have it. Stay—Arthur.'

'You have not forgot my name, then?'

I just this moment recollected it. Arthur!—Arthur! she repeated, and laughed.

'Is it not strange I had forgotten it! When I spoke of you to my sister, and said 'he,' he loved me much, he was very good to me, she always asked me what he? She could not understand me. Nevertheless it was very clear. He—that meant Arthur. And you have not forgotten my name, I hope?'

'Dear Isabel!'

'Right, that is my name. I knew you would not forget it. But years ago you used to call me your little Bell. We were children then. Still call me so, and I shall feel like a happy child again.'

'My gentle little Bell.'

'That's it. The same gentle tone. It has rung in my ears since we parted. I always hear it at night, but never in the day time. But, Arthur—you see I do not forget—I have two names now; they have given me another since I last saw you, and a very terrible one it is. Whenever I go to the village the little children follow me, and point their fingers at me, crying 'the silly girl, there goes the silly girl.' My sister is very good to me—very—she always calls me Isabel; and you too, Arthur—you see—will you not call me Isabel?'

'I will call you my little Bell, as in the days of our childhood.'

'Do, O! do! and then I shall dream of the green fields and the flowers and shall hear the gay birds sing again as sweetly as they sang in our childhood. It is strange that the birds no longer sing as blithely as they used to.'

The major domo of Singleton Hall, old Cato, now entered, and with many bows announced that Arthur's chamber was now ready for him. That the room assigned to him was that in which Lafayette had slept the night after the battle of Brandywine, which would account for the furniture being somewhat antiquated, as, for the honor of the family, nothing had been changed since that memorable epoch.

'That's well, Cato,' replied Arthur, 'a seaman is not difficult to please. Give him but sea room and a hammock' and he is satisfied.'

'Then sar,' continued Cato, 'there is a fine view of the river, the green meadows, and a garden of flowers under your window.'

'A fine view, and a garden of flowers! nothing more is wanting. I love flowers.'

'Farewell, sister. Good-by, Arthur,' exclaimed Isabel, gaily; and was about hurrying out of the room.

'Where are you going, child?'

Isabel approached her sister, and said, with a mysterious air—'I will return presently; but do not betray me. Say nothing to any one. It is a secret. Good-by, Arthur.' She raised her finger to Mary, as if she would impose secrecy, and ran smiling out of the room.

'Where is she going in such haste?'

'I know not,' replied Miss Singleton. 'Some idea has struck her, but the light of reason no sooner breaks upon her than she becomes crazed again. Your pardon, cousin, you are fatigued. Cato, conduct Lieutenant Singleton to his chamber.'

She was about to retire, and Arthur handed her to the door of the apartment. Old Cato placed his fore-finger beside his ebony proboscis, and thus gave vent to his cogitations:—

'Well, all goes right. The captain will carry the day. I was half afraid of that cotton spinning, Massa Jenkins; but O! these women! An officer's coat, with a handsome man in it, is a good excuse for changing her mind.'

Arthur turned, and clapping the old philosopher on the shoulder, awakened him from his reverie, and said,

'Well, Cato, you have not shown me the Lafayette chamber.'

'Pardon me, captain. I wait on you. This way, this way, sar,' and he showed him out with all the ceremony of the grand chamberlain of the court of France, or any other court where flummery is in fashion.

Colonel Singleton had been twice married; Isabel was the daughter of the first wife, and Mary of her successor. There exists a vulgar prejudice against step mothers; and the conduct of the colonel's helpmate towards Isabel, did not form an exception to the pre-

alent opinion. She was a haughty, selfish woman, and ambitious that all the honors and wealth of the family should descend to her own daughter, to the exclusion of Isabel; and when she heard that aunt Penelope purposed making her nephew, Arthur, and the colonel's eldest daughter her heirs, she determined that her own child's name should be inserted in the will, in the place of that of her sister; and what cannot woman accomplish when she devotes all her energies to one object.

Isabel's life became one series of annoyance; her step-mother's dislike was manifested on all occasions, and finally the poor girl perceived that even the affection of her father was in some degree alienated from her. In order to make 'assurance doubly sure,' her step-mother proposed that she should be married to a penurious old man, who, attracted by her beauty, had solicited her hand, and the colonel was tempted by the proposal, as the suitor was wealthy, which encouraged his helpmate to press the matter zealously, and at the same time enabled her to cloak her sinister motives. Persuasion failing, force was threatened, and the poor girl whose mind had been enfeebled by a series of persecutions, finding herself about to be consigned to the arms of an old man she despised, fell into convulsions, from which she narrowly escaped with life; and when she was restored to health her tears ceased to flow; her countenance was changed; and the vacant glare of the eye denoted an alienated mind. About a year after this event, death issued his summons for her step-mother; but in the mean time aunt Penelope had made her will, as already recited.

[Concluded in our next.]

TRAVELING SKETCHES.

From the New-York Express.

A Glimpse at Mount Vernon.*

A CORRESPONDENT, who recently visited this interesting spot, has sent us a letter, from which we make the following extract:

'We had now reached the private road, leading to Mount Vernon. A servant boy met us at the gate and pointed out the house, which was as yet nearly half a mile in advance. As we entered the enclosure once owned by the beloved Washington, for one, I must confess all gaiety forsook me. Though nearly forty years had passed since the dead, whose grave we sought, was among the living, and although since then the old world, in nearly every division, had been revolutionized—though Emperors, Kings, Dukes, and Presidents, had, with their generation, passed away, and millions of the great men of this world

* Called Mount Vernon in honor of Admiral Vernon, with whom Washington's brother served in an expedition against the Spaniards.

had gone, still their was but *one* spot, but *one* place, *one* tomb, *one* Mount Vernon, that contained the remains of GEORGE WASHINGTON. It was *here*, and I felt that I was standing upon holy ground. I chose to be alone. The history of one of the greatest men the world ever saw was spread before me from his infancy to the dying bed. The boy GEORGE, who was afraid to tell a lie—the youth GEORGE WASHINGTON, who with the most filial fondness, forsook hope and ambition to soothe the anguish of a mother—the MAN WASHINGTON, from 1775 when he was chosen commander in chief of the American forces—Washington at Boston, Trenton, Princeton, Germantown, Yorktown, every scene through his brilliant and interesting life, seemed an occurrence of yesterday.

We rode along to the gate enclosing the house, and agreeably to custom, sent our cards to the present occupant, *Lady Washington*, the niece of Judge Washington, who, I believe, was the former occupant of the estate, which now, as formerly, is composed several hundred acres. An intelligent servant was sent in answer to our cards, with orders to conduct us about the premises. The dwelling was built of wood, two stories high, and cut in imitation of free-stone. It is ninety-six feet in length and is surmounted by a cupola. The center of the building was erected by Lawrence Washington brother of George, and the wings by the General himself. We entered the house built by the brother of George Washington, which with the whole estate was given to George as a token of affection and gratitude. The building is of the old fashioned style of architecture, the ceiling of each room is covered with elegant stucco; the house is very spacious, and as was generally the customary mode of building a half century since, with the kitchen and all the out-houses wholly disconnected with the dwelling-house.

I dare predict that a stranger who was ignorant of the residence of Washington, yet knew his character, would have told me that we had reached the house of the American Patriot. Every thing as far as possible was as Washington had left it when he left the world. I entered under the portico and into the house with a melancholy pleasure. The first thing that caught my eye was the key of the French Bastille, given by the Marquis de La Fayette to Gen. Washington. It hung in a glass frame upon the wall of the entry, a fit relic for preservation. The walls upon each side were covered with national paintings, mostly of a military character. One painting, if I remember right, represented the death of the brave Montgomery—another the Battle of Bunker Hill, and several scenes of sea fights—yet none of them were representations of Washington's own deeds of valor. Before

entering the room we hurried to the front entrance of the house, under the piazza, where, upon the day of burial, rested the corpse of Washington. From this spot he was taken to the tomb, and here the coffin lid for the last time closed his lifeless remains from the gaze of man. Here, within a stone's throw of the dwelling-house and the original tomb of Washington, flows the Potomac, running at this point south-west, although the course of the river is generally south east. As I gazed upon these interesting waters, the beautiful and apt lines of Brainard came irresistibly upon me:

Flow gently, Potomac! thou wastest away
The sands where he trod and the turf where he lay
When youth brushed his cheek with her wing;
Breathe softly, ye wild winds, that circle around
That dearest, and purest, and holiest ground,
Ever pressed by the footsteps of Spring.
Each breeze be a sigh, and each dew drop a tear,
Each wave be a whispering monitor near,
To remind the sad shore of his story;
And darker, and softer, and sadder the gloom
Of that evergreen mourner that sweeps over the tomb,
Where Washington sleeps in his glory.

I stood for a long time in front of the dwelling ruminating upon the past and present. Every thing around me was going to decay. Ruin stared me in the face wherever I turned my eyes, and Mount Vernon, though small in compass, reminded me of the Grecian Parthenon, known like Jerusalem and the Cities of the Plain, not for what they are, but for what they have been in the history of the past. The very walls, built by the Father of his Country, to surround and enclose his family edifice, were tumbling down like the ruined palaces of Italy, not because America, like Italy, was dead and buried, but because America would raise no other monument to the memory of her beloved son, than the living temple which every American has raised in his own bosom. Not only was the family edifice falling to decay, but every building upon the premises. The garden walls were for the most part in ruins. 'Dull Time,' every where had fed 'like a slow fire upon a hoary brand.'

— the tooth of Time
Had ground the sculptures to rude forms,
Such as the falling waters eat from rocks
In the deep gloom of caves.'

Where, I ask, is the love of Washington, when that one 'sweet spot' called home, and Washington's home too, is thus permitted to perish by the hand of Time? Where will the tomb of Washington and Mount Vernon be a few years hence? Will it always be said that 'he lives in the hearts of his countrymen?' when not even a decent pathway conducts you to his dwelling, and where, when you have reached the hallowed spot where his bones are crumbling in dust, even the surrounding earth itself looks like a deserted, forgotten and despaired spot. I would not ask that Mount Vernon should have a magnificent

tomb like those raised upon the plains of Troy, in honor of the Grecian and Trojan warriors; I would not desire that the 'monumental brass' should be raised in honor of George Washington, but I do wish that the spot beloved by Washington above all others should be made an object rather of pleasure than of disgust to the eye of the American and foreigner.

But to return to our walk:

From the front piazza we returned to the house, re-examining with the eye of a lynx every thing that could be seen. The furniture was in the olden style of the revolutionary times. The walls of the rooms upon the lower floors, were covered with paintings, most of them family portraits, containing, as I was told excellent likenesses of each of the occupants of the Vernon Estate since the death of Washington. We hastened from this house of the living Washington, to the grave of the Father of our country. Every thing here was imposing and solemn. The slave who conducted us to this spot, where he had conducted thousands before, seemed affected as with us he gazed upon the monument and inscription before us—telling us simply that *'here lies the remains of George Washington.'* The tomb was a new vault, enclosed with an iron railing, and had been built about six years. Curiosity satiated by gazing upon the new tomb, we sought out the still more interesting spot where Washington was *first* buried. My companions followed on. Like Hamlet and Lærtæ into the grave of Ophelia, so did my fellow-traveler and myself leap into the tomb of Washington. The Ladies determined not to be outdone in reverence, followed on—our conductor smiled and said that no females had ever before, since the removal of Washington, which was six years, entering the vault.

We stood upon the broken boxes and frames that once enclosed the remains of our hero, gathering some stones and several pieces of the crumbling tomb as relics of our journey—then leaving the vault we again examined the gardens, the green house filled with oranges, lemons, flowers and trees, all flourishing in all the beauty of nature, and then in the language of the excellent Dr. Reed, of England, the enthusiastic admirer of Washington, 'we soon left the domain, perhaps forever, which was once dignified by the presence and which is still sacred by the remains of Washington.'

E. B.

MISCELLANY.

Resignation.

In the city of Balsora lived the merchant Abuhassan. The blessing of Allah had rested upon him. He was constant in his attendance at the mosque; his hand was ever open to

relieve the needy. The sea was covered with his ships, the hills were whitened with his flocks—each revolving day added to his happiness, and every passing breeze wafted wealth into his coffers. As he passed through the streets of Balsora, the citizens would look at him and say 'who is so happy as the wealthy Abuhassan?'

But Abuhassan's happiness was destroyed by a sudden blow. Abdallah, his only son, his hope, his pride, was seized by a sudden and alarming illness, and notwithstanding all the exertions of the most skillful physicians, and the prayers of the most devout dervishes, in a short time, he expired in the arms of his distracted father.

The wretched Abuhassan retired into the gloomiest chamber of his palace; he shut himself from the light of day, and throwing himself upon the cold and humid pavement, refused to be consoled. 'Why, oh Allah!' exclaimed he, 'why didst thou grant to me a son and now thus suddenly bereave me of him. Better had it been if he had ne'er been born! better that I had been ever childless than to have the staff of my age thus hastily and cruelly wrested from me!—what is all my wealth, what is this earth itself to me? Oh let me rather haste to leave it and join my lost Abdallah in the grave!'

He snatched a dagger from his girdle and was about to plunge it into his breast, when the earth trembled, a brilliant light suddenly illuminated the chamber, and the Genius who presided at his birth, appeared before him.—Abuhassan confessed the divine presence, and prostrated himself before the celestial visitor.

'Rash mortal!' said the genius, 'darest thou arraign the high decrees of Allah! tremble at thy audacity!—But virtue has marked thy life; thou hast been strict in the observance of every duty, and it is therefore permitted that I should shew to thee what would have been the fate of thy son had he continued to dwell upon this earth. Short-sighted mortal, behold!'

The Genius waved his hand, and the lower part of the chamber was changed into a magnificent saloon. On a sofa sat a young man whom Abuhassan instantly recognized. 'It is Abdallah! it is my son!' cried he, 'Oh, let me embrace him!' 'Thou canst not,' said the Genius, 'it is but a frail and unsubstantial vision.' The young man was poring over the pages of the Koran and seemed deeply engaged with their contents. The scenes passed rapidly before the eyes of Abuhassan. He saw Abdallah at the foot of the Caliph's throne: the words of wisdom flowed from his lips: he saw him elevated to the rank of chief vizier and governor of the young prince, the Caliph's son. But ambition rankled in the breast of Abdallah. He aimed at no less a prize than the throne itself. The young

prince soon perished by poison; a dagger terminated the life of the Caliph. These obstacles being thus removed, Abdallah seized the throne.—Oppression, tyranny and blood marked his criminal but brief career. Goaded into resistance, the populace rose against him; he was seized and thrown into a prison. The last scene exhibited the hapless youth in a dark and loathsome dungeon, prostrate on the ground and loaded with chains: two mutes entered, and whilst they fixed the bowstring round his neck, the agonized Abuhassan covered his face with his mantle and, prostrating himself to the ground, exclaimed, 'Pardon, oh Allah! the repinings of a poor and feeble mortal! I bend before thy power; I confess, I acknowledge the justice of thy decrees.' He looked up; the Genius was gone, the vision had disappeared.

Abuhassan instantly left his gloomy chamber, and went amongst his friends: a calm resignation pervaded his breast: he superintended the funeral obsequies of his son: he attended the body to the tomb, and as it slowly descended from his view, he lifted up his soul in a prayer of gratitude to Allah, who had saved his son from the miserable fate which had awaited him, by mercifully removing him from time into eternity.

'The way I got Married.'

I saw an aged and infirm mendicant winding his tortuous course slowly and despondingly, whose haggard countenance bore too distinctly the traits of grief and poverty to doubt for a moment his being a real object of charity. He stopped as a gentleman approached in an opposite direction, took his hat from his head, and solicited by a look and a trifling inclination of his person (needless indeed, as the burden of his years had already performed that office) a pittance. No notice was taken of his silent application; mechanically the hat was replaced, and he continued his way. I expected, nay, wished, to see him exhibit some sign of disappointment, but alas! the frequency of his refusals had inured him to meet them at least with external unconcern.

He stopped again as a carriage drew up to a large house, and from which descended severally, three elegantly-attired females; now thought I, your mute appeal cannot be in vain.

I was wrong; they entered without casting a glance at the applicant; the door closed, and again the beggar was on his road.

I felt an irresistible inclination to follow him farther, and note his success; and with pain, not unmixed with indignation, I saw him make a variety of attempts without gaining one solitary copper, one morsel of bread, one look of pity or commiseration. 'Can this be?' I mentally ejaculated; and as I was crossing to bestow my mite (which was my intention from the first moment I beheld him),

when I observed a few yards further the little garden that fronted the cottage of Emma G——. I had been so absorbed in the fate of the beggar, that I had no idea I was so near to her, who, were I convinced the goodness of her heart equalled the charms of her person, I had resolved to raise from comparative poverty to be the companion of my life, the wife of my bosom. The opportunity struck me, and concealing myself behind a tree, which was opposite the cottage, I waited the result with anxiety. The beggar soon was in front of the cottage, and turned his eye to the window, trusting to be observed. From above the small white curtain I saw Emma. Never did my heart beat so tumultuously, and not without cause; it was a moment that was likely to decide the happiness or misery of my future life; for the reader must credit me when I assert, that it depended upon Emma's behavior on the present occasion, whether I should offer myself and fortune to her acceptance, or endeavor to obliterate her entirely from my heart. She quitted the window immediately, but not before the mendicant had observed her, and who now turned his eyes earnestly on the door, in the hope of receiving assistance.

It was a moment to me of the most agonizing suspense, I hardly breathed. Slowly, at length, and with a sigh which I distinctly heard, the old man was turning from the gate, which had remained motionless. With bitter feelings, I was preparing to do the same, when the latch was gently raised, and Emma came forth with a basket in her hand. She looked timidly around, and seeing no person nigh, in a moment she was at the side of the beggar, emptying the contents of her basket into a handkerchief, which she had knelt on the ground to spread. Never did she look so lovely as at that moment; she added to her gift a small coin, and was almost immediately in the sanctuary of her own dwelling, unseen, as she thought, by all the world.

Six weeks afterwards we were married; and if Emma does not possess such graceful airs as those ladies mentioned in the first part of this short tale, she possesses more than an equivalent, namely, a heart that can feel for and relieve the distresses of her fellow-creatures.

A. N.

ORIGINAL ANECDOTE.—We witnessed an occurrence in one of the churches in this city last Sabbath, which involves quite too good a joke to be lost. A few moments previous to the arrival of the clergyman, a stranger shabbily dressed and of rather singular appearance, entered the door, and was proceeding up the aisle with a firm step and much self-possession, when one of the leading members of the society left his seat and meeting him, kindly

offered to give him a seat in the gallery, and turning round with an air of reluctance, he followed his polite guide into the entry and up stairs to the proffered seat. The gentleman then returned below, and in a few minutes the minister came in and presently commenced reading a portion of the 2d chapter of James. In order that it may be seen how exact was the application, it should be stated that just before this scaly looking visitor made his appearance, this same gentleman gave up his own seat to another though more genteely dressed stranger.

The reader can well judge of the difficulty of preserving one's gravity whilst the good man was reading the following passage—'For if there came into your assembly a man with a gold ring, in goodly apparel, and there come in also a poor man in vile raiment; and ye have respect for him that weareth the gay clothing, and say into him, sit thou here in a good place, and say to the poor stand thou there, or sit here under my footstool,' &c.—*Norwich Aurora*.

A SORRY ANECDOTE.—How common it is at the accidental misfortunes of our neighbors, but how often does a selfish spirit predominate and 'freeze the genial current of the soul.' A poor carter's horse fell into the dock and was drowned—a great many expressions of pity were heard among the crowd, that had been drawn by the accident to the spot—one was *sorry* for the poor man—another was *very sorry*—in fact, there was a general expression of *sorrow*. A Frenchman among the rest pulling off his *chapeau*, put a bank note into it saying, to the bystanders, 'I sorry de poor man five *dollieur*, now how much you sorry him.'—this was expressing *sorrow* to some purpose—and it is sorrowful to add, that so little connection had the heart with the tongue, that not one *sous* was added to the liberal donation of the benevolent Frenchman.

CURRAN THE IRISH BARRISTER.—A barrister entered the hall with his wig very much awry, and of which not at all apprized, he was obliged to endure from almost every observer, some remark on its appearance, till at last, addressing himself to Mr. Curran, he asked him, 'Do you see any thing ridiculous in this wig?' The answer was 'Nothing but the head.'

FALSE NOTIONS.—Owing to a sad defect in education, too many young ladies consider themselves to be much more for ornament than usefulness; and they cultivate a taste for display far more than a taste for the sober duties of life. To these there is a painful waking up to reality in after life; and too many find themselves utterly unfit for the discharge of obli-

tions which they have taken upon themselves to fulfil. But there is no retreat from them, and too often life's most pleasant anticipations are found to end in bitterness.—*Bal. Athenæum*.

NEW-YORK CITY.—A sailor had just landed from New-Orleans, where they are draining the Swamp, and endeavoring to clear the plantations above the city from the overflow of the Mississippi, which had burst its banks there. Jack was telling a friend of his the dismal story of this sad state of affairs in the South, where the land was all water, just as he got opposite to a store in Cedar-street, under which two men were pumping out a cellar—'My eyes, Ned,' cried Jack—'only look here, New-York has sprung a leak too!'

PRINCIPLE, INTEGRITY, INDEPENDENCE.—They must be formed within ourselves; *they must make ourselves*. If conscious of their possession, we trust tranquilly to timely occasion to make them known, we may rest assured that our character, sooner or later will establish itself.

Letters Containing Remittances.

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of Postage paid.

A. H. M. Troy, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. South Dover, N. Y. \$1.00; R. S. D. Ogdensburg, N. Y. \$1.00; L. M. Egmont, Ma. \$1.00; J. H. R. Henrietta, N. Y. \$4.00; L. C. M. Newark, N. J. \$1.00; C. S. Troy, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Caledonia, Ill. \$6.00; H. B. Erieville, N. Y. \$5.00; J. S. Ann Arbor, Mich. \$0.50; P. M. Andover, Ms. \$2.00; N. C. Havana, N. Y. \$2.00; A. B. C. Meriden, Ct. \$1.00; J. L. B. Huntsville, Ill. \$1.00; A. W. Black Brook, N. Y. \$1.00.

MARRIED.

In this city, on Friday the 23d ult. by the Rev. Mr. Thatcher, Mr. Joshua Covey, of Boston Corner, to Mrs. Gertrude Snyder of Claverack.

On the 5th inst. by the Rev. Wm. Whittaker, Mr. Robert Graham to Miss Triphena Bramer.

On the 15th ult. by the Rev. William J. Eyer, Mr. Edward Sagendorf, of Claverack, to Miss Ann Margaret, second daughter of William Feller, Esq. of Rhinebeck.

On the 19th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Pardee, Mr. John Benton to Miss Jane Johnson, both of this city.

On the 18th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Wagenaar, Mr. Moses Hauver to Miss Julia Catharine Moore, both of Germantown.

On the 29th ult. by the Rev. J. B. Waterbury, Mr. George Campbell of Pittsfield, Mass. to Miss Matilda, eldest daughter of John F. Jenkins, Esq. of this city.

On the 29th ult. by the Rev. M. Field, Mr. Samuel A. Loomis to Miss Sarah A. Adair, all of this city.

At Kinderhook, on the 9th ult. by Rev. L. H. Van Dyke, Mr. Newton Reed, of Amelia, Dutchess County, to Miss Ann, daughter of Dr. H. L. Van Dyke, of the former place.

At Stockport, on the 29th ult. by the Rev. Peter S. Wynkoop, Mr. Edward Clum, of Claverack, to Miss Catharine M. eldest daughter of David Gaul, Esq. of the former place.

In Erie Ville, on the 13th ult. by the Rev. O. Beckworth Mr. Edwin Watros to Miss Dolly Richardson; also Mr. H. D. Whitall to Miss Harriet Heffron, all of the above place.

On the 26th of July last, by the Rev. O. Beckworth, Mr. Selden Benedict of Pa. to Miss Mary H. Heffron of Erie Ville; also Mr. Joseph R. Heffron to Miss Sarah Anderson, both of Erie Ville.

On the 10th of February last, by the Rev. O. Beckworth, Mr. William Richardson, to Miss Charlotte Brown, both of Erie Ville.

DIED.

In this city, on the 22d ult. Capt. Robert J. Macy, aged 42 years.

On the 27th ult. Mr. John Sturges, son of the Rev. William Sturges, in the 31st year of his age.

Also on the same day, Sarah Elizabeth, infant daughter of Mr. Henry Sturges, aged 19 months.

On the 22d ult. Mr. Augustus Graves, in the 27th year of his age.

On the 23th ult. Lawrence A. infant son of the late Lawrence Teal, aged 16 months.

At Lakeville, Livingston County, the 18th ult. Mrs. Hannah Snyder, in the 60 year of her age, wife of Peter Snyder, Esq. formerly of this city.



ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Rural Repository.

Farewell to U**** A*****.

'There are links that must break in the chain that has bound us.'—Byron.

FAREWELL, 'old Union,' misfortune surrounds thee,
And gone are the loved ones, that bowed at thy shrine;
The thistle encumbers the pathway around thee
Where once trod thy students 'in days o' lang syne.'
Thy patrons have left thee deserted and lonely,
And nothing remains now the lone heart to cheer,
Though silence and gloom are left to thee only,
I love thee 'old Castle' for still thou art dear.

Farewell 'old Union,' the star of thy greatness,
That dazzled so bright on the record of fame,
Again shall beam forth, undimmed in its brightness,
And thousands exult in the pride of thy name.
Though years wing their flight with the speed of the wind
And bear thee far onward o'er Time's desert waste,
Ah! still may'st thou cherish the germs of the mind
And guide its way upward to regions of rest.

Farewell 'Alma Mater,' farewell to thy halls!
I leave thee forever, fate calls me away,
Though deep is the pang that my bosom entrails
And dark are the clouds that o'ershadow my way.
Yet oft shall 'fond memory's' magical power,
While life's gentle current this bosom may warm;
Review the loved scenes of those hallowed hours
When joy filled the cup of my youth's early morn.
Belleville, N. Y. August, 1836. PHILOM.

The Wreck at Sea.

BY H. F. GOULD.

The struggle is over! The storm-cloud at last.
Has emptied itself, and the fury is past!
The ship is a ruin! the mariners wait
Their summons to enter eternity's gate.
The remnant of canvass that flaps in the wind,
Their signal of woe they may soon leave behind,
To give its last flutter above the wild surge,
As all it betokens, the deep shall immerge,
They see rising round them a chill, restless grave,
While death loudly calls them from out the boar's wave!
'Come to me I come! ye have no where to flee,
But down in the waters, for quiet with me!
My thin, winding arms, ever naked and cold,
Have nothing to warm them, but what they unfold.
My being unlawful, I have to sustain,
By feeding on life that from others I drain,
The sweet buds of childhood, youth's beautiful bloom,
And age's ripe clusters, I pluck and consume!
I traverse the world by the light that I steal
Alone from the eyes that in darkness I seal!
'In ocean's black chambers, I welcome the forms
That pass to my kingdom, through shipwreck and storms.
The babe never prattles, nor climbs on the knee
Of him who is low in the cold, deep sea!
The eye of his widow grows sunken and dim,
With looking and waking and weeping for him!
The parent's fond heart slowly bleeds for the son,
Till I, for my throne, a new trophy have won!
Come! and the mourners away on the shore,
Shall never behold you, or hear of you more.'
Hush! hush! thou pale monarch; A voice from above!
It chides thee—its tones are of mercy and love!
Away! king of terrors! In silence retire!
Though high is thy throne there is one that is higher!
The sinking have looked from the billows, that swell
Around them, to Him, who the surges can quell.
And, he, who before, has the tempest allayed,
And said to the mariner, 'Be not afraid,'
Is now walking over the waters, to tread
Upon the white spray that is pluming thy head:
A sail! ho! a sail, in the moment of need!

On yonder mad breakers she's riding with speed.
A rescue! it comes in the light little boat,
That's lowered and manned o'er the perils to float,
While, life for the perishing, hope for despair,
And joy and reward for affection are there,
With rocking and tossing, as onward she steers,
And shooting, and plunging the wreck as she nears,
One moment! and then the last wave will be crossed!
Yet, all is too late if that unit be lost!
The helper and helpless, while panting to meet,
Have sent forth their voices each other to greet,
And when did these voices go out on the air,
An import so great, such an errand to bear?
Emotions too mighty for sound to convey,
Or, long for the spirit to reel in the clay—
A pulse never known in their bosoms before,
Is each proving now, at the dash of the oar,
And, sweet to their hearts will the memory be,
Of those clasping hands on the wild deep sea.

Apprehension.

BY H. F. GOULD.

'Oh! sister, he is so swift and tall,
Though I want the ride he will spoil it all,
For, when he sets out, he will let me fall,
And give me a bump, I know;
Mamma, what was it I heard you say
About the world's hobbies, the other day,
How some would go on, and gallop away,
To end with an overthrow.'

'I said, little prattler, the world was a race,
That many would mount with a smile on the face,
And ride to their ruin, or fall in disgrace:
That he who was deaf to fear,
And did not look out for a rein or a guide,
His courser might cast on the highway side,
In the mud, rocks and brambles, to end his ride,
Perchance, with a sigh and a tear!'

'Oh! sister! sister! I fear to try,
For Brutus's back is so 'live and high!
It creeps at my touch—and he winks his eye,
I'm sure he's going to jump!
Come! dear mother, tell us some more
About the world's rides, as you did before,
Who helped it up—and all how it bore
The fall, and got over the bump!'

Charles Wolfe, the author of the 'Burial of Sir John Moore,' the noblest elegy that ever was written, was a young clergyman in an obscure village of Ireland, who died young, and would have been unknown to fame, but for the establishment of his right to the authorship of those incomparable verses. The following song, which is yet unfinished, shows that had he lived, his reputation would not have rested upon that alone. It was written for the old and beautiful Irish air of 'Grammachree,' and in its melancholy sweetness, touchingly accords with the plaintive music of an air which Mozart is said to have pronounced the finest in the world. We believe that the four last lines were added by Dr. James Stewart, of Belfast, the author of the history of Armagh, so invaluable for its deep knowledge of the ecclesiastical history of the Irish hierarchy.—*Pennsylvaniaian*.

Stanzas.

If I had thought thou couldst have died,
I might not weep for thee,
But I forgot when by thy side,
That thou couldst mortal be;
It never through my mind had past,
That time would e'er be o'er,
And I on thee should look my last,
And thou shouldst smile no more!

And still upon that face I look,
And think 'twill smile again;
And still the thought I will not brook,
That I must look in vain;

But when I speak, thou dost not say,
What thou ne'er leftst unsaid;
And now I feel, as well I may,
Sweet Mary! thou art dead!

If thou wouldst stay, e'en as thou art,
All cold and all serene—
I still might press thy silent heart,
And where thy smiles have been!
While e'en thy chill, bleak corse I have,
Thou seemest still my own;
But there I lay thee in the grave—
And I am now alone!

I do not think, where'er thou art,
Thou hast forgotten me,
And I, perhaps, may soothe this heart,
In thinking too of thee;
Yet there was round thee such a dawn
Of light ne'er seen before,
As fancy never could have drawn,
And never can restore!

From the 'Reliquary,' by Bernard and Lucy Barton.

The Meteor.

A SHEPHERD on the silver moor
Pursued his lone employ,
And by him watched at midnight hour
His loved and gentle boy.

The night was still, the sky was clear,
The moon and stars were bright;
And well the youngster loved to hear
Of those bright orbs of light.

When lo! an earth-born Meteor's glare
Made stars and planets dim,
In transient splendor through the air
Its glory seemed to swim.

No more could stars or planets' spell
The stripling's eye enchant;
He only urged his sire to tell
Of this new visitant.

But, ere the shepherd found a tongue,
The meteor's gleam was gone;
And in their glory o'er them hung
The orbs of night alone.

Canst thou the simple lesson read
My artless muse hath given?
The only lights that safely lead
Are those that shine from heaven.

One far more bright than sun or star
Is lit in every soul;
To guide, if nothing earthly mar,
To heaven's eternal goal!

Business and Address Cards
BEAUTIFULLY PRINTED
WITH DIFFERENT COLORED, OR BLACK INK,
AT THIS OFFICE.

THE RURAL REPOSITORY,

IS PUBLISHED EVERY OTHER SATURDAY, AT HUDSON, N. Y. BY
Wm. B. Stoddard.

It is printed in the Quarto form, and will contain twenty-six numbers of eight pages each, with a title page and index to the volume.

TERMS.—One Dollar per annum in advance, or One Dollar and Fifty Cents, at the expiration of three months from the time of subscribing. Any person, who will remit us Five Dollars, free of postage, shall receive six copies, and any person, who will remit us Ten Dollars, free of postage, shall receive twelve copies, and one copy of either of the previous volumes. No subscriptions received for less than one year. All the back numbers furnished to new subscribers.
All orders and Communications must be post paid, to receive attention.



DEVOTED TO POLITE LITERATURE, SUCH AS MORAL AND SENTIMENTAL TALES, ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS, BIOGRAPHY, TRAVELING SKETCHES, AMUSING MISCELLANY, HUMOROUS AND HISTORICAL ANECDOTES, SUMMARY, POETRY, &c.

VOL. XIII.—[IV. NEW SERIES.]

HUDSON, N. Y. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1836.

NO. 10.

SELECT TALES.

The Old Maid's Legacy.

BY RICHARD PENN SMITH.

[Concluded.]

EARLY in the morning, following the arrival of Arthur, Isabel was alone in the parlor, arranging a beautiful bouquet of spring flowers. She performed her task with an air of caution as if she wished to avoid being detected, and her blushing countenance was illuminated by a smile of satisfaction. When her task was completed she murmured as she stood gazing at it, 'I love flowers—those were his words. This will afford him pleasure, and I shall be very happy.' Arthur entered the apartment without perceiving her, she ran to him and said,

'Arthur—yes, it is you. I knew your step.'

'Isabel!—what, here alone?' . . .

'Alone! Oh, no; you are here!' she replied placing her hand upon her heart.

'My charming cousin.'

'And you—have you thought about poor Isabel, since we parted last evening?'

'Have I thought of you? Indeed have I, incessantly.'

'I am glad of that. I have thought of you until I dreamt that you had returned. Tell me, you have been far distant, and have at length returned.'

'Yes, Isabel.'

'Heavens! If she should also return!'

'Whom do you mean?'

'My mother. Hark! do you not hear her,' she exclaimed wildly. 'She comes—that is her voice!—there—there! Ah! she threatens me.' She clasped her hands in an imploring attitude. 'Mother, mercy, mercy, I beseech you. Do not force me—I cannot marry him. My heart's another's. Ah! approach me not,' she continued with increased violence. 'I cannot will not—death sooner.' She recoiled and threw herself, trembling in the arms of her cousin.

'Dear Isabel, recover yourself.'

'Where am I! Who calls me, in that kind and gentle voice! Ah—Is it you, Arthur, is it you! What has happened! How I burn here,' she added, touching her forehead.

'You suffer.'

'O, no;' she replied in a voice of tenderness, and smiling fondly on him, 'O, no!—I have seen you once again, and that repays me for all. But who was it told me you had gone away—forsaken me. It is not true, is it? You would not give me pain. You love me too much for that, Arthur?'

'Indeed do I.'

'Take care,' she continued with an air of mystery, 'if you deceive me, I shall soon discover it.' She ran smiling to the vase of flowers, and taking one of them, carefully stripped it of its leaves one by one. You remember this is the way I tested your love in our childhood.'

They were interrupted by Mary, who now entered the parlor, followed by old Cato, who stood erect at the door. She spoke to him as they entered—

'It is well, Cato; if he returns, let me know. Fortunately he has gone without seeing Arthur,' she added, in a low tone.

The bustling Mr. Joseph Jenkins, early as it was, had already been at Singleton Hall, and this time he determined to have an interview with his dulcinea, for Joseph was as systematic in his love affairs as he was in business, and he succeeded. The interview was a brief one, and abruptly terminated in the cotton spinner leaping on his hackney in a huff, and starting off at a brisk trot, after bidding a hasty and cold adieu to his mistress. Cato withdrew.

'Good morning cousin. How do you like Singleton Hall?' said Mary.

'It is a charming spot, and its inmates render it more so. I have been conversing with Isabel. What a strange existence. So young, so beautiful, and for ever deprived of reason. But let us quit so painful a subject. I thank you Miss, for the delicate attention you have paid me.'

'How! in what manner?'

'I yesterday by chance, spoke of my taste for flowers, and I find the parlor decorated with them.'

'No, cousin, it is not to me, but doubtless to old Cato, that you are indebted for this attention.'

'At all events, allow me to present you this,' he said, selecting a bouquet, and presenting it to Mary. Isabel, who watched him in silence, darted forward and snatched the flowers from her sister, saying,

'That must not be. That bouquet is for me, me only. It was I who gathered them.'

'You!' exclaimed Arthur.

'Yes. Why should that astonish you. I heard you say that you loved flowers, and I remember a little flaxen headed boy who used to gather the wild flowers in the meadows with me; he loved them much and loved me also.'

'It was for me then. Pardon me, Isabel, I will repair the wrong.' He took the bouquet and presented it to her; she received it with a smile, and pressed it to her heart, saying, 'Now it shall never leave me, but wither and fade there.'

'Truly, dear Arthur, you work miracles,' said Mary. 'Since your arrival she seems at times to have some recollection.'

'Ah! look at her now. She has again fallen into the reverie from which she escaped for a moment.' Isabel stood motionless, her eyes fixed on the ground. Cato entered, and said to Miss Singleton in an under tone.

'Massa Jenkins come back again Missus.'

'Tell him I will see him presently.' She apologized to Arthur for abruptly leaving him and went out of the room with the old servant.

'I am glad they are gone,' said Isabel, 'We can now talk together. Tell me, Arthur, what were we speaking of, when my sister interrupted us. Help me to recall my thoughts. How terrible it is to forget, and to know that one forgets.'

'Dear Isabel, do not dwell on this subject, it injures you much.'

'It has injured me; it injures me still. It was of my step-mother we were speaking.'

'You have been very unhappy in my absence, have you not?'

'O, yes; for I was fearful. But that is over; you have returned, and my fears are gone. You will defend me, will you not?'

'Certainly, I will protect you, and be ever near you.'

'How you encourage me! My good sister also often strove to encourage me, but she did not succeed so well. Your presence, your looks, the tone of your voice inspire me with confidence. Speak, speak, I love to hear you speak.'

'Dear Isabel, listen to me. Let us try to reason together.'

'O yes, yes, let us reason,' she exclaimed, laughing and rubbing her hands.

'There is one thing I must premise, and that is if you relapse into your terrors, I shall believe that you don't love me.'

'O, don't believe any such thing. I no longer fear, and as a proof of it, I am now thinking of my step-mother, speaking of her, and scarcely tremble.'

'Since that is the case, let us dwell on the subject, and you shall see that it will cease to alarm you. It is long since you beheld her?'

'I have not forgot that. One day she slept so profoundly that they could not awaken her. Her face was as pale as the vestments in which they wrapped her, and they bore her to the church and sung a long time around her, but she still slept. My sister Mary wept much, and I also wept, because she grieved. Then they clothed me all in black, and since that time I have been very happy, except when she comes back to threaten me.'

'But she will never threaten you again.'

'Ah! do you believe so?'

'I am sure of it.'

'If you are sure, then I am satisfied. What a weight you have taken from my mind. I am now tranquil; breathe freely, and it is to you that I owe this happiness. How I love you!'

'Dear Isabel!'

'But if you should again leave me!'

'Be composed. I am coming, perhaps to remain here always—to marry your sister.'

'Marry, marry my sister! Then who will marry me?' she said dejectedly, and her mind suddenly relapsed, as she continued, without recognizing him—

'You know not how constant I am. I was once to have been married formerly, to one of my cousins named Arthur—but this is a secret, which I have told to no one except yourself. We were both very young, and I loved him more than a brother, he was so good, so gentle and generous: How happy I was when he was near me. All the marvelous stories and old legends of the country, were related to me by him, and we had bright visions of the future. But alas! one day he was forced to leave us; he went on board his ship, and I saw him no more, but I have always thought of him—always.'

'You saw him no more, Isabel? You do not recollect me, then?' demanded Arthur in a tone of increased interest.

'How! not recollect you,' she replied with an air of gaiety, 'Thou art Arthur; I recollected thee immediately.'

'I have been unconsciously guilty; each word renders me more criminal still. Can you ever pardon me?'

'Pardon thee! Ah, yes! I always forgive when I am supplicated; it would be so cruel to refuse.' She drew nigher to him, paused and gazed fondly in his face, as she added, 'To prove I haven't forgot you, I will search for the ring you sent me from the sea side. I have preserved it carefully, and no person has seen it. Wait for me here, and I will return directly. Arthur I love thee—do not forget that I am your betrothed.' She ran away smiling, and kissed her hand to him as she closed the door.

Our hero was as much perplexed as most heroes are when they get two women in their heads at the same time. He was amazed to discover that the silken web that he had unconsciously woven in his boyhood, had been so closely intertwined with the thread of that fair creature's life, as to serve as a clue to lead her wandering mind even through the mazes of her madness; and was the sole idea to which she fondly clung in the general wreck and ruin. He was at a loss how to act; by marrying the one, he would disinherit the other: and by fulfilling the conditions of the will, he would forever extinguish the returning spark of reason, in the mind of the delicate being so long and devotedly attached to him. At length, he resolved to ascertain the true state of Mary's fortune, and should it prove ample, he would reject her, and enrich her sister with his hand and aunt Penelope's legacy. Old Cato entered opportunely, to throw some light on the subject.

'My mistress begs you to excuse her absence, captain,' said the old man bowing, 'she will be disengaged presently.'

'Stand on no ceremony with me. Fine property this, old Cato?'

'Splendid estate: none better on the Delaware, sar.'

'Still affords a very handsome living?'

'None better, sar. A fortune might be made from this farm; but the Singletons are above selling their produce—consume all. Then there's bank stock, and loans, and mortgages—'

'Enough, I am satisfied; and with this assurance I can no longer hesitate not to marry your mistress.'

'Not marry her, sar? Pardon me, captain, you misunderstand me,' exclaimed the old servant, somewhat disconcerted.

'No, no, I understand you perfectly. Your mistress is at least in easy circumstances.'

'Better than that, sar—very rich. The greatest fortune in these parts.' The old fellow knew this to be a lie; but felt satisfied that it ought to be true.

Mr. Joseph Jenkins happened to bustle into the parlor at this critical moment, and over-hearing Cato's boastful speech, exclaimed,

'Rich! A great fortune! they deceive you, sir, she is ruined, totally ruined.'

'Ruined, sir!' exclaimed Arthur.

'Will you be silent, sar! He don't know what he says, sar,' exclaimed the old man in confusion.

'Examine for yourself, sir,' continued Joseph Jenkins, producing papers. 'Read these documents, and you will perceive that Singleton Place belongs to me. I am the master here.'

Arthur cast his eyes over the papers and returned them saying, 'It is true. I cannot recover from my surprise. Miss Singleton reduced to a state of poverty.'

'If you longer doubt, behold the confusion of this old domestic,' continued Jenkins. 'That speaks more plainly than all my words.'

'My poor cousin in distress!' sighed Arthur, 'In that case I will marry her.'

'How! you marry her! What the devil do you mean!' exclaimed Jenkins with increased restlessness.

'Go and inform your mistress, Cato, that I am ready to make her my wife this evening if she consents,' said Arthur. The faithful old fellow's ebony visage, 'creamed and mantled like a standing pool,' and as he left the room, he was heard to ejaculate, 'This now is just like a Singleton. Gem'man all over!' Jenkins, after making a few circuits around the parlor, suddenly stopped and said,

'How marry her this evening! do you intend to insult me, sir?'

'Insult you? I was not thinking about you at all.'

'Not thinking about me! But you shall think about me. I will be thought about in this matter, sir; and I demand the motives of your conduct,' replied Joseph testily.

'Indeed. But I am not in the habit of answering, when interrogated in so gentle a manner,' replied the other, coolly.

'Then there may be a mode of making you speak,' said Joseph, with increased irritation.

'Pray, name it.'

'Pistols,' exclaimed the cotton spinner.

'Precisely. That is a branch of my business, and I never neglect business.'

'I like you the better for that,' continued Jenkins. 'I have a pair of bull dogs in the next room; I used to practise shooting at a mark with the old colonel. We can jump into a boat, and be on the Jersey shore in half an hour.'

'That's unnecessary trouble. You are at home here, you know, and we can just step out behind the stable, and settle the affair quietly. We shall avoid both delay and trouble.'

'Zounds! you are right again!' exclaimed

Jenkins. 'Do you know that you have risen fifty per cent, in my esteem, and if I drill a hole through you, I shall grieve for you, and do the decent thing by your remains.'

'You are very good.'

'I give you my word and honor, sir.'

'Thank you: but I shall endeavor to dispense with your grief.'

'A spirited young fellow!' exclaimed Jenkins. 'I begin to like him. A business man. I will go for the pistols, sir, and shall expect you behind the stable in five minutes.'

Jenkins bustled out, and at the same instant Isabel rushed into the room, and threw her arms about the neck of her cousin, who was about to follow him, and exclaimed,

'Stay, stay, you shall not go. I know your fearful purpose; but you shall not leave me. I'll hang upon you.'

'Unfortunate! would you drive me to dishonor?'

'Would you drive me to despair?'

'Isabel, you will see me again in five minutes.'

'Yes, I shall see you again, as I saw my brother, perhaps, brought back, pale and covered with blood.' She shrieked and fainted in his arms. We omitted to state in the proper place, that a son of Colonel Singleton had been killed in a duel, and that Isabel's aberration of mind was in some degree attributed to the shock received on the occasion. It is of importance to every family that one member, at least, should be killed in a duel, as that circumstance alone is sufficient to establish the courage and gentility of all the survivors.

The shriek brought Miss Singleton and her major domo into the parlor. Arthur consigned the unconscious Isabel to the arms of her sister, and without saying a word, hurried from the room. Isabel slowly recovered; the expression of her countenance was calm, and she assumed an air of quietude, as she said,

'Sister, if you only knew the good news I have to tell you. She will never come back,—never! Then there's going to be a wedding; do you know the bride? I know her. And there will be a splendid ball. I ought to open it with him. I love dancing so much!'

The report of pistols was now heard, and Isabel starting from her sister's arms, stood motionless for a moment, then pressed her forehead with both hands, and shrieked, 'Ah! I remember now! Death is at work! Let go your hold; I fly to save him!' She violently disengaged herself from Mary, who attempted to restrain her, and rushed from the room. Her sister and the old servant alarmed and amazed, hastily followed her.

Isabel reached the spot where the combatants stood opposed to each other, pistols in hands, ready to fire a second time. She rushed between them, her hair disheveled,

wildness in her looks, and summoning all her energy, she shrieked, 'hold! forbear your murderous intent, I implore you, I command you!' and fell senseless to the ground.

Our worthies forgot their angry feelings, in their amazement at this singular interruption, and mutually hastened to her assistance, and supported her to the house. She was conducted to her chamber, and the next moment the prompt and active Joseph Jenkins was seen hurrying along the avenue, upon his bay hackney, in pursuit of medical assistance, without having intimated to any one his errand.

The doctor, like all prudent practitioners, could not pronounce with certainty—he was of opinion that the fearful impressions she had received from the duel, would have a decisive influence over her mind; that a crisis had arrived, that would either bring about a complete restoration to reason, or destroy all hope of her recovery. This was considered a sound, and certainly a safe opinion.

Joseph Jenkins returned to Singleton Hall, shortly after the physician, and on entering the parlor, he found Miss Singleton alone. She arose as he entered, and exclaimed in evident alarm—'Good heavens! What is it brings you back after the scene which has just passed? If my cousin should meet you!'

'Have no fear, Miss; I shall not be here long,' replied Joseph, taking a stride or two across the room.

'Ah! why speak to me so coolly. Can you believe?—'

Now Joseph was any thing but cool, and he hastily interrupted her with saying,

'No more of that, Miss. You have no need to justify yourself to me. I came not here to reproach you. If I have failed to please you, the fault is mine and not yours. You are handsome and lively—your cousin is a dashing, brave and generous young fellow, but as for me, I am rough, plain and without address. He is entitled to the preference; but perhaps the future may prove that with all my abruptness, I loved you as tenderly as he does. But I do not wish that—he turned his face to conceal a starting tear. 'I hope you may always be happy. We are now about to part, but before we separate, we have some affairs of importance to settle together. Your father, at his death, owed to John Jones five thousand dollars—here are the bonds; to me ten thousand on mortgage—this is the instrument,' he deliberately tore the papers into fragments, and added, 'now those debts are settled.'

'What are you doing?'

Nothing. I restore the property to you unencumbered, for I would not have your future husband reproach the woman whom I have loved, with her want of fortune.'

'Ah! Joseph, so much generosity.'

'No thanks, Miss. I only ask one thing from you. If ever you should experience any reverse, which is very possible, then think of your old friend. Write to me, and the next mail will bring you a satisfactory answer. Farewell, Miss, farewell.'

He bustled out of the room, and even Mary's tender exclamation, of 'Dear Joseph, listen to me,' in no measure retarded his impetus. Finding he returned no answer, and was already out of hearing, she called aloud for Cato, who promptly obeyed the summons, followed by the young lieutenant. She turned to the old servant, and said in a low voice, 'Cato, hasten after Mr. Jenkins, who has just gone, and tell him to defer his departure for an hour. I wish to speak to him—must speak to him. Go.'

Cato left the room muttering, 'What de devil signify, running first after one, den after toder, and catch no body at last.' Jenkins and his pony were now seen from the parlor windows, scudding along the avenue, at even a brisker gait than usual. Possibly the horse felt that his master was several thousand dollars lighter than when he came.

The young couple, finding themselves alone, again attempted to broach the delicate subject of the will, each feeling the impossibility of complying with its conditions, and yet from generosity afraid to reject the other. After much manœuvring and finesse on both sides, without success, each came to the conclusion that the other wished for nothing so ardently as to have Aunt Penelope's will carried into effect, and heaved a sigh of regret for the sudden and hopeless passion. Old Cato entered at this critical juncture, to inform Miss Singleton that he had despatched a man on horseback after Mr. Jenkins, which timely interruption relieved them from their mutual embarrassment.

'What news have you of your mistress Isabel?' demanded Arthur.

'You must see her directly, sar. She is looking for you, and desires to speak to you.'

'To speak to me! Has she left her chamber?'

'Yes, sar. The doctor ordered that we should obey her in every thing, and not contradict her. Here she comes, sar.'

Isabel entered the apartment. Her manner had undergone a striking change; it was now serious, collected, composed. She calmly said:—

'Sister, I have caused you much trouble; is it not so? But I am better at present—much better. I thank you for all your attentions to me, but I have a favor to ask; retire, for I would speak with my cousin, alone.'

'Cousin, I leave you, and in a little time expect to receive your answer,' said Mary, and left the room, followed by Cato.

'What can she want with me? What is passing in her mind? That singular air!' said Arthur, mentally—'Isabel, my dear Isabel.'

'Sir.'

'Why this reserve?—why this coldness towards me?'

'It becomes the position in which I find myself.'

'What do I hear! You, who seemed but yesterday'—

She proceeded, with slight emotion—'If my words have not been always what they ought to be, it would be generous on your part to forget the past, as I shall study to forget it myself.'

'Unhappy that I am!' he exclaimed—'She no longer recollects me, no longer loves me! This apparent flash of reason may be only a new feature of her madness. My dear Isabel, in the name of heaven listen to me—look at me. I am Arthur, your cousin, your friend,—in one word, he who has chosen you for his betrothed.'

She became more deeply affected as she replied, 'I recollect you perfectly, Arthur; but this word betrothed recalls to me the object of this interview. I was your betrothed, it is true—I have not forgotten that;—but I come to give you back your promise, and the ring with which you sealed it. Take it—be henceforth free; marry my sister, and receive every wish that I can form for your happiness.'

'Heavens! What say you, Isabel! Can you imagine'—

'I know all, have heard all, even at a time when I could not comprehend its meaning. But singular changes have taken place. It seems that until now I have not lived. Even yesterday I spoke without reflection; I answered without listening, or listened without understanding; but now the cloud has vanished, ideas crowd upon me, words rush to explain my thoughts, and I am no longer an object of pity. This happiness I owe to Arthur. When near him, I am animated, exalted; but, without him, I feel that I should relapse into my former state. Ah, stay, stay always near me—never leave me—be my support, my guide, my husband. I live only in thee, for thee, and shall be nothing without thee.'

'Dear Isabel, you are once more restored to me. Do not repent of the avowal that insures my happiness. Speak, will you be my wife?—You cannot refuse me.'

'How refuse what I so much desire!' she replied, artlessly.

'You no longer believe that I love your sister?'

'O, no, no. I rely on you. You would not deceive me; it would render me so unhappy.'

'But reflect—I am poor, without resources.'

'Poor! I scarcely know what that means.'

'I cannot surround you with luxuries.'

'I shall not love you the less—and ask no other luxury.'

'No dress—no equipage.'

'Shall I appear less attractive in your eyes? If not, I care not.'

'I can no longer resist,' he exclaimed, and falling on his knees, passionately kissed her hand. Mary entered at the same instant.

'Ah! cousin, you refuse me then. I came for your answer, but you have anticipated a reply to all my questions.'

'No, coz, I don't refuse you,' said Arthur, rising. 'I love you very much, but will marry Isabel. I don't want to ruin you—keep the fortune.'

'You will marry her, coz? Then I will have nothing to do with this legacy, which constrains us both, and thank you for having laid it at the feet of my sister.'

'This generosity'—

'Is mixed up with a little selfishness, Arthur, as you will see in the end,' replied Mary.

There was a noise at the door, and Joseph Jenkins bustled in, followed by Cato. He entered just as Arthur was in the act of gallantly kissing Mary's hand, in gratitude for her generosity.

'Death and the devil!' exclaimed Joseph—'and was it for this that you brought me back!'

'Dear Joseph, be a witness'—said Mary.

'I have seen too much already,' exclaimed Jenkins.

Arthur commenced:—'Mr. Jenkins I wish you to understand'—

'I don't want to understand any thing more.'

Isabel ran to him, and placed her sister's hand in his, saying—'There, understand that. She is yours—Arthur is mine. Will you kill him now?'

'Ha! What! How! Bless my soul! Mary, is it so?' ejaculated Jenkins. Mary smiled and blushed in a manner plain to be understood by the dullest physiognomist, and the cotton-spinner whirled about like one of his jennies.

'All very strange! Don't understand!' muttered Cato. Captain, will you marry?—

'Love has restored her to reason.'

'More strange still. You told me love usually turns young ladies' heads. Can't understand, no how I can fix him.'

Arthur and Jenkins became fast friends, and the fallen family was once again restored to its former consequence, through the exertions of the worthy and unpretending Joseph Jenkins. He called his eldest son Reginald, after his old friend, the colonel; but he protested against christening his daughter after Aunt Penelope, as he could not forget the annoyance that her absurd legacy had occasioned.

BIOGRAPHY.

Charles James Fox.

CHARLES JAMES FOX, one of the most distinguished of statesman and orators, was the second son of Lord Holland, and was born January 13, 1748. Westminster and Eton schools, and Hertford College, Oxford, were the seminaries at which he received his education. In classical learning his proficiency was great, and he always retained a fondness for it. Having completed his studies he set out on his travels, and an intellect like his could not fail to profit by such an enlarged field of observation. Unfortunately, however, his powerful mind did not preserve him from dissipated habits, and from a propensity to gaming, which long continued to be the bane of his existence. In the hope of weaning him from these follies, he was, when only nineteen, elected member for Midhurst, through the influence of his father. Prudence, perhaps, kept him silent in the House till he was of an age legally to hold a seat in it. His lips were unlocked in 1770, and for four years he continued to be the advocate of the ministry. His aid was rewarded by his being appointed a lord of the admiralty, which situation he soon resigned to be a lord of the treasury. In 1774, however, in consequence of some disagreement with Lord North, he was abruptly dismissed, and his dismissal was announced to him in a manner which added insult to injury. The ranks of opposition gladly received so promising an ally; and during the whole of the American war, he was one of the most persevering, eloquent, and formidable of the minister's opponents. Additional spirit and effect were given to his exertions by his being elected for Westminster, in 1780, in spite of the whole weight of the government interest having been thrown into the scale against him. On the downfall of the North administration, Fox came into office, as secretary of state for foreign affairs. But the death of the marquis of Rockingham, and disgust at the conduct of Lord Shelburne, soon induced Fox and some of his party to retire. In an evil hour for their popularity, they formed the celebrated coalition with Lord North. The measure enabled them to carry the cabinet by storm, but it shook their influence with the people, and their short-lived triumph was closed by their expulsion from power, on the question of Fox's India Bill. A new election in 1784, diminished their parliamentary numbers, and gave Mr. Pitt a secure majority. For more than twenty years the mighty talents of Fox were exerted in almost constant but fruitless opposition to his great rival. His espousing the cause of the French revolution lost him the friendship of Burke. To the war against France he was decidedly hostile. At length, in 1806, he resumed his

situation of secretary of state. But his constitution was now broken, and he expired on the 18th of September, in the same year. Before his death, however, he had the happiness of putting an end to the slave trade; an object which had for many years been nearest to his heart. The wisdom of Fox's political conduct has on some points, been violently impeached, but no one has yet denied the goodness and sweetness of his disposition; so amiable was his temper that to know him was to love him. Of his eloquence one of his panegyrists justly observes that, 'plain, nervous, energetic, vehement, it simplified what was complicate, it unraveled what was entangled, it cast light upon what was obscure, and through the understanding it forced its way to the heart. It came home to the sense and feelings of the hearer; and, by a secret irresistible charm, it extorted the assent of those who were most unwilling to be convinced.' His literary compositions consist of some excellent Greek, Latin, and English verses; a few papers in the *Englishman*: A Letter to the Electors of Westminster; and A history of the early Part of the Reign of James the Second.

MISCELLANY.

Love, Death and Reputation.

AN APOLOGUE.

BY RICHARD PENN SMITH.

Upon a time, Love, Death and Reputation entered into a compact to traverse the world together. They came beside a smooth-flowing river, where they paused, for Love had already become weary of his companions and he discovered a shepherdess tending her flocks, on the sunny side of a grassy knoll, on the opposite side of the stream.

'Here let's part for a time,' said Love, 'and I will tarry with that simple girl and her sheep, until you seek me there.'

'She is a favorite of mine,' replied Reputation, 'and I shall certainly soon be there.'

'I mark the spot well,' said Death, 'and trust me, ere long, you shall find me there.'

'I shall await your coming,' said Love to Death, and leaped into a light skiff on the shore of the stream and laughed aloud as he spread his rainbow wings to the breeze. The Shepherdess played merrily on her rural pipe, while from the high hills beyond the grassy knoll, the shrill notes of an huntsman's horn were heard, and suddenly, a stag, pursued by the full mouthed pack, broke cover. Close in the rear, followed the eager huntsman. Love clapped his little wings and shouted, as he beheld the wearied stag shape his course towards the spot where the peaceful sheep were browsing.

Death and Reputation pursued their journey. They had not proceeded far, when

they were overtaken by a warrior armed for the fight. He was clad in royal robes; his turban was overshadowed by flowing plumes, and his gallant steed foamed and champed the bit with impatience.

'Ho! ho!' cried Death, 'thou lookest like my emissary. Whither in such haste?'

'The Moguls and the Persians are in the field,' replied the warrior, 'and I must be there.'

'And what canst thou do without my aid?' said Death, and leaped on behind the warrior, and they dashed madly onward.

'I will meet you there,' said Reputation, meekly; but her voice was lost in the clatter of arms, and the neighing of the steed.

As the sun was descending in the west, Reputation arrived weary and dejected at the field of battle. Every thing denoted that death had not been idle. The Moguls and Persians were strewn in indiscriminate masses over the plain, and as she pursued her search for the plumed warrior, she touched scarcely one of the many thousand human carcasses who had fallen to administer to his ambition. At length she found him, surrounded by heaps of slain. His white plumes and costly robes were torn and soiled with blood. The gallant steed and his rider lay a ghastly spectacle in the pale moonlight, and the figure of death bestrode them with his fatal spear upraised, still dripping in human gore.

'Where have you been loitering so long?' cried Death, 'behold, my work is done, and I am impatient to be gone.'

'I am permitted,' replied Reputation, 'to remain with but few that you have not first visited. This gallant warrior long courted my favors, but the clamorous voices of whole nations drove me violently away. Those voices are now hushed in eternal silence, and I will now fulfil my promise, and linger with him as long as I may.'

'The hyenas and the bird of prey will pay little respect to thy watchfulness,' cried Death.

'But I must see the simple shepherdess on the grassy knoll, where Love awaits my coming. When you have become weary of making a Golgotha your dwelling place, meet us there.'

He arose and departed, and Reputation seated herself on the breast of the dead warrior. When the morning came she was still there, sad and disconsolate, and she continued throughout the following days but as night again approached, she became sickened at the scene of horror, and arose and fled, convinced that she could not long exist in a field of carnage. She had many thousand times visited similar scenes, and endeavored to remain, but her stay had invariably been but a few days and no more.—How brief is the stay of Reputation with both the living and the dead!

Death sought the shepherdess, and he found her alone. Her flock was straying without protection, and her rural pipe lay by her side, silent and neglected.

'Where is Reputation?' demanded death. 'She promised to meet me here.'

The shepherdess hung her head, and replied, 'I have not seen her since Love first came, though, till then, she had been my constant companion from childhood.'

'And where is the huntsman whose jocund horn made the hills speak as if with a voice of life, as we passed but a few days since?'

'He has gone, and I know not whither.'

'And where is Love, with his rainbow wings?'

'He is now flown, too? He promised to remain in this peaceful spot until Death should arrive.'

'He made the same promise to me over and over.'

'And where is the truant boy?'

'I have endeavored to conceal him,' replied the shepherdess, blushing, 'ever since the huntsman deserted me.'

'It is well,' said Death. 'Their promises are lightly made, and as lightly broken, but I never deceive!'

He laid his bony hand upon the pale brow of the shepherdess, and she faded and shrunk like the spring flower when the night frost touches it, and with her last sigh she said—'When Love and Reputation have both left me, what can be more welcome than the touch of Death?'

Death now spied on the opposite side of the stream his two former companions, and immediately joined them, and found they were approaching each other.

'How often,' said Reputation, 'have you, in a moment of levity, driven me with shame from those who have been my choicest care; and by your blandishments and promises, never designed to be fulfilled, destroyed, in one instant, the labor of my hands for years.'

'And how often,' replied Love, laughing, 'have your prudish precepts imposed on me the labor of years, when my task otherwise, would have been but the sport of an hour?'

'And I,' cried Death, 'too frequently thwart the views of both. So forbear your mutual reproaches, and I will take my leave of you. But before I go, I would recommend to you, young Love, quit not Reputation; for if she once leave you, she is so coy a damsel, no wooing on earth will woo her back again; and rest assured, where ever you visit without her, I soon shall follow your footsteps. Away, both of you,' he continued, 'and take up your abode with the young Selim, and the dark-haired Biribi. Years, many years will elapse before I molest your repose there; and even then, when I call to summon the virtuous couple to their last repose, Reputation will



ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Rural Repository.

Solyman Sheik, Prince of the Ogunian Turks.

On, on! my brave and noble steed,
Ere the clouds of night arise,
While yet the glorious orb of day
Lights up the twilight skies.
Thou must bear me from the hordes
That are pressing on my path,
Then speed thee on, my charger
From the foeman's ireful wrath!
Oh! speed thee on—my charger, on!
And bear me o'er the wave—
And bear me from a captive's fate
To freedom or the grave.

Mount Ararat's perpetual snows
Are glimmering in the view,
Beyond my friends and children throng
With fearless hearts and true.
My own Armenia must be won
Ere the night-fall closes in,
They would welcome there the wanderer
From the battle's furious din.
And she, the loved companion,
Let weal or wo betide,
Still watches for our coming,
As erst in youthful pride.

There, there, the troubled waters lie—
Push on my noble steed!
Nay, pant not in thy mid career,
But on with utmost speed.
Let terror for a captive's fate
Its quickening impulse lend,
And bear me o'er the waters wild
To home and kindred friends.
Thou wilt not find a kinder heart
In all the hosts around,
Than mine hath been to thee, my steed,
Then onward, onward, bound!

Unshrinking now they forward rush,
A bold and valiant pair,
The steed, as conscious of his fate,
Snuffs in the evening air;
Yet rushes on with flashing eye
And head erect in pride,
And with a startled plunge he sinks
In the Euphrates' rolling tide
And the clanging sword and spear,
That cleaves the parted wave,
Sounds the last solemn requiem
Upon their watery grave.

C. D.

From the Magazine and Advocate.

Alone with the Dead.

BY MRS. J. H. SCOTT.

I KNEEL beside thee, 'marble-seeming clay,'
Unseen by mortal eye. But dost thou not,
Oh shade of her that was in life so dear,
Look down to this wrong heart?

There is a smile,
A sweet, a placid, heaven-kindling smile,
Upon that angel face. Methinks it is,
Oh spirit blest, the shadow of thy wing,
Tracing soft sunshine on the home which erst

Gave out such noon-tide radiance—a beam
Shed from God's holy altar, which will warm
And renovate at length the prostrate dust,
And mould it into life.

I am alone—

Alone, with death and silence at my side,
And but a flickering lamp-beam to direct
Each wild and dream-like thought. Alone, Oh God!
What visions crowd upon me—tender, sad,
Sublime and beautiful; visions of thee
And of thy creature man. Life's bubbles burst,
Time's sands run slowly out and countless worlds
Are thrown, like slight partitions, into one
Broad boundless heaven of love, whose sun art thou,
Great Parent, and whose sweet melodious air
Is but the harp-like breathings of those hearts,
Kindled in life and death.

And what is death?

I kiss thee, gentle sister; thou art cold
And pale, and hast life's Winter on thy brow,
Its silence on thy lips. But Spring will come,
And thou shalt wear such garlands as the hand
Of time cannot derange.

I will arise

And go with joy about my household cares,
And give my soul to peace; for death is but
A kind and gentle servant who unlocks
With noiseless hand life's flower-encircled door,
To show us those we love.

A Chase at Lebanon.

BY CHARLES F. MUMFORD.

AWAY? away?—the winding horn,
Swells o'er the dew-bright hill;
Through verdant vale and forests borne,
Away!—to hunt at morning dawn,
To cover, all!—and still!

Now mark, the leader cheers the pack,
To scent the dew-clad hill;
Through brier and bush, forward and back,
Panting, they seek the recent track,
Marksmen at cover, still!

Leader, away! the track is found,
The hound howls o'er the hill;
His eager mates repeat the sound,
Madd'ning through woods and planted ground,
At cover, all are still!

Now hold the breath, and bend the ear,
Least other sounds betray;
The fox flies fast, for death is near,
Now, listen, if the cry you hear,
From echo, far away!

They come!—the yelling crew I hear,
Rejoicing in the gale;
Returning swift from forests drear,
Jaded and sad with toil and fear,
The fox runs up the vale!

And now his form the huntman spies,
And lo! debar'd from home,
While death behind 'escape he tries,
To death before he wildly flies,
Unconscious of his doom!

With leveled piece and cautious eyes,
The hunters draw to kill;
The pack pursue with louder cries,
The chase must die ere sun shall rise,
And hark!—the gun!—'tis still!

Poor wretch!—tho' none thy woe bewail,
Let me thy death decry;
And say, 'ere long the passing gale,

Shall whisper through that verdant vale,
Hunter and hound must die!

Sweet Lebanon!—at evening hour,
I mount thy golden hill;
And there thy setting sun adore,
And hear the hound's long howl no more,
But all is calm, and still!

Sweet Lebanon!—when youth is gay,
And life is lovely still;
Hope, like thy sun, lights up our day,
And bursts the morning mists away,
That hang on Glory's hill!

Remembrances.

ORT at the hour when evening throws
Its gathering shades o'er vale and hill,
While half the scene in twilight glows,
And half in sun-light glories still:
The thought of all that we have been,
And hoped and feared on life's long way—
Remembrances of joy and pain,
Come mingling with the close of day.

The distant scene of Youth's bright dream,
The smiling green, the rustling tree;
The murmur of the grass-fringed stream,
The bounding of the torrent free—
The friend whose tender voice no more
Shall sweetly thrill the listening ear,
The glow that Love's first vision wore,
And Disappointment's pangs—are here.

But soft o'er each reviving scene
The chast'ning hues of Memory spread:
And smiling each dark thought between,
Hope softens every tear we shed.
O thus, when Death's long night comes on,
And its dark shades around me lie,
May parting beams from Memory's sun
Blend softly in my evening sky!

Business and Address Cards

BEAUTIFULLY PRINTED

WITH DIFFERENT COLORED, OR BLACK INK,
AT THIS OFFICE.**A. STODDARD,****Printer, Bookseller & Stationer,**

No. 135, Cor. of Warren and Third Sts. Hudson,

Has constantly for sale, at his Bookstore, a general assortment of School Books now in use, which will be sold on the lowest terms; also, a great variety of Miscellaneous Books, Bibles of all sizes, Blank Books, Writing, Letter and Wrapping Paper, Lawyers and Justices' Blanks, Writing and Printing Ink, Shaker Garden Seeds, School Certificates, Toy Books, Pictures, Stationery, &c. &c. which will be sold as reasonable as at any other store in the city.

Cash paid for Clean Cotton and Linen Rags.

Almanacks for 1837.

Stoddard's Diary or Columbia Almanack, and Comic Almanacks, for sale wholesale and retail, at
A. STODDARD'S Bookstore.

THE RURAL REPOSITORY,

IS PUBLISHED EVERY OTHER SATURDAY, AT HUDSON, N. Y. BY
Wm. B. Stoddard.

It is printed in the Quarto form, and will contain twenty-six numbers of eight pages each, with a title page and index to the volume.

TERMS.—One Dollar per annum in advance, or One Dollar and Fifty Cents, at the expiration of three months from the time of subscribing. Any person, who will remit as Five Dollars, free of postage, shall receive six copies, and any person, who will remit us Ten Dollars, free of postage, shall receive twelve copies, and one copy of either of the previous volumes. No subscriptions received for less than one year. All the back numbers furnished to new subscribers.

All orders and Communications must be post paid, to receive attention by Google



DEVOTED TO POLITE LITERATURE, SUCH AS MORAL AND SENTIMENTAL TALES, ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS, BIOGRAPHY, TRAVELING SKETCHES, AMUSING MISCELLANY, HUMOROUS AND HISTORICAL ANECDOTES, SUMMARY, POETRY, &c.

VOL. XII.—[IV. NEW SERIES.]

HUDSON, N. Y. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1836.

NO. 11.

SUBJECT TALES.

From the Saturday Evening Post.

The Spirit of the Potomac.

— Methinks I see them yet,
In their frolic mirth, their young delights,
Their cheerful age.—How sweet to hear
Their tale of sorrows past! and with
Their hope of years to come.—*Asen.*

THE Warbridge farm and Stanwood house are two places amongst the many I have visited in my younger days, to which I still delight to carry my grey head. Forty years have imprinted their furrows on my brow, and changed men and nations, since Warbridge superseded the primeval woods of the Potomac, Ellis and Eliza Stanwood, with their only child Juliana, fixed themselves on this spot, since endeared by so many recollections. Cultivation, directed by some share of taste and aided by some wealth, soon gave Stanwood farm, or as its owners choose to name it, Warbridge, the aspect of a flourishing settlement.

Those poets, philosophers, or politicians, who speak so confidently of the moderation of our rural patriarchs, show in that, as in many other cases, how very little they understand of human nature. Let any of those inspired poets or sages perambulate our country with their eyes and ears open, and he will find that Napoleon, in the day of his power, never more earnestly longed for a slice of territory from each of his neighbors, than do our plain-going husbandmen for every parcel of soil, good or bad, which touches their limits.

Ellis Stanwood put theories to shame, and acted as all men act, when enabled so to act, by appropriating to himself every spot of earth he could obtain. In executing his ambitious projects, Ellis, however, imitated Penn and Calvert, rather than Napoléon. This shrewd farmer fitted the means to the end, and all his days insisted that debt was any thing else than a blessing.

As far as Stanwood farm extended along the Potomac, the face of nature was reformed. A fine bold mountainous stream crossed the fields, and was lost in the Potomac on the

meadow margin. A grist and saw mill had formed the nucleus of a cotton factory, and at the epoch of our eventful drama, Warbridge was a scene active, busy and noisy. Something like a village rose as the cottages of the work people increased; but it was the more picturesque from all disregard of plan. Stanwood house occupied a globular swell, which afforded from the balcony a sweep of vision over the whole farm, much of the vicinity, and had for back ground the Cococin mountain.

Debt and slavery were two things equally eschewed by Ellis Stanwood. His maxim was, that the employer and the employed ought to have an equal right of dismissal.

The houses of his tenantry of laborers, dotted the flats and banks: and neat, clean, and nice, amid their garden grounds, very pleasantly decorated the picture. Amongst these adjuncts to the great canvass, the old mill was the most interesting to those who took delight rather in the ancient and plain, than in the modern and gaudy. It rose black, rough, and solid from the creek, and reposing on a bank of rocks, seemed to frown upon the painted cottages around.

'Here stands the nursing mother of my estate,' often said Ellis Stanwood, as he pointed to the old mill; 'and above her head, on that bank, stands the palace of my prime minister.'

That prime minister was Ambrose Burleigh, the miller. Ambrose was a little, round made, very strong, active, merry, reflecting, and truly honest man. The monarch of Warbridge and his minister had now held their respective stations nearly twenty years—a phenomenon not often found in large monarchies; and what added to the wonder, Ellis and Ambrose had never in one instance differed in opinion respecting any proposed measure of policy, and of course their affairs prospered.

Ellis, in the language of the world, had a very commanding person adorned by an excellent education; but in the language of good sense, Ambrose had received a still better education. When the master was reading

Tacitus, the man was directing their grist affairs with unerring aim. These well suited friends, for such they were in reality, were alike in another circumstance—they were both fathers of only children.

Juliana Stanwood, now in her thirteenth year, was a beautiful, playful, and joyous child, though perhaps in mind and manners rather too much approaching the masculine. Blithe as a meadow lark, and frank as the air she breathed, little Juliana had already exhibited some of those lights and shades of character which come into such powerful contrast in after life. Affectionate and kind, but if provoked by any wilful injury, the remembrance of the act grew with her years. Already entered on her regular education in the native city of her mother, Philadelphia, it was not always even in vacation that she returned to Warbridge; but when she did return, no squirrel ever skipped more briskly over the cedar-clothed shores of the Potomac.

Amongst the sons of Warbridge, the two most remarkable were Elias Lampert, son of the minister of the gospel whose congregation included the parents of Juliana, and the majority of the other inhabitants of Warbridge; and George Burleigh, only child of Ambrose Burleigh, the miller.

Juliana had already received the title of the Spirit of the Potomac, and of all those of her young acquaintance who hailed the periodical return of the Spirit, none avowed their joy so openly as Elias and George. Nature in all her freaks had perhaps never presented face to face two human beings in temper and principles less alike. Elias was dark, insinuating, deceitful, and naturally cold and cruel. George was open, generous, and kind, and yet headstrong and violent. Elias, in the village school, was steady, studious and prying. George was the reverse. The one avoided blows himself, but secured them to others; the other was punished for every one's faults as well as his own. The one was punctual in attendance, whilst the other, once a week at least, was truant amongst the hills of the Potomac.

On the day of examination the application

of Elias could with difficulty sustain him against the genius of his rival. Two such minds, boys or men, could never be brought into opposition without emulation leading to actual enmity; and consequently, before either of the heroes of Warbridge had seen his seventeenth birth day, a determined hostility had been formed between them—a hatred too solidly based on their respective characters to admit abatement.

The Spirit of the Potomac, in the ripening form of Juliana Stanwood, far from being an angel of peace, was, on the contrary, a genius of mischief between the doughty aspirants to her favor. Elias, in the dawn of their competition, had every common advantage. He was full cousin to Juliana, and his father was rich. Poor George had only sincerity of heart to counterbalance poverty; yet, from some cause or caprice, George at once gained the vantage ground. Juliana, in her artless candor, regarded her cousin with something like contempt.—George was her champion.

Time had not come when their parents thought of interference, but time had come when they ought to have interfered, or could do so without producing ten thousand times more harm than good.

The sports of the young, from lisping childhood to the moment when the cares of advancing life are planting thorns, I have always beheld with real pleasure, and shared in preference to the more solemn mockery of joy acted by men and women. I was then younger by many a tedious year than I am now, and was sojourning in Warbridge, when the blooming Juliana came to glad the village. It was New Year's day, and one of those bland winter days best described to an American reader as an Indian Summer. The main road along the Potomac passed the mill stream of Warbridge, over a substantial wooden bridge resting on stone pillars. This structure rose from the mill dam to twenty-five feet, and was indeed amongst the wonders of Warbridge. Here, as the eventful new year's day drew to a close, the young group, with laughing glee, had, without any premeditated design, met, and were making themselves heard to no small distance.

George Burleigh had been, very unwillingly on his own part, called away by his father but was hanging back, down the sloping hill from his father's house to the bridge, when a violent scream and the name of Juliana gave him wings. By some folly of her cousin, she had stepped backwards, and coming against a decayed part of the railing, it broke, and she was plunged down the dreadful height into the dam. George in a moment, with all his clothes, was in also, and ready to receive the struggling girl as she rose. He maintained his presence of mind, disregarding the maddening noise from above, and though very

near the pitch, succeeded in bearing himself and charge to a bush, from which they were taken in a pleasure skiff, happily lying above the bridge.

The time occupied by the accident and rescue was not five minutes, but it was sufficient to bring all Warbridge to the scene of action. As George, all dripping, saw his favorite in safety, and conveyed alive by her friends towards her home, he ejaculated a fervent thanksgiving, but his religious exercises was abridged by hearing one of the boys angrily observing, 'Elias Lampert, it would have been your fault if Juliana had been drowned.'

George no sooner heard the charge, than his natural impetuosity of temper burst all bonds, and first casting a glance of lightning on the culprit, and making a tyger spring, a still more fatal accident occurred, though a number of very active young men were now present. But so rapid was the act, it defied all interruption. Elias, who knew the desperation and very superior strength of his enemy, shrunk from the contest and fled towards his father, who was at no great distance. The flight and pursuit was between a pale fence and the edge of the precipice over the dam. In this perilous path the feet of Elias lost balance, and he was precipitated over the bank direct above the pitch, down which he was carried, and would have been followed by George, if the maddened youth had not been forcibly prevented by a young man, who at great personal risk succeeded in arresting him at the moment he was preparing to make the fearful plunge.

Elias Lampert was given up for lost, and the screams and cries of his parent and sisters were piercing the air; but his days were not numbered. The force of the pitch hurled him into the eddies below, where he was spied by a lame soldier, who had lost a leg at Fort Meigs in the last war, and who was prevented by lameness from reaching the crowd at the bridge. Being a good swimmer, Ben Winter threw himself into the water and with some difficulty brought Elias to the shore.

The attention of the little world of Warbridge was now drawn to three points—some attended the very little injured Juliana; a second party, headed by two doctors or surgeons, were assembled in the cabin of Ben Winter, employed in what they all regarded a desperate attempt to recover Elias Lambert; but the third and largest body followed and guarded the now too late reflecting George, to the office of Caleb Horsegrain, Esq. under no lighter charge than that of wilful and malicious murder.

On the present, as on many more important occasions, the worst consequences were averted by the presence of mind of one man of

sense. That man was Ambrose Burleigh, the miller. The natural course for the father would have been to follow his son to Horsegrain's office, but sound reflection told him, that all depended on the breath of Elias, and he sped to the soldier's cabin, and arrived there at the very moment when his own distracted relations and the two graduates had given up young Lampert as irrecoverably drowned, and as Ben Winter was heartily cursing the whole faculty, and as he was perseveringly chafing the breast and arms of the body.

Ambrose had himself been a soldier had met danger, and felt that the fate of his forward boy depended on that of the apparently lifeless form before him. The extreme danger gave him calmness, and gently pushing aside one of the surgeons, seized the arm of Elias, which he held a moment, and then peremptorily ordered one of the young surgeons to use his lancet. He was obeyed, but the abortive attempts staggered the hopes of Ambrose and those of the intrepid Ben Winter. But as Ben exclaimed, 'My God, he is really gone,' a fourth stroke of the lancet brought blood and a faint groan.

'Oh, my child and the child of my neighbor are saved.' The heart of Ambrose was too gratefully full to say more, but his care and exertions remained unabated until Elias out of all danger was resigned to his family. Ambrose then hastened to the justice's office. The resuscitation of Elias was announced in the hall of justice, however, before the arrival of the miller. The news had been carried by lame Ben Winter; who, as soon as he saw the breath of life restored to Elias, cursed him for a snuffing young hypocrite, and stumped away to release his favorite George.

Caleb Horsegrain had been only a few months inducted into office, had not until the catastrophe we are relating, been favored with a capital case; and that case being afforded by a youth whose genius for mischief had been exercised more than once to the annoyance of elder Caleb, for he was also an elder in the church, justice was never administered with a more portly appearance of dignity. A swift messenger was dispatched for the Coroner, and the magistrate merged in the preacher, was delivering a terrific lecture to the indignant George, who was fondly endeavoring to soothe the fears of his almost heart-broken mother, but all parties were interrupted by the not very light tread of Ben Winter's crutch, as the sentence of 'infamous death,' came in cruel cadence on the mother's heart.

'Halt,' in a voice which would have reached the extreme wings of a regiment in cannonade, stopped the man of law and gospel, and was followed by 'He that was born to be hanged will never be drowned,' and the utterly

unrestrainable laugh of the audience. The invincible Horsegrain was almost discomposed when the father and husband rushed in and bore away in triumph his wife and son, amid the tumult carried to its height by the antics and severe and bitter taunts of the rough but strong minded Ben Winter.

So passed in Warbridge the first day of January, 18—. The second was ushered in by heavy clouds and a chill dense atmosphere. The exposure and excited feelings of George were too severe for even his frame, and next morning he was raving in a high fever. With all the watchfulness of parental care he merely escaped death to be an orphan. The original shock and attention to their child proved fatal, and the birds of spring found the friendless George weeping over the graves of his parents, and without a kindred hand to guide him in the world.

Three friends he had, but they were feeble to serve. The first, in order of time, was Ben Winter, who had nursed him when a child; one was myself, a loose fragment on the stream of life; and the other, was the yet infant Juliana Stanwood. Her parents were people of the world; smiles and smiles only were the return he received for saving their only child. But, if the orphan had no efficient friends, he had enemies in power.

Squire Horsegrain had been deprived of the reputation of a prophet, by the escape of Elias and George, and now sought that of a charitable saint, by endeavoring to procure indentures on George. The object of his charity being rather ungrateful, disappointed his benevolence once more, by taking the benefit of a moon-light night and dry roads, and left myself, little Juliana, and Ben Winter, to weep, and the tender hearted squire and his equally generous friend, the Rev. David Lampert, to lament the lost youth.

It was on the very evening before his elopement, that Juliana arrived at her father's house, and I was, next morning, sitting at their table, when the departure of George was announced to Ellis and Eliza Stanwood. Something, perhaps conscience, flushed the cheeks of the parents, but worldly morality checked the feelings of nature, as the responded 'Wretched lost boy.'

My conclusions were to never again cross the threshold of Stanwood House, and I was rising to bid adieu to the region of frost, when the daughter rose also, and exclaimed, 'Would you not have been childless if it had not been for the persecuted George?' This admitted no answer, and the distressed girl rushed to her own room as, 'They have driven my brother to perish!' burst from her swelling bosom.

The common occurrences of life soon silenced observation on George Burleigh, and his name merged in the atoms of human

attention, which, taken up, are looked at, and then thrown down and forgotten. In a few weeks after his departure, I took mine, and fourteen years passed, before I again revisited Warbridge.

Ever since my arrival in America, I had enjoyed the friendship of the Lawngrove family, and on one of my visits to New York, in 182—, I found Mr. Lawngrove and family at their elegant residence in that city. A splendid fortune was in the hands of Mr. Lawngrove, not to be spent, but used; and his interesting family were indulged in every enjoyment that the customs of the United States admitted. A party, as they modestly called it, but, in reality, a splendid ball, was given on Washington's birthnight.

My old weather-beaten face was lost in a corner, from where I could see without being seen, and I was very composedly examining the different groups as they entered. Many passed as every-day figures, but at length a gentleman and lady entered, whose appearance drew all eyes upon them, and you may suppose mine, when they were announced as Colonel George Burleigh and Mrs. Juliana Burleigh. He was dressed in the full and very imposing uniform of a Columbian Colonel of cavalry, and never did I before conceive the full perfection of the human form, and his companion seemed to have been created for his counterpart.

In features, as well as dress, their aspect was foreign; both were deeply embrowned by a southern sun. The discrepancy between their name and costume, connected with the remembrance of Warbridge, threw me into a perplexing train of thought. My eye, with every other eye in the room, followed the strangers; but my recollections were taxed in vain, and I was giving up the subject, as one of those casual coincidences which excite wonder merely from rarity of occurrence, when, to my astonishment, the principal object of my curiosity, advanced in a careless manner, and sat down beside me, where, having first made some unimportant remarks, turned suddenly towards me, and handing a card, observed, 'We must have met before, but, whether or not, I would be glad to see you at my own house—this is no place for explanation—We breakfast at ten precisely.' Then changing the subject, the little nothings of the evening passed, and the company separated.

With much awakened interest, I, next morning, about half after nine, followed the directions of my card, and soon found myself in elegant furnished lodgings in the upper part of Broadway. Without being kept a moment waiting, an inner door opened, and Colonel Burleigh advanced with open arms, leading me to a sofa, sat down beside me, and regarding me a moment earnestly exclaimed,

'No! there is no mistake—I am not very liable to forget either friends or enemies.'

Here the side door again opened, and Mrs. Burleigh appeared in an elegant morning dress; but seeing so plain a figure as it appeared, so unexpected a visitor, she seemed to hesitate, and exposed me to some embarrassment. All was quickly set to rights by the ready soldier, by an introduction characteristic of himself.

'Mr. Bancroft, for Bancroft it is—this is the little fish you once saw drawn from the mill-pond at Warbridge—and, my Juliana, this is one of the few who heaved a sigh of humanity when orphan George was driven from the banks of the Potomac.'

'If my heart had harbored doubt, it must have vanished, as I was thanked for my poor services in a few broken words, and in language ten thousand times more intelligible, from the moist eyes of Juliana.'

'The breakfast was delicious, though the memory of long-gone years deprived us all of much appetite for the viands before us. Rising from the table, Burleigh seized me by the hand, exclaiming, 'Mr. Bancroft, can you give us a few days, we have much to relate?'

'My business must be very pressing,' I replied, 'to draw me from such society.'

'Alone!' then joyously exclaimed the soldier, 'we, this day, set out for Philadelphia; in our own carriage, and our old friend will, indeed, be an addition!'

'His horses were soon ready, and passing my lodgings, we were quickly and rapidly whirling over New Jersey, and a most delightful two days ride brought us into the city of Philadelphia, where, as we drove up to the front of an elegant house, a fine well dressed, but one legged attendant, made his appearance.

'You know that gentleman?' said the Colonel, laughing. I did, indeed, at once, recognize the manly face, though the almond tree had blossomed, and the recollections of Ben Winter were as retentive as mine. When reaching his hand to help me from the carriage, he stood a moment, and ejaculated, 'Mr. Bancroft, by the thirteen stars.'

'We are here,' said the Colonel, 'only birds of passage,' as we sat down to supper, 'in a day or two we set out for Warbridge. I have promised you a history, but it is only on the Potomac that I can feel the proper inspiration to do justice to the narrative.'

Ten days closed their business in Philadelphia, and half as many more brought us about ten in the morning in sight of the silvery surface and broken banks of the Potomac, and in a few minutes more we were whirled over the memorable bridge, and through Warbridge to Stanwood House. Once more I found myself in the very room where, fourteen years before, I heard the emphatic

words, 'Would you not have been childless, if it had not been for the persecuted George?'

Now stood before me in all the dignity of maturity, in grace, health, and evident prosperity; the interrogator and object, united to each other in the most holy of all human connexions. The demand poured from my heart, 'Can this be real?'

'As real, old friend,' most warmly replied Colonel Burleigh, 'as these hearts and this house are truly open to the man who stood our friend in the day of need.' Then turning to his wife, jocosely observed, 'Juliana, while our dinner is preparing, we must sit down, and by a short history of ourselves, explain what appears so much to astonish this old philosopher.'

Never did a historian secure a more attentive audience. If I listened with interest to the narrative, so did Juliana, with ten-fold more interest. To her, the circumstances which made her the happy wife of the hero, could never be a too oft told tale.

'You know, friend Bancroft,' said the Colonel, casting at the same time a significant glance on the face of Juliana, 'that the present company, and old Ben Winter excepted, few sighs were breathed after the fugitive George; and I may say with safety, that when I rose you hill and looked back on Warbridge, the present company, composed, with the same exception, all it contained for which I sighed. I was old enough to know, that the farther I was on my way by next sun rising, the better for myself. To my friends I was a source of distress, and I had no desire to renew my acquaintance with either Squire Horsegrain or his compeer, the Rev. Mr. Lampert. With the lights of heaven for my companions, I traveled on, and at day-light of the seventh day, the spires of Philadelphia appeared at the same time. In that city I had never been before, but expected that, at that early hour, few doors were open. I sat down under a tree, and while eating my only morsel, called all my reflections into counsel. As the sun rose and exposed the face of nature, the following rules of conduct were formed:—

'To avoid in the world before me, all gambling, and company of every description, the character of which, I either had cause to disprove, or with which I was not perfectly acquainted; to seek employment, and diligently follow that employment, and to labor with a moral as well as pecuniary view.

'From these rules I have never swerved, and with health, they were all I possessed on entering Philadelphia. I had not one penny on earth, Squire Horsegrain and some others had taken sufficient care of my money.

'Slowly proceeding down Seventh street, my eye caught in Filbert, a watch-maker's sign. I halted, gazed on the sign, reflected a moment, and turning into Filbert, entered

the shop. Early as it was, there sat behind his bench, very intently at work, an old man, very meanly clad, excessively meagre, and, perhaps, for a month unwashed and unshaven. His deep set, small, but keen gray eyes, were fixed on the lad before him. Forbidding as were the man's looks, I applied for work. In very broken English, he demanded of me what I could do, giving me, at the same time, a seat beside him, continuing his work, but listening attentively, he heard my short tale told and retold, until his imperfect knowledge of English was supplied by repetition.

'I had finished, and had been several minutes in anxious silence, from which I was relieved by the old man at length hastily laying down his tools and turning quick upon me, demanded in a sharp tone, 'is that all true?' It is probable, that, if I had faltered a moment, that the whole tenor of my life would have been different, but as I had really told the truth, I answered mildly and firmly, 'It is all truth.'

'The muscles of the old man's face relaxed, he smiled, and led me into an inner room, which I found was his bed-room, kitchen, and library. He there gave me a detail, which, when translated into plain English, amounted to this—'You stay with me, George—I hope you will be an honest good boy. Every one I have hired has, in some way or other, done me more harm than service. I am a poor old Spaniard, a watch-maker, or watch-mender, as you see. I am called Gaspar Silvano—am alone, you will be my friend if you choose.'

'When the hasty connection was formed with old Silvano, I was advancing towards seventeen, and remained with him four years and some months, and if there was ever two men attached to each other, they were Silvano, the uncouth watch-maker, and the mad youth, George Burleigh. His manners were soured, and his personal appearance to the world's eye disgusting; but to me, he was more and more kind, until I was to him, indeed a son. In the third year I could speak, read, and write Spanish with ease. Silvano spoke no language well but his own; the English, he could not even read with any great accuracy; the French, he read, and fully comprehended.

'Silvano seemed to shun the world; and as soon as I had so far gained his confidence as to be trusted, I did nearly all his out-door business, and for months he would not go once into the street. At his trade he was a master and realized by it, sufficient for his frugal habits. Me he clothed decently, and, by his advice, I, every Sunday, attended the church of my own choice. For creed, Silvano cared nothing. To keep me from company, in the vulgar meaning of the term, he had no trouble—I had a guardian spirit at my elbow—

in my heart, which protected me from every improper association.

'That angel was my little sister Juliana. Never did any Quixote form an image in his mind, in the human form and clothe it with attributes more divine, than did the young silver-smith. An impure idea was checked by the reflection, that it rose in the same heart where my Juliana sat watching my every thought. You smile, but the most extravagant idea is yet to come. Directly opposite the watch-maker's shop stood a decent, indeed a rather splendid house, and coming out and entering it, I observed a fine aerial form, about the age of Juliana—this young lady served me as a model to watch the changes that time must make in my beloved.

'Thus days, months and years passed, and with their flight my prudence went with them, as my feelings gained strength. The time was in reality approaching when I must have been carried back to Warbridge, had not a very unforeseen event turned my steps in a different direction.

'In the eighth month of my fourth year with Silvano, I was one day busily employed at my bench in the shop when a gentleman, in appearance a foreigner, very richly clad, entered, observing that he had accidentally dropped his watch and broke the crystal, and requesting me to repair the mischief. I had placed in my hand a superb piece set with brilliants, and was on the point of fitting it with a crystal, when Silvano burst from the inner chamber, and throwing up the folding lid of the counter, seized the stranger and dragged him into the recess. Confounded by an act so unexpected, I was hastening to follow, when Silvano very coolly requested me to hand him the watch I had received from the stranger. I obeyed in silence, but with extreme anxiety.

'The stranger had staggered or rather fallen into a chair, with eyes set in terror on Silvano, who with well composed, but bitter rage, demanded—'Cyril de Toro, dost thou know me?'

'But de Toro was in no condition to answer by words, nor was that necessary. His horror-struck visage gave answer, as the question was repeated with the following addition—'Yes, de Toro, you too well know the man you have so many years robbed of family, home, fortune, character, and even this dear to me as it was the gift of your—but no villain, not your sister: she could not be of your blood. Yes, you too well know Gaspar Silvano, of Tudela.'

'During this address de Toro remained frozen to the seat; he scarcely breathed, nor had he much time to regain the use of his scattered senses, as Silvano, with increasing severity, continued:—'Cyril, thou once claimed a place here, pointing to his

heart, as the brother of my murdered Clotilda, and her spirit now hovers to save thee. Where are my papers?"

"On board my vessel," at length breathed Cyril.

"Restore them."

"I am willing," faltered Cyril.

"This very instant, then, restore them—we can go with thee," said Silvano, who, turning to me, observed—bring us our bosom friends, George.

"The bosom friends I knew to be two brace of excellent pistols, were in as excellent order. I brought them, and we were on the point of sallying forth, when a fiendish grin from Cyril caught the eye of Silvano who once more jerked him into the inner room, exclaiming, not so fast, villain. George, bring pen, ink and paper. Cyril de Toro, write an order on your principal officer to deliver those papers to this young man, or by—don't start, wretch, your brains are safe—but, by heaven and earth, justice shall be done to either you or me, before the sun sets on this day."

"It was evident that, from some cause I could not then penetrate, de Toro was completely in the power of his opponent. The order was given with as much despatch as agitated nerves would admit; and in about an hour I returned with a double though small trunk. Seeing me enter, Silvano smiled—but such a smile. 'George, look to that,' pointing with a nod of his order to Cyril, and at the same time very deliberately opening the trunk.

[Concluded in our next.]

BIOGRAPHY.

From the Literary Enquirer.

George Wythe.

BY J. L. LEWIS, JR.

It is a remark of that elegant writer, Dr. Knox, that the law reminded one of a Gothic edifice, which time has consecrated, and to which, although it was irregular and misshapen, no one would think of giving a modern cast. This remark seems to be true in every particular, and the observer is induced to exclaim with the poet, 'How reverend seems the face of his tall pile.' The solemnity and awe which fill the mind, upon contemplating the structure, is naturally conveyed to its ministers, and the respect and admiration with which we look upon a dignified and upright judge, is a surer protection than all the panoply of his guards and attendant ministers. We hang upon his accents as upon the breathings of an oracle; and we regard his frowns and rebuke as more terrific than the lightnings and thunder of the fabled Jupiter. The guardian of our dearest rights, and the dispenser of equal and exact justice, has a

claim upon our affections, which obloquy cannot shake, nor jarring passions obliterate; and we regard him rather as an indulgent parent, than one elevated above us by official station. Of all the patriots of the revolution, pure and incorruptible as they were, and venerated as they were, and venerated as they may have been, there is no one who has juster or stronger claims upon our esteem, than the upright, impartial and venerable Chancellor Wythe, the Aristides of America, in whose breast there glowed, not only the warmest and most disinterested love for his country, but the purest philanthropy. The father of the orphan, the protector of the widow, and the guardian of the helpless, by virtue of his office, he entered as warmly into their concerns as if there had been a nearer and dearer tie and bond of union between them; and none applied to him for relief whose just claims were denied. The blessings of the people smoothed the decline of the patriarch, and added softness to his nightly pillow.

George Wythe, the Chancellor of Virginia, was born in this state, in the year 1726 of a respectable but not affluent family, and was nurtured in the very lap of science; for his mother has been represented to be a lady possessed of uncommon endowments and strength of mind—one who watched, not only over the physical but moral improvement of her child, and who regarded his advancement in knowledge, with all the tender solicitude of a mother. Her mind was one of no common order; she infused its strength and vigor into his, and gave a practical commentary on the advantages of female education more striking than the precepts of a volume. She habituated herself to converse fluently with him in the Latin language, and he might be said to be a classical scholar from his very cradle. Beyond this however he had few of those advantages which the students and illustrious men of the old world have possessed, and which our thousand literary institutions now present;—his education was limited to reading, writing, and a knowledge of arithmetic. His earliest friend, and guide and instructor, his mother, died in his boyhood, and George Wythe, before he had attained his majority, was destitute and an orphan. Without a friend to direct his steps or to counsel him as to the course he should pursue, it is not surprising that he should have plunged into all the vices and dissipation of youth. But a mind like his could not always be obscured by this moral darkness; and the sparkling of the diamond could still be perceived despite the surrounding rubbish. At the age of thirty the chains which had bound him were broken, the sleeper was awakened from his slumbers, and he was a regenerated and disenthralled man. By intense and close application to study he redeemed the time he

had wasted, but he never ceased lamenting the loss of the most valuable and useful part of his life. He mastered the Greek and Latin languages without an instructor, and applied himself to the study of the law, in the office of a Mr. Lewis, whose daughter he subsequently married. His professional career was marked by all of those ennobling traits which distinguish the man of judgment, talents and integrity, and his rise at the bar was steady and sure. He never could admire that feeling which prompted the skilful advocate to defend an unjust cause, and he was never enlisted on the side of dishonesty or baseness. So punctually scrupulous was he on this point, that he would choose to either hear the testimony of witnesses himself, or to take the affidavit of his client to the truth of his story. Those were days of Arcadian simplicity and innocence, when might could not prevail over justice, nor the strong arm of the oppressor, nor the wily cunning of the knave, defeat its ends. Without wishing to cast an imputation on a profession which is loaded with much undeserved reproach and stale slander, it is to be wished that such was now the prevailing state of things, and that lawyers should be a little scrupulous in espousing the cause of their clients, without being satisfied that their claims were just or their pleas meritorious. They would render themselves the guardians of the spirit of the laws which they profess to expound; the conservators of the public tranquillity, and the promoters of human happiness. Mr. Wythe took an early, and an active stand in the difficulties with the mother country, and though he swayed not the thunderbolt, nor wielded the shafts of vengeance, yet the cool, calm steadiness and firmness of Wythe achieved, what the impetuosity of Henry could never accomplish. Yet his whole soul was with the cause in which he was enlisted, and though emphatically a 'man of peace,' yet he was active in raising a company of volunteers to assist in guarding his country's rights, and associated with his illustrious friend and pupil Jefferson, he boldly stood forth the advocate of liberty and freedom. But it was not the destiny of Wythe to fight his country's battles. Previous to the war he was chosen where his services were most needed, and the weight of his influence was most deeply felt, in the legislature of his native state, of which dignified and illustrious body he was the most efficient member, and was chosen speaker of the house of Burgesses, the duties of which station were discharged, as might be expected, from a man of his excellent character. The day of trial at length arrived and Mr. Wythe was deputed to Congress, and was of that immortal body who declared themselves 'free and independent,' and one who sanctioned the high-minded pledge which they gave to the world with his

name. In November, on that memorable year, he was appointed to the task as one of the committee of revising the laws of Virginia. The manner in which that committee discharged the trust is emblazoned on the pages of our nation's history, as it struck a deep blow at the root of those aristocratical institutions which were then our inheritance, and promoted essentially the cause of liberty and equal rights throughout the world; and it is engraven on the tomb-stone of one of that committee, as the highest tribute which can be paid to his memory, that he was 'author of the statutes for religious freedom in Virginia.' They abolished the right of primogeniture, converted estates tail into fee simple, and gave the first impetus to those changes which destroy the dominion of the monarchs of the old world in America forever. In June, 1779, they completed their labors, and although they failed in their proposed system of education and melioration of the code of punishment, yet their services will ever be felt and gratefully remembered. Under the new system, Mr. Wythe was appointed a Judge of equity, and subsequently Chancellor, which he filled till his death, in June, 1816. So limited was his salary during the greater period of that time, that he was forced to accept of the law professorship in Williams and Mary college, to increase the means of livelihood; for it could not be supposed that he who had never fattened on the spoils of iniquity, nor shared the plunder of the unwary and unsuspecting, should be rich. He was a member of the Virginia convention, which adopted the federal constitution, and to which he gave his warm support, and he twice presided over the college of electors and gave a republican vote, it being once his fortune to vote for his former pupil and steady friend, Thomas Jefferson.

Such is a succinct and brief account of the life and services of George Wythe. But let not the historian here drop his pen. It is the province of the biographer, not merely to detail facts, but to furnish examples worthy of imitation, and the example of Wythe is rife with instruction. We mark his promising boyhood and rejoice in the brilliancy of the prospect. Sterner manhood arrives, the aspect is dreary, and the brow is clouded with sorrow. The rising sun of genius, which gave promise to a glorious day, is enshrouded in gloom. But the soul cannot rest in this torpor; it aspires to a higher and better state of existence. He burst the bonds which confined him, and achieved a more triumphant victory than that of any conqueror: it was a victory over himself—It was the triumph of the intellect over the passions—a triumph which elevated him at once from the depths of sorrow and degradation, to the station which he so proudly and ably filled.

It is such victories which raise the standard of human character and exalts one above the common herd. An Alexander may prevail by means of mere physical superiority; but the self conquerer deserves a like crown of laurels, and a yet higher meed of praise, for his are more fierce, persevering and relentless enemies—his own vices and faults. Bitterly as he lamented the loss and misapplication of his earlier years, yet his close and persevering attention to the business of his profession, and his exemplary and useful life, redeemed his earliest faults and follies. To the young man, who too eager in the pursuit of pleasure, has contracted dissipated habits, the story of Wythe is all worthy of imitation. He may, by one vigorous effort—one exertion of his will, become an ornament to society. No one enjoyed a more unblemished reputation, and to his plain abstemious manners and inward peace of mind, may be attributed his green old age and his long continued usefulness. As a man of benevolent and philanthropic feelings, Howard himself scarcely surpassed our distinguished American—and it was his constant endeavor to alleviate human sufferings, and promote human happiness. But it is on the discharge of his duties as a judge and chance that the solid basis of his reputation is founded, and he stands in that respect upon an eminence to which we look up with feelings of admiration and veneration. Elevated above the storms and tempests to which the lives of great men are too often subject, he stood like the snow capped peak of some lofty mountain, an object of profound respect and attention, superior to earth and emulous of its native Heaven.—He sought not the praise of men, nor the empty applause of the crowd, but seemed only intent upon rendering to every man that which was due. The guilty trembled at the bar of his judgment seat, and the innocent rejoiced in a protector powerful, more by the weight of an unimpeachable character, than by the law's array with which he was surrounded. When he pronounced judgment, none murmured at his decisions, for their judge was inflexibly just. Although surpassed by many other legal worthies in facility and despatch of business, yet he heard patiently, and decided promptly and correctly, and seemed anxious to have nothing unheard that would elicit truth. He was no friend to the ingenuity which would 'make the worse appear the better cause,' nor to genius which would sell itself for base purposes. In his charges and fees he was more moderate than a due attention to his own interests required, and he was never known to accept a solitary cent while at the bar for any service beyond the ordinary and legal cost. He was, indeed, the model of a just judge—one, to use the language of an impassioned orator 'before the

splendor of whose genius and virtues men bow with respectful deference.' The annals of the old world may produce judges of equal sanctity of character, but none so happy in his life and death. His memory is dear indeed to the profession, and it is firm as the adamantine rocks which surround our country.

MISCELLANY.

The Consumptive.

BY E. L. BULWER.

ONE bright day in June as I was sitting alone in my room, I was suddenly roused from my reverie by a sharp sudden pain that shot through my breast, and when it left me I fainted away. I was a little alarmed by this circumstance, but thought the air might relieve me. I walked out and ascended a hill at the back of the house. My attention being now aroused and directed toward myself, I was startled to find my breath so short that I was forced several times to stop in the ascent. A low short cough, that I had not heeded before, now struck me as a warning which I ought to prepare myself to obey, I looked in the glass for the first time for several weeks with any care in the survey, I perceived that my apprehensions were corroborated by the change in my appearance. My cheeks were fallen and I detected in their natural paleness, that hectic which never betrays its augury. I saw that my days were numbered: and lay down upon the pillow that night resolved to prepare for death.

The next day when I looked over my scattered papers—when I saw the mighty schemes I had commenced, and recalled the long and earnest absorption of all my faculties which even that commencement had required. I was seized with a sort of despair. It was evident that I could now perform nothing great, and as for trifles, ought they to occupy the mind of one whose eye was on the grave? There was, but one answer to this question. I committed my fragments to the flames; and now there came indeed upon me, a despondency which I had not felt before. I saw myself in the condition of one, who after much travel in the world has found a retreat, and built himself a home, and who in the moment he says to his heart 'now shalt thou have rest' beholds himself summoned away. I had found an object—it was torn from me—my staff was broken, and it was only left for me to creep to the tomb without easing by any support the labor of the way.

I had coveted no petty aim; I had not bowed my desires to the dust and mire of men's common wishes; I had bade my ambitions single out a lofty end, and pursue it by generous means. In the dreams of my spirit I had bound the joys of my existence to this one aspiring hope—nor had I built that hope

on the slender foundations of a young inexperience. I had learned, I had thought, I had toiled, before I ventured to produce. And now between myself and the fulfilment of schemes that I had wrought with travail, and to which I looked for no undue regard—there yawned an eternal gulf. It seemed to me I was condemned to leave life at the moment I had given to life an object.

There was a bitterness in these thoughts it was not easy to counteract. In vain I said to my soul 'Why grieve? Death itself does not appal thee. And, after all, what can life's proudest objects bring thee better than rest? But we learn at least, to conquer our destiny by surveying it; there is no regret which is not to be vanquished by resolve. And now when I saw myself declining day by day, I turned to those more elevating and less earthly meditations which supply us, as it were, with wings when the feet fail. They have become to me dearer than the dreams which they succeeded; and they whisper to me of a brighter immortality than that of Fame.

Of Envy.

Or the seven deadly sins it is envy that most disturbs the peace of mankind and as its emanation is excessive self-love, it is not surprising that this poisonous fruit embitters the happiness of the greater part of mortals. It prompted the serpent to seek means to deprive our first parents of the bliss they enjoyed; and I believe that with the first morsel of forbidden fruit, this caused vice to pass from the devil into man, not only to devour that which nourished him, but to beat a rock, against which, thousands of people dash themselves, when they least expect.

The envious man, upon examination, seems to bear a greater resemblance to the devil, than any other copy that can be traced of that original; and if it is possible, in this world, to form an idea of them. His unhappiness is so great, that the felicity of another increases it; and if he is capable of receiving consolation, it is only from the misfortunes of his neighbor. It appears to him that the happiness of another is a theft upon him and he blames for her neglect of him. He is hungry when he sees another eat, and he is chilled with cold in proportion as another gets warm: he torments himself day and night to throw obstacles in the way of another's advancement, and his heart expands with joy only when he hears of the ruin of his friend. His two greatest favorites are, falsehood and duplicity; his food is his own heart, which he gnaws at night and day: his eyes seem furies, and his hair serpents; his mouth the gun of hell, and his ears the receptacles of false sounds; his hands the talons of a tiger, and his feet those of a horse, which is constantly kicking; his breath a devouring element, and his words

sharp razors: in fine, as he is the accursed of God, execrated of men, and the minion of the devil—my pen stops—in horror.—*Leand.*

Appearances.

SOME years since a merchant on Long Wharf advertised for Spanish milled dollars. The premium was high. A Roxbury farmer, who took pride in appearing like a beggar, called at the counting room of the man, and asked him if he wanted silver dollars. 'Yes,' said the merchant, 'have you got any?' 'Not with me,' replied the farmer, 'but I think I have a few at home. What do you give?' 'Four per cent,' said the merchant; and added 'I will give you seven for all you have.' 'Well,' said the man, 'I should like to have you just clap down on paper how much you give and the number of your shop, or I shall be puzzled to find it.' 'Yes,' said the merchant, 'that I will do: what is your name?' 'Edward Summer,' said he. The merchant then wrote as follows, and gave it to him.

'Edward Summer of Roxbury, says that he thinks he has some Spanish dollars at home, but don't know. I hereby agree to pay him seven per cent, premium for all such dollars as he may produce.

G—— A——.'

'If I find any,' said the farmer, 'I will call with them to-morrow morning, at 9 o'clock; If I don't, you won't see me.' The appearance of the man satisfied the merchant that his dollars would be scarce. At 9 o'clock the next day, however the man appeared, and stocking full after stocking full was carried up and emptied on the table, till *seven thousand* were counted. The merchant somewhat restive, but honorably caught took the silver, gave a check for the amount, with seven per cent added; pleasantly remarking, 'I did not really suppose, from your appearance, that you could have more than half a dozen dollars.'

Mr. S. took up his check, and replied in his own peculiar emphatic style. 'Sir, I'll tell you a truth which a man of standing in the world ought to know, and it is this—*Appearances oftentimes deceive us.*'

THE HIGHWAYMAN OFF HIS GUARD.—A rider to a commercial house in London was attacked a few miles beyond Winchester by a single highwayman, who robbed him of his purse and pocket-book, containing cash and notes to considerable amount. 'Sir,' said the rider, 'I have suffered you to take my property, and you are welcome to it. It is my master's, and the loss cannot do him much harm; but as it will look very cowardly in me to have been robbed without making any defence, I should wish you just to fire a pistol through my coat.'—'With all my heart,' said the highwayman; 'Where will you have

the ball?' 'Here,' said the rider, 'just by the side of this button.' The unthinking highwayman was as good as his word; but as soon as he had fired, the rider knocked him off his horse, and, with the assistance of a traveler, who came up at the time, lodged the highwayman in jail.

An Assortment.

OLD S——, of Burlington, was noted for keeping in his store the most incongruous assortment ever offered for sale. A way once bet with a friend, that he would inquire for some nick knock which Jemmy could not supply. The bet was clinched, and the two proceeded to the shop of the old antiquarian.

'Friend S——, said the quiz, 'have you on hand a good second hand pulpit?'

'Yes sir,' replied the unsuspecting shop keeper, without the least idea of there being any thing uncommon in the question—'yes sir, I bought one yesterday from the trustees of the Methodist Church, who are fixing up the interior of their Meeting House.'

So saying, he showed them to the barn where this most curious article of trade had been deposited. The winner laughed, the loser bit his lip and paid the wager, while Jemmy's character for keeping an assortment of goods became more firmly established than ever.

HARD TIMES.—'Times are so hard in England,' said a manufacturer to his London agent, 'that we have men there who will get up the inside of a watch for eighteen shillings.' 'Poh, don't talk of that in London—why, we have boys here who will get up the inside of a chimney for sixpence!'

Letters Containing Remittances.

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of Postage paid.

P. M. Salisbury Center, N. Y. \$5.00; P. M. Middleburg, Vt. \$5.00; J. C. New Britain, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Berlin, N. Y. \$2.00; G. S. Hopkinton, N. Y. \$1.00; W. W. M. Lenoxy, Mich. \$1.00; J. H. Nassau, N. Y. \$1.00; J. P. S. Schoolcraft, Mich. \$1.00; L. G. Utica, N. Y. \$3.00; G. W. B. Bath, N. Y. \$2.00; O. G. Glens Falls, N. Y. \$1.00; E. S. New-York, N. Y. \$1.00; A. W. Black Brook, N. Y. \$3.00; W. C. Clinton, N. Y. \$3.00; S. W. T. Albany, N. Y. \$1.00.

MARRIED.

In this city, on the 27th ult. by the Rev. M. Field, Mr. Congrad J. Houghtaling to Miss Melissa B. Gifford, all of this city.

On the 27th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Whitaker, Mr. Theron Shook to Miss Gertrude Phillips, both of Upper Redoubt.

At Claverack, on the 25th ult. by the Rev. B. Stryter, Mr. Jesse Talbot of New-York, to Miss Mary Augusta Stryter, daughter of the Rev. Richard Stryter, of the former place.

At Claverack, on the 26th ult. by the Rev. B. Stryter, Mr. Chauncy A. Van Volkenburgh, merchant, of Claverack, to Miss Mahalah Voeburg, all of Claverack.

At Claverack, on the 27th ult. by the Rev. B. Stryter, Mr. Richard Mood, to Miss Catharine Christina Supplebeen, all of Claverack.

DIED.

In this city, on Sunday morning last, Abraham A. Van Buren, Esq. for many years Surrogate of this county.

On the 23 ult. Miss Jane Sharp, aged 48 years.
On the 25th ult. Mrs. Lydia Huntington, in her 68th year.
On the 27th ult. Mrs. Clarissa Barton, in her 41st year.
On the 30th ult. Mrs. Catharine Hardick, in her 81st year.
On the 31st ult. Mrs. Mary Snyder, in her 63d year.

In Washington, on Monday evening, at half past 3 o'clock, Joseph Lovell, M. D. Surgeon General of the U. S. Army.



ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Rural Repository.

A Fragment.

When Ignorance on earth her temples reared
 Man then in degradation's garb appeared;
 Obscured by superstition's fearful gloom,
 His narrow Ken reached not beyond the tomb.
 Like some neglected barren waste, his mind,
 By taste and cultivation ne'er refined,
 By fancy's strange vagaries was oppressed,
 Yet none but false religion found his breast.
 Awhile o'er earth it was his woful fate
 To grovel in that low degraded state;
 At length, to cheer him, Learning, lovely maid,
 Appeared in all her heavenly charms arrayed.
 She from his intellectual view dispelled
 Dim superstition's clouds, when he beheld,
 With admiration beaming in his eye,
 The star of Bethlehem in his mental sky.
 Transported, he its mandate straight obeyed,
 Forsook the gods that he himself had made
 Learned the eternal true One's high behest,
 And clothed himself in pure Religion's vest.
 Soon to the highest node rose science bright,
 And poured upon him her refulgent light.
 He to her many a dome and temple reared,
 In which refinement and the arts appeared;
 Where eloquence with powerful voice sublime
 Caused man to bow at freedom's hallowed shrine;
 Where oft their heavenly love-inspiring song,
 The muses poured in numbers sweet along;
 Where taste and virtue were by friendship blest,
 And wisdom aye was hailed a welcome guest.
 Then sage-like Socrates and Solon great,
 Led man to know his true and proper state;
 Taught him first to obey the laws above
 Then reverence those he did himself approve.
 Soon truth and honesty his actions sway,
 And guide his feet in justice' flowery way.
 Such Learning's mighty influence on mankind,
 Wherever she appears, there reason, blind
 And dark before, in every thing doth see
 The existence and the goodness of a Deity.

RURAL BARD.

From the Knickerbocker Magazine for August.

The Young Widow.

Ye bid me mingle in the dance,
 And smile among the young and gay—
 Ye say that grief will dim my glance,
 And turn my raven tresses gray;
 I care not, yet I strive to bow
 In meekness to my lonely fate—
 I dry my tears and smooth my brow,
 The while my heart is desolate.

When last I joined the festive throng,
 I heard—it seemed my brain to sear—
 A stranger breathe the very song
 That first he warbled in my ear.
 The words, the tune, but ah! that tone
 What living lip could imitate?
 Mid laughing crowds I stood alone,
 Unutterably desolate.

I miss him by the evening hearth,
 I miss him at the silent meal,
 But keenest in the bower of mirth
 My joyless solitude I feel:

But late I saw a happy bride
 Smile fondly on her wedded mate,
 While I—oh! would that I had died
 With him who left me desolate.

Ye speak of wealth—in Mammon's mart
 There's not a single boon I crave;
 Gold cannot heal the broken heart,
 Nor bribe the unreturning grave:
 It cannot fill the vacant seat
 Where once my honored husband sate
 Nor still my heart's convulsive beat,
 Nor make my home less desolate.

Alas! the base on which we build
 Hope's fairest fabric is but air,
 And laugh's the heart, when God has willed
 To lay his chastening finger there?
 A brighter, happier dream than mine
 Did never love and hope create;
 I bowed before an earthly shrine,
 And Heaven has left me desolate.

And yet not so; my soul be calm—
 The hand that smiteth will sustain;
 Thou hast a helper on whose arm
 The mourner never leaned in vain.
 O! may that arm the pilgrim guide
 By the straight path and narrow gate,
 To where the loved in bliss abide,
 And hearts no more are desolate.

J. B.

From the Ladies' Companion.

To a Lady uttering a Slanderous Word.

BY B. C. PRAY, JR.

LADY, look up, in the air
 Behold yon wandering thistle beard;
 And mark each bright gossamer spear
 Around its little center reared.
 How swiftly sails it on and on,
 Carried by every breeze astray,
 Now mounting to the radiant sun,
 Now sinking through the air away—
 Oh soon that giddy thing will fall
 And silently will take its rest,
 But still will sow a poisonous thorn
 Within earth's calm and placid breast.
 Dost mark the moral, lady fair?
 A careless word may move around
 Chased onward by a thousand tongues
 Which uphold every sound;
 And when it finds its final rest
 'Twill sow a seed of care,
 And bring forth thorns within the breast
 To grow and flourish there.

From Gallagher's Magazine.

To my Sisters.

From infancy to manhood's hour,
 Your smiles have cheered me on;
 For with them came a kindling power,
 Which bade all fear begone;
 There lingers round a sister's smile,
 No dream of doubt—no thought of guile.
 Your tears, when I had gone astray,
 Have made me pause and think,
 And I have thrown the cup away,
 Which Passion longed to drink—
 From Ruin's slippery verge have turned,
 And Circe's smile and promise spurned.
 In coming times, whatever my lot,
 'Neath fortune's star may be,
 Your love shall be a sunny spot,
 On life's wild surging sea—
 On which I will look back and sigh,
 When storms are sweeping up the sky.

T. H. S.

The Child's First Grief.

MRS. HEMANS.

'O CALL my brother back to me,
 I cannot play alone!
 The summer comes with flower and bee—
 Where is my brother gone?

The butterfly is glancing bright
 Across the sunbeam's track;
 I care not now to chase its flight—
 O call my brother back!

The flowers run wild—the flowers we sowed
 Around our garden tree;
 Our vine is drooping with its load—
 O call him back to me!

He would not hear my voice, fair child,
 He may not come to thee;
 The face that once like spring-time smiled,
 On earth no more thou'lt see.

The rose's brief, bright light of joy,
 Such unto him was given;
 Go, thou must play alone, my boy!
 Thy brother is in heaven.

'And has he left his birds and flowers?
 And must I call in vain?
 And through the long, long summer hours,
 Will he not come again?

And by the brook, and in the glade,
 Are all our wanderings o'er?
 Oh! while my brother with me played,
 Would I had loved him more!

Lines

On observing my infant start, and then smile in its sleep.

EMBLEM of Innocence! Child of my heart!
 What makes thee in thy cradled slumbers start?
 Is thy young fancy, roving wild and free,
 Extracting hybla sweets from flower and tree?
 Is the faint smile that dimpling o'er thy face
 Adds to its cherub features tenfold grace,
 Produced by visions ravishing and bright,
 As Moses' view from Pisgah's towering height?
 Or can it be, that from her glorious sphere,
 An angel folds her glittering pinions near,
 To view thy innocence, and stoop to kiss
 Thy balmy lips, and fill thy soul with bliss?
 Whate'er it be that glads thy infant heart,
 Or golden dream, or seraph's heavenly art,
 Oh! as thy slumbers, may thy future years,
 From suffering grief be free, and darkling fears;
 And may the God that formed thee, Oh! my child,
 Preserve and bless thee, through life's dreary wild!

JOHN LANDER.

Almanacks for 1837.

Stoddard's Diary or Columbia Almanack, and Comic Almanacks, for sale wholesale and retail, at
 A. STODDARD'S Bookstore.

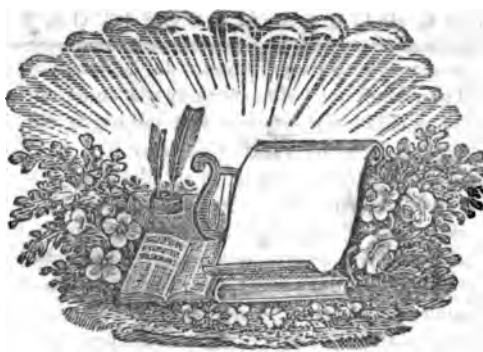
THE RURAL REPOSITORY,

IS PUBLISHED EVERY OTHER SATURDAY, AT HUDSON, N. Y. BY
 Wm. B. Stoddard.

It is printed in the Quarto form, and will contain twenty-six numbers of eight pages each, with a title page and index to the volume.

TERMS.—One Dollar per annum in advance, or One Dollar and Fifty Cents, at the expiration of three months from the time of subscribing. Any person, who will remit as Five Dollars, free of postage, shall receive six copies, and any person, who will remit us Ten Dollars, free of postage, shall receive twelve copies, and one copy of each of the previous volumes. No subscriptions received for less than one year. All the back numbers furnished to new subscribers.

☞ All orders and Communications must be post paid, to receive attention.



DEVOTED TO POLITE LITERATURE, SUCH AS MORAL AND SENTIMENTAL TALES, ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS, BIOGRAPHY, TRAVELING SKETCHES, AMUSING MISCELLANY, HUMOROUS AND HISTORICAL ANECDOTES, SUMMARY, POETRY, &c.

VOL. XIII.—[IV. NEW SERIES.]

HUDSON, N. Y. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1836.

NO. 12.

SUBJECT TALES.

From the Saturday Evening Post.

The Spirit of the Potomac.

[Concluded.]

'The papers were examined very carefully, and replaced in. Those which belonged to Cyril were returned to the trunk, but those claimed by Silvano, laid by themselves. This being done, Silvano kissed the memorable watch, and opening the drawer of his writing desk, carefully deposited the trinket. All these arrangements passed in dead silence; but being completed, Silvano, with a true Navarese expression of countenance, waved his hand to the door, observing, 'Good day, Don Cyril; I hope to-morrow's wind may be favorable for an outward bound vessel.'

'Don Cyril found the street with, no doubt, about the same kind of feelings which agitate the breast of a reprieved criminal when descending the scaffold; and next day was flying before the wind down the Delaware.

'The whole of these transactions passed rapidly, and were so strange in themselves that they left me in a kind of stupid amazement; from which, however, I was soon relieved by Silvano, who calling me from the shop into the boudoir, addressed me thus: 'George, thou more than son, thou seest before thee a different person from poor Silvano, the watch-maker. In my youth I had an early turn for cutting and polishing gems and for studying and practising the finer kinds of mechanism. My father who would much rather have seen me handle a sword, humored his only son nevertheless; and a superior workman, brought from France, was my teacher, and I advanced in the knowledge of an art that, in the hour of severe misfortune, has kept me from beggary or starving.

'Though bred in a society where the utmost excess of aristocratic pride formed the base of all moral sentiment, my artist master saved me from such influence. Before I had passed childhood, I found it impossible not to contrast the ignorance and mock gravity of the company at my father's table, with the levity, but extensive information and sound

sense, of my teacher in the mechanism of man as well as time keepers. Arrived at manhood, my father, at my earnest request obtained for me an appointment to Venezuela little dreaming that he was sending a confirmed republican to America. My father did not long survive my removal from Navarre; and at his death his estate fell to me, was sold, and my immense property transferred to the west.—When the revolution in Venezuela took place and burst into action, I was amongst the few native Spaniards who joined the republican cause. Yet, though truly devoted to the cause I had espoused, I found myself and other native Spaniards who had taken the same side, involved in a network of suspicion. We gained the unqualified hatred of the royalists, and were constantly mistrusted and of course insulted by those we served. How can I command sufficient calmness to recount the ills I have suffered! I cannot—and may therefore in few words pass them over. The sister of that wretch I gained, and by his means lost*****

'My reputation was poisoned by the same agency in the minds of the Colombian Generals. Disgusted, I retired from service; but the demon was still active; proscription followed me into retirement; my castle was surprised, and from which I escaped by the fidelity of a slave. My property was sequestered—you know the rest.

'His bosom heaved, and the first and last tears I ever saw him shed traced his furrowed cheeks; but his emotion passed, and fortitude returned in a few moments; when springing to his feet with the agility of youth, he energetically continued—'I now return to Colombia; my character, if not my property, shall be restored, and my George shall go with me.'

'In every step of my life and motion of my inmost thought, Juliana was my guiding star; and now roused by the enthusiasm, and warmed by gratitude to my benefactor, my tutelary genius rose in heroic majesty and exclaimed, 'Go.' In the tumult of new scenes I was whirled forward, and in as few days as our little affairs could be arranged

and means of transportation found, we were on our way to Colombia. Our destination was Carthagena; but first a violent gale, and secondly a Spanish frigate, compelled us to make Porto Cavallo. Thus forced from our original destination, we prepared to proceed to Caraccas.

'When leaving the city of New-York, in a Colombian vessel, our family was composed of Silvano, myself, and a very interesting and very young man, who had volunteered in the Colombian cause. This young man called at our lodgings, avowed his intention, took passage with us, and on the voyage gained the fullest confidence of Silvano and myself. Our remonstrances on the dangers before him were met by McCauley with such decided contempt for all danger, that we left him to follow his bent, and the study of the Spanish language. In the latter we gave willing aid, and beguiled in that agreeable employment a tedious period consumed in the voyage.

'Leaving Porto Cavallo, we had hardly left the environs of the city when we were attacked and dispersed by a body of royalist calvary. Myself and McCauley succeeded with a few native soldiers, in affecting our escape towards Valencia, but we lost eight of my benefactor, Silvano. My knowledge of the Spanish language now did me true service and with my devoted friend I reached the head quarters of Bolivar. With the private or political character of that General we are here unconcerned. As a soldier, I found him open, kind and brave. Though driven by imperative circumstances into the Colombian army, we entered it willingly; and in four years I had risen to a captaincy of cavalry—as high as in my opinion any foreigner ought to have accepted. In every fortune McCauley was my friend and companion.

'While with Silvano in Philadelphia, and secluded as we were, a part of our amusements were to practice with the small and backsword, at both of which Silvano was very expert. Unused as we were to horses, with full determination to become adequate to the service, and with such teachers as the Colombians, both myself and McCauley were

soon able horsemen, and were two of seventy, who, I much doubt, whether any service ever possessed an equal or superior body of cavalry, whether in column or individual encounter.

'We literally lived on horseback, or slept with our bridles in hand. Our swords and stirrups had no time for rust. Both parties were on the alert—more, I am afraid from feelings of revenge than from sentiments of patriotism. The war was desultory and bloody, and of a nature to cool the fervor of military ardor in breasts the most gallant and devoted. There were few of those heart-exciting events which give eclat to military operations. In the fourth year of our service, we were lying between the cities of Caraccas and Valencia. Such had been the troubled state of all Colombia that during four years I had not yet obtained a direct communication with Silvano, although I had made every attempt to effect the purpose. More than two years elapsed before I learned that the old man had escaped the attack near Porto Cavallo. Of him I spoke frequently with different Colombian officers, and learned that he had regained his estate, but remained under inspection. This treatment, which I knew was so very unjust, excited in me feelings of indignation; but from my knowledge of the European Spaniards in that country, I could not but acknowledge the prejudice of the Colombians was excusable; and finding such prejudice invincible, I yielded the point, fearing to do my old friend injury in place of good.

'Thus stood matters when, on the afternoon of a very sultry day, a well mounted negro horseman rode into camp, requesting to see the commander. He was admitted, and in a few moments an aid-de-camp required my attendance in the General's marquee. The moment I entered, the General himself gave me the following relation, stating 'that a party of the enemy under command of an officer, a deserter from the republican cause had surprised the castle of a Spanish nobleman, formerly in the service of Columbia, but who had retired from service and was residing on his estate. That a mock trial had been gone through, and the old man was to be executed or murdered next morning. Though,' continued the General, 'I suspect the fidelity of the Spaniard, the cursed Morillo shall be disappointed of blood if in my power. Yourself and troop have been selected as most fitting to lead in a forced march. You shall have good guides, and myself and a select and strong body will move to your support.' Then with that significance of look so remarkable in Paez, he drew me to one side and whispered, 'You will know the true reason of deputing you on this service when I tell you that the murdering deserter is Cyril de Toro, and the old Spaniard—' He

was ready to name Silvano de Tudela, but I heard him not. All ceremony was contemned, and in a few minutes, with the negro and other guides, we were on our march.

'The attempt was in itself perilous, and even desperate. The distance exceeded twenty miles. To me, in such a case, an army of one hundred men would have excited little terror, but four years' service had given me military caution. Though burning with impatience, I checked my own anxiety, and proceeded leisurely, so as to reach the castle of Tudela by day-break. From the negro I learned that he was the slave who on a former occasion had served Tudela, and he now requested it as a favor to march in front, in order, as he said, with terrific fierceness, 'that I may have a chance to reach that monster de Toro.' His desire as to position was gratified; but long before reaching the scene of action, there were seventy men all equally desirous to do the honors of a meeting with de Toro, and though as you will find, the scoundrel met his fate, the blow was reserved for a different hand than that of any of my troop.

'By some negligence very unusual with troops commanded by Morillo, the party at Tudela castle was surprised. Our advance slow until near the gates, was then pushed to a full charge. The enemy roused from their slumbers, and believing the whole Colombian army was on them, fled in confusion. We all knew that our advantage must be momentary. Not an instant was lost. The chains of Silvano could not be removed from his hands, and thus manacled he was mounted between two peculiarly skilful and powerful horsemen, and we were quickly on our retreat. Sebastiano, the negro, actually frothing with rage that he was unable to reach de Toro.

'Our time was indeed precious, as the enemy had rallied, and we must have been destroyed had not the boldness of our attack induced a belief that we were only the advance guard of a superior force. Our opponents consequently moved with saving caution for us, but as day-light became stronger, our real force was discovered, and our pursuers increased their speed—and, with all their circumspection, had a more hair breadth escape from a fatal snare at last, as it was the army of Paez they were approaching.

'That able general had fulfilled his promise to advance to our aid and with the prescience of a true soldier, foresaw the tenor of the issue, and prepared for every advantage that might offer. Having learned our retreat by a horseman despatched for that purpose, and having reached favorable ground, he drew up his troops in battle array, concealing his force as much as possible. In the latter attempt he so completely succeeded as to deceive even myself and troop. We had

just passed a large ravine, when our front was pushed into an interval of the troops of Paez, and our rear fiercely charged by a body of cavalry headed by the sanguinary de Toro.

'Some Indians gave the alarm by firing contrary to orders, or the whole front of Morillo's army must have been cut to pieces; as it was, their loss was very severe. We wheeled and formed, and were on the point of charging de Toro, when a single horseman passed us with the rapidity of an arrow, followed by about forty men, all extremely well mounted, but de Toro was too careful of himself to await the shock, he turned his horse and fled, too swiftly to be overtaken by the fervid Paez, for it was him who headed this unexpected attack.

'The villain shall not always thus escape me,' grumbled Paez, as he rode past us. 'God deliver him into my hands,' muttered Sebastiano.

'The main object of the expedition was accomplished. Silvano had been rescued but age, reiterated misfortunes, and the severe fatigues of the march, in excessively warm weather, proved fatal, and on the day of his release, the singular, the forbidding, but noble and generous de Tudela ended his troubles on my bosom.

'Making the necessary preparations to pay the last sacred office to his remains exposed a leather girdle round his body next the skin, in which was enveloped and fixed to his bosom the to him invaluable watch, and also containing a roll of fine vellum, on which was drawn with every formality his will in my favor. Such was the hurry, the anxiety, and real danger of the time and place in which we were involved, that the obsequies of de Tudela were hurried, and my mind so continually kept on the stretch, that little indulgence could be given to regret for my lost benefactor, or reflections on change of fortune. The great estate of Tudela fell to my possession without contest.

'It was in one of the short intervals of active service, that I was leaning listlessly against a tree, my troop variously employed on the margin of an immense savannah, the sun was near setting as lieutenant McCauley came behind me, and tapping me on the shoulder, demanded whether I was reflecting on the emblem of eternity before me, or thinking of my airy Spright of Warbridge?

'It could not be otherwise, that thrown together amongst foreigners, McCauley and myself should seek each others society, but our intercourse had all the essentials of friendship. There was in his eye an expression of care, but in his manner cheerfulness. Of his family or the causes why at so early an age he should become an exile from his own and confront danger in another country, he was from our first acquaintance silent.

'On my part one object took precedence, and when fully convinced of his attachment to my interest, and perhaps before, there was nothing secret from McCauley, who on some occasions rallied me rather unmercifully on the subject of my half imaginary goddess, or Bellona. On the occasion I have this moment mentioned, the words 'Spright of Warbridge,' produced a start, which I endeavored to hide, by observing, 'McCauley, I am reflecting that enough has been done for a country where there is more faction than patriotism.'

'And time to return to see the old lady you left a child at Warbridge,' smilingly replied my tormentor.—'In seriousness, Capt. Burleigh, how many years have passed since you have seen this peerless Juliana?'

'Upwards of eight,' I rather feebly, replied. 'Yes, upwards of nine,' briskly retorted McCauley, 'if your hundred fold statements are correct.'

'My feelings were awakened to more than usual retrospection, and where our colloquy would have led us there is no knowing; but where such men as Paez and Morillo were opposed, there was little repose, and a trumpet broke our conference and called us to horse. We were soon in slow and silent march, frequently halted, and then led forwards. Paez had formed a plan of surprise on a much larger body of the enemy, and partially succeeded, but the force against him was too great for his means, and he alone could have extricated us out of the peril.

'The action was very fierce; my horse was shot under me, and both fell severely wounded. My troop, with McCauley, rushed with desperate fury to my rescue, but were on the point of yielding to superior numbers and equal bravery, when we were relieved by Paez, who at the head of a body of Colombians swept over the plain like a whirlwind, struck the flank of the enemy, and produced irremediable disorder. One object, however, engrossed Paez; it was the superior officer of the enemy: him the dreadful horseman singled, and pierced with a force I could have thought no human being could have exerted. The transfixed officer fell from the murderous lance almost on my feet. I had to a miracle escaped under the feet of friends and enemies. I was in fact rather bruised than dangerously wounded, and immediately recognized the deadly features of my fallen enemy, Cyril de Toro.

Though not vitally wounded, I was unable to rise, and struggling amid dead and dying horses and men, when McCauley, throwing himself from his horse, clasped me in his arms. I attempted to speak, and apprise him of his rash unmilitary conduct; he heard me not, convulsively exclaimed,

'Military honor a curse upon the murderers of my'——

The voice failed, but a flash of light seemed to dart through my brain, as I beheld the streaming eyes of my friend, and ejaculated, 'Juliana Stanwood.'

'The excitement was too powerful; she sunk beside me, for it was indeed the sublime Juliana. The enemy was defeated, and we were both borne carefully by one man from the field, and when my senses returned, I found myself on a field bed, with a surgeon attending to my wound, and Gen. Paez earnestly inquiring into their condition. Finding me only bruised, the general congratulated me on my conduct and escape, addressing me by the title of Col. There was a more engrossing subject on my mind than promotion, and I requested a few moments in private with the General. The surgeon withdrew, and I related the extraordinary circumstances of the day.

'Having heard my tale with undivided attention, Paez exclaimed, 'Upon my soul, Colonel Burleigh, if you cannot repose confidence in woman no man ever ought. You are now a Colonel, and have gained your epaulets fairly, and you have gained something of infinitely more value. The one, no man in this army will dare question your right to possess, but have a care of the other.'

Our military career was terminated, and three months after the battle which disclosed to me the incomparable woman who had so far transcended my heated imagination, she was mistress of Tudela castle.'

Here Colonel Burleigh paused, and so intently had I listened, and hung on his words that I had not heard the light tread of Juliana on her leaving the room. My stare of astonishment, at finding our auditory so abridged, was beheld by the Colonel, who, smiling, observed:

'Poor Juliana, though a heroine, knows that on one topic my figures become high wrought, chose to be one of the missing, when her own merits were to be discussed; and now let us see how the gentle Juliana Stanwood was metamorphosed into the intrepid lieutenant McCauley.

'Child as she was when George Burleigh was banished from Warbridge, gratitude and resentment combined to preserve his memory. My girl, to many other noble qualities in the superlative, possessed, from her earliest years, that creative enthusiasm which forms its own character, and stamps them with intrinsic attributes at will. Out of the rough material of George Burleigh, she formed a hero, and after following him through perils and advancing manhood, brought him back, rich in honor, to shame his persecutors.

Elias Lampert, her cousin, sat for the

contrast, and was soon drawn to the life. Nature had given him meanness, dissimulation, avarice and cowardice, and her fancy created incidents upon which such qualities were to be displayed, and she led him on in the tortuous paths of duplicity and dishonesty to wealth and infamy.

'How near the hero George answered to his picture in the mind of Juliana, it is not for me to say; but you will soon learn how faithfully Elias Lampert did justice to the anticipations of his cousin.

'You are, my dear Bancroft, burning to know how Juliana discovered me without a mutual recognition on my part, but in this, female dress solves the mystery. I have told you already that my attendance in church was regular, and I have mentioned the sylph of Filbert street, she served as my model; but I am now to reveal a secret long unknown to myself—that sylph was Juliana, and the house where she resided, that of her aunt. She recognized me in church, was carried home in extreme agitation. The cause, with peculiar strength of mind, she concealed. By aid of a shrewd domestic she learned my residence, and for four years we sat in adjacent pews and joined in the same orisons. Would it be superstition to say that her pure spirit then inflamed mine? I hope not. An undefined delicacy prevented her from making herself known to me; but imperative circumstances were on the point of forcing her to that step, when the unforeseen change of fortune occurred which I have related.

'The man on earth she detested most, her cousin Elias, fell in love with Stanwood house, and thirty thousand dollars. Elias had no feelings to wound—he over looked the contempt and aversion of Juliana, and aided by her relations persevered. Of her Maryland relations she was rendered, however, independent, in her eighteenth year, by the death of her aunt.

'Her mother had been dead two years, and her father espousing the pretensions of Lampert, her paternal home was avoided from the moment of independence. The father and his daughter had no open contention, but they were estranged. In spite of all the seclusion in which we lived, the general tenor of the connexion between myself and Silvano became known to some families in the immediate neighborhood. The departure and destination of the watchmaker and his son, as many were kind enough to hint, could not be concealed. It was communicated to Juliana, who now formed and executed a plan which put my poor fidelity to the test, and left her relations to inextricable conjecture.

'As we found afterwards, her father was no more at the moment of her disappearance. He had died suddenly at Warbridge, leaving his daughter his sole heiress, and in case of

her death without heirs, his whole property was to fall to Elias Lampert. The character of that hopeful relative had been so developed as to expose him to violent suspicions, when Juliana vanished from Philadelphia. But Elias was proof against every thing but the letter of the law, and was on our return hotly engaged in a lawsuit as heir at law and by will to the estate of Elias Stanwood. Another cousin contested the will, and the other inhabitants of the world did not entirely agree with her cousin that death had certainly made a prey of Juliana.

Our return cleared all difficulties and saved heirs, and lawyers much contention. Juliana now reigns queen in the house of her father. Sebastiano I would have bro't to the United States, but he preferred remaining with his family—I need not tell you they are free and provided for. Old Ben Winter is our steward, overseer, and friend I am proud to say.

‘You fine white house you see on the Virginia side of the Potomac is the residence of our beloved cousin and my old rival, Elias Lampert. You see that by the aid of good glasses we can dispense with visiting, a formality that we have in fact entirely omitted ever since a call on his part was received as it deserved.’

MARK BANCROFT.

BIOGRAPHY.

Susanna Wright.

THE following tribute of respect, was offered, more than eighteen years ago by one grave matron to another, much her senior. The writer has long since paid the debt of nature, and received the ‘generous tears she gave.’ In this sketch there is no parade of learning, no careful arrangement of facts, but a plain, straight-forward notice of her friend. Such memorials are invaluable; they carry, in themselves, evidence of their justness, they are the true elements of biography and history, and grow fresher by the lapse of time.

As it has always appeared to me a duty, which the living owe to each other, as well as to the dead, to rescue merit from descending into immediate oblivion, I have endeavored to trace the following notices of a lady, who, though she was well known, and generally esteemed, by the most eminent characters in the State of Pennsylvania, whilst she lived, yet nothing, I believe, respecting her, has ever appeared in print. What I now offer is from recollection alone; but my opportunities for information were such, as to enable me to give those recollections with certainty.

Susanna Wright was the daughter of John Wright, Esq. a very intelligent and upright man and one of the first settlers in Lancaster county; she came over with her parents from

Warrington, in Great Britain, in 1714, being then about seventeen. She had received a good education, and having an excellent understanding, she assiduously cultivated her fine talents, notwithstanding the disadvantages of her situation. Her parents first settled at Chester, but a short time afterwards removed to the banks of the Susquehanna, then a most remote frontier settlement, in the midst of Indians, subject to all the inconveniences, labors, privations, and dangers of an infant establishment. Here she exerted herself continually for the good of her family and the benefit of her neighbors; nor did she ever quit this retirement, for the more improved society of Philadelphia, but twice, when the danger of their situation, from an Indian war, rendered this removal necessary for their safety. She never married; but after the death of her father, became the head of her own family, who looked up to her for advice and direction as to a parent; for her heart was replete with every kind of affection, and with all the social virtues. She was well acquainted with books, had an excellent memory, as well as a most clear and comprehensive judgment; she spoke and wrote the French language with great ease and fluency; she had also a knowledge of Latin, and of Italian, and had made considerable attainments in many of the sciences. Her letters, written to her friends, were deservedly esteemed for their ingenuity. She corresponded with James Logan, Isaac Norris, and many other celebrated characters of that period; and so great was the esteem in which she was held by her neighbors, for integrity and judgment, that disputes of considerable interest were frequently left to her sole arbitration, by the parties concerned. Her advice was often desired on occasions of importance, respecting the settlement of estates, and she was often resorted to as a physician by her neighborhood. The care and management of a large family, and of a profitable establishment frequently devolved entirely upon her; and she appeared to be so constantly occupied with the employments usual to her sex and station, that it was surprising how she found time for that acquaintance with polite literature, which her conversation displayed, when she met with persons capable of appreciating it.

She took great delight in domestic manufacture, and had constantly much of it produced in her family. For many years she attended to the rearing of silk worms, and with the silk which she reeled and prepared for herself, made many articles both of beauty and utility, dyeing the silk of various colors, with indigenous materials.—She had at one time upwards of sixty yards of excellent mantua returned to her from Great

Britain, where she had sent the raw silk to be manufactured. She sometimes amused herself with her pencil, and with little works of fancy; but it was in the productions of her pen that she most excelled. They were deservedly admired whilst she lived, and would abundantly satisfy the world of her merit, could they now be produced; but as she wrote not for fame, she never kept copies, and it is to be feared but little is at this time recoverable. She appears to have been without vanity, and above affectation.

I had the pleasure, when very young of seeing her, and can remember something of the vivacity and spirit of her conversation, which I have since heard some of the best judges of such merit affirm they had seldom known to be equalled.

She lived to be upwards of eighty, preserving her senses and faculties. She had been educated in the religious society of friends, and often in her latter years professed, that she saw the vanity of all attainments that had not for their object the glory of God, and the good of mankind. She died a most humble, pious, sincere Christian.

In her person she was small, and had never been handsome, but had a penetrating, sensible countenance, and was truly polite and courteous in her address and behavior. Her brother, James Wright, was for many years a Representative for Lancaster county, in the Assembly of Pennsylvania, and was deservedly esteemed by his fellow-citizens. His descendants still possess the estate where his ancestors settled, upon which they have recently founded the flourishing town of Columbia.

MISCELLANY.

From the Portland Magazine.

The Dying Girl.

‘Elle etait du monde on les plus belles choses
Out le pire destin.
‘Etelte, elle a dure ce que durent les roses
L'espace d'un matin.’

‘OPEN the window,’ said the dying girl,
‘That I may feel the wind on my forehead
for the last time for ever—raise me up, that I
may look upon the sun once more before I
die.’ As she requested, I placed my arm
under her head, and raised it from the pillow.
How beautiful was her pale face, lying there
so helplessly, with her large bright eyes
turned up to the sun like a worshipper, the
black hair sweeping over her arm to the pillow,
and the golden light lying upon her thin fea-
tures, imbuing them as it were with glory and
vitality, till the whole form seemed consumed
in a bright essence, burning intensely
within, and radiating without. Her eyes
grew brighter as she gazed, and she seemed
refreshed with the soft wind stirring about
her, ‘How brightly and quietly,’ she whim-

pered, 'does he go to his rest, melting away. tint by tint, from the sight!' Then turning her head wearily away, she sunk to the pillow, murmuring, 'O, that my departure may be like that—may I sink to my death calmly and painlessly, by leaving behind me the bright reflections of a brief existence.'

For a few moments she languidly closed her eyes and remained motionless; then opening them again, she gazed in my face and said—'Death, death—if this is it, it is neither sad nor painful—it is only going home to meet parents, sisters, friends, in a glorious world, a region of spirits, bright, high, beautiful, how—' here her voice again died away in a soft murmuring sound. She gathered strength a moment and continued, 'My brother, he is in a strange land, how will he grieve when he hears that I am dead—tell him that I prayed for him, that I shall meet him in the eternal world of glory, where we shall live for ever and ever—when I am gone, give him one of these'—and she attempted to raise her slender hand to the hair lying in a mass upon the pillow. But the almost transparent fingers wandered for a moment in the air, and then fell feebly over the bed side. Her lips moved again. 'It is all fading, floating,' she said; 'how gloriously the angels throng above me, smiling, beckoning, with wings so beautiful—nearer they hover, settling on my pillow—softly, softly, they—' A heavenly smile broke upon her face, her voice grew fainter, then stopped like a tone of smothered music. The features settled, a shiver ran over her frame, and all was over. Her spirit had gone to congregate with angels in happiness. I laid my hand on that forehead—it was growing fearfully cold. My heart cramped; the strength of my manhood gave way; I sunk to my knees and wept bitterly.

Again I stood beside her, when her friends had done their office of love.—Outstretched in her shroud of pure linen she lay, her stiffened hands confined over her bosom with a knot of white ribbin, and the dark lashes lying, so like sleep, on her marble cheeks. That smile was there, like starlight on a crusted snow—it was buried with her.

As she had requested, I took a long curl from her head—that head on which I had so often tossed flowers in childish play. I stood gazing on the corpse, till a strange mysterious feeling of another world crept over me—I felt as if a dark spirit was overshadowing me. Awestruck, I held up the ringlet and gazed upon it. No touch of death was there. Bright and beautiful as ever, it streamed from my hand. I looked till it seemed to grow alive in my grasp. Again I turned to the dead, and the wandering of my soul ceased. I knelt down and prayed fervently that my deathbed might be like hers.

I enclosed the hair in a purse Louisa had worked during her illness, and gave it to her brother, he who afterwards raised the white slab over her grave, with the inscription of 'My Sister.'

The True use of Riches.

The editor of the Star ever and anon strikes off, in that free and easy style which is peculiar to him, sketches of manners and society, which evince a perfect *savoir vivre*, and an admirable knowledge of the world and its usages. We always make a point to reproduce these scenes of real life in the columns of the Mirror, as they are pervaded by a spirit of mild humor and cordiality toward the writer's fellow-men, and their observance would have a useful effect upon morals and manners. The subjoined is as pertinent and applicable as any of the Horatian satires and epistles on the same subject:—*N. Y. Mirror*.

'WHY am I not a rich man?' said a very intelligent person to us, while looking at a splendid equipage which rattled down Broadway. It was the equipage of a man of wealth—a man of yesterday; a *parvenu*, in the more fashionable phrase, who made a fortune suddenly by buying farms and selling them out in lots, and who was determined, by the splendor of his house, the magnificence of his entertainments, the riches and variety of his liveries, his loud talk, and consequential air, to show that he did not belong to the quiet families of some hundred years of distinction and wealth, who never offend by ostentation, nor exhibit a heraldry to which they are not entitled. We gazed at several of similar growth—that riches which sprung up overnight like Jonah's gourd; some by speculation, others by succession; some by fortunate marriages, and some more creditably by mechanical labor and ingenuity. 'Why am I not a rich man?' said my friend. 'I must purchase land somewhere in the west—or in the moon—no matter where; I must plunge in the current of speculation, and swim on to fortune and eminence. I must be rich; every body tries to be rich, why shall I not be rich? I am liberal in my disposition, hospitable, and free. I should like to have such a coach and pair—a house of corresponding magnificence. I should like to throw it open several times yearly, for the gay and fashionable throng; I should like you to dine twice a week with me, and punish a few bottles of old, very old Madeira. Why am I not rich? I deserve to be rich; I must be rich,' said he, musing, and at intervals dropping his voice, as he slowly withdrew his eyes from the long cavalcade of coaches and phaetons, and whiskered footmen.

'Hundreds, no doubt, thought as he did; hundreds expressed the same feelings, and felt the same desires, and all under the delusion that money is wealth—that sheer, palpable gold and silver constitute riches; and it is under this delusion that thousands of our citizens are racking their brains by night, their thoughts by day, toiling and sweating, and manning, and twisting, and turning out

of the common, settled and regular order of things, to get gold and silver, under the impression that with their possession they will be rich. Statesmen, politicians, nay, the government itself, is inoculated with the same mania, and if all could succeed, we should be compelled to blacken our own boots, and wait upon ourselves at table. The delusion, however, consists in this—in considering a piece of gold the ONLY representative of wealth, and disregarding what we in ourselves possess, which is an equivalent to wealth. We are for the most part rich, without exactly knowing it. The anvil of a blacksmith is to him, with his handicraft, a valuable mighty lump of gold: he lives by it and to his mind, habits, and wishes, as well as he lives, who pays out his eagles and half-eagles in the market. So with the painter—so with the professional man, the sculptor, the musician, the man of talent; all who possess the MEANS of acquiring wealth are actually wealthy; for, if temperate and industrious, all their faculties are convertible materials into wealth; nay, are more valuable, and durable, and available, than the mere man of gold and silver. Let such a man swim to the shore from his shipwrecked vessel, with the mechanic and the man of mind, and see who can succeed in earning that morsel of bread necessary to sustain life. What does the man of princely income do, which gives to him so many supposed advantages, and opens the door to so much mooted happiness? He rises late; turns day into night; dawdles his time away in trifling finikin employments; drives his horses and dogs; gives grand dinners for ostentation, and large parties for fashion; and is at best a poor, discontented, dyspeptic partrician, respected only for his gold and silver, and of no possible use to the community.

'Take the man of moderate means, and he employs life as life ought to be employed; a mixture of employment and recreation, of rational pleasure and discreet hospitality; go down to what is called the poorer classes, but which we call the substantially rich—the hardy mechanic, and see how he enjoys life.—Rising with the sun, his labor does not cease until the sun sinks into the west. He returns to his little family and snug tenement at night, and finds an ample board spread by a frugal wife: the smoking steak, the good cup of coffee, the white bread and butter, and an appetite sharpened by labor. His repast over, he takes his chubby boy upon his knee, pinches his dirty, rosy cheeks, and runs his fingers through his matted hair; talks with his wife on household affairs; reads the paper, or converses with his neighbor on the best means of saving the commonwealth: and when the hour of rest arrives, he stretches himself on his hard but healthy bed, and

soon his senses are steeped into forgetfulness and his sleep is sweet and sound, until the shrill clarion of the cock awakens him on the morrow to renewed labor. But then he has no coach. Has he not? He has only to go into the street and hold up his finger, and a splendid omnibus and four horses drives up to the sidewalk, and he jumps in: it is his coach while he occupies it, and he leaves it when and where he pleases. Can the man of gold and silver do more? It is all an error, a misconception, a delusion. We are all rich when we possess within ourselves the means of acquiring wealth. We have no poor, excepting the idler and the drunkard.'

Necessity of being well Informed.

THE young are apt to disregard the value of knowledge, partly we fear, from the pertinacious constancy with which teachers, parents, and guardians, endeavor to impress them with inestimable worth. 'Knowledge is better than house and lands' is the title of one of the first picture books presented to a child, and it is the substance of ten thousand precepts which are constantly dinned in his ears from infancy upwards; so that, at last, the truth becomes tiresome and almost detested. Still it is a sober truth, of which every young man should feel the force—that with the single exception of a good conscience, no possession can be so valuable as a good stock of information. Some portion of it is always coming into use; and there is hardly any kind of information which may not become useful in the course of an active life. When we speak of information, we do not mean that merely which has direct reference to a man's trade, profession or business. To be skillful in these is a matter of absolute necessity; so much so, that we often see, for example, a merchant beginning the world with no other stock than a good character and a thorough knowledge of business, and speedily acquiring wealth and respectability, while another who is not well informed in his business, begins with a fortune, fails in every thing he undertakes, causes loss and disgrace to all who are connected with him, and goes on blundering to the end of the chapter. But a thorough knowledge of one's business or profession is not enough, of itself, to constitute what is properly called a well informed man. On the contrary one who possesses this kind of information only, is generally regarded as a sort of machine, unfit for society or rational enjoyment. A man should possess a certain amount of liberal and scientific information, to which he should always be adding something as long as he lives, and in this free country he should make himself acquainted with his own political and regal right. 'Keep a thing seven years and you will have use for it,' is an old motto which will apply admirably well to almost

any branch of knowledge. Learn almost any science, language or art, and in a few years you will find it of service to you. This truth is so important that I would add to it by way of commentary, 'employ that leisure, which others waste in idle and corrupting pursuits, in the acquisition of those branches of knowledge which serve to amuse as well as to instruct, natural history, for example, or chemistry, or astronomy, or drawing, or any of the numerous branches of study.'

Reward of Relative Duty.

'Of from apparent ills our blessings rise.'

The following story, from an old periodical journal, is too good to pass into oblivion:

AN old chaffonier (or rag-picker) died at Paris in a state of the most abject poverty. His only relation was a niece, who was a servant with a green grocer. The girl always assisted him as far as her slender means would permit. When she learned of his death, which took place suddenly, she was on the point of being married to a journeyman baker, to whom she had long been attached.—The nuptial day was fixed, but Suzette had not yet bought her wedding clothes. She hastened to tell her lover that their marriage must be deferred, as she wanted the price of her bridal finery, to lay her uncle decently in the grave. Her mistress ridiculed the idea, and exhorted her to leave the old man to be buried by charity. Suzette refused. The consequence was a quarrel, in which the young woman lost at once her place and her lover, who sided with her mistress. She hastened to the miserable garret where her uncle had expired, and by the sacrifice not only of her wedding attire, but nearly all of her slender wardrobe, she had the old man decently interred. Her pious task fulfilled, she sat alone in her uncle's room, weeping bitterly, when the master of her faithless lover, a young good looking man, entered. 'So, my good Suzette, I find you have lost your place,' cried he; 'I am come to offer you one for life: Will you marry me?' 'I sir? you are joking.' 'No, faith. I want a wife, and am sure I can't find a better.' 'But every body will laugh at you for marrying such a poor girl like me.'—'Oh! if that is your only objection, we shall soon get over it: come, come with me my mother is prepared to see you.' Suzette hesitated no longer—but she wished to take with her a memorial of her deceased uncle; it was a cat that he had kept for many years. The old man was so fond of the animal, that he was determined that even her death should not separate them, for he had her stuffed and placed upon the tester of his bed.—As Suzette took puss down, she uttered an exclamation of surprise at finding her so heavy. The lover hastened to open the animal, when out flew a shower of gold. There were a thousand louis

concealed in the body of the cat! and this sum, which the old man starved himself to amass, became the just reward of the worthy girl and her disinterested lover.

Extract of a 'Father's Confession,' from Fraser's Magazine.

Being in Debt.

BELIEVE me, my son, that of all the kinds of tyranny by which the spirit of man is bowed down and crushed, and all his energies, moral and physical are paralyzed and withered, there is none so active in its oppression, and so bitter in its torture, as that which a creditor exercises over his debtor. It is a tyranny which can even quell the springing elasticity of youth's sanguine ambition. Observe, too, that its existence does not depend merely upon the disposition or acts of the master. The latter may be the mildest and most long suffering man upon earth: and, so far from endeavoring roughly to enforce his claims, may even refrain from asserting them. Still by the very nature of the relation which subsists between the parties, is the debtor reduced to the condition of his bondsman, or serf, for the real intensity of the tyranny consists in this—that the creditor has ever in his service an officious and indefatigable agent, who acts not only without his orders, but often in spite of his expressed wishes, and that agent is the memory of the indebted party. The master may be willing to give time to his slave—he may even desire him not to be disquieted by the apprehension of violence; but can the latter forget the existence of an obligation which may be forced upon his memory by the slightest circumstance of the passing moment? Can he forget too, that however humane his present lord may be, his rights, and claims may, after his death, pass to another of an imperious and violent temper. Such are some of the considerations which make the existence of a debt, without any other aggravating circumstances, in itself a tyranny of the most loathsome description. The parish pauper, despicable as his lot may appear, enjoys a higher degree of liberty and independence than the man who has put it into the power of another to come up to you and say, 'pay me what thou owest.' Think not that my description is overcharged. The fool and the profligate would laugh at the picture which I have displayed to you—the one, owing to his mental infirmity, not being able to understand true liberty—the other from the baseness of his nature, being dead to the degradation of servitude. But the man of an ingenuous and sensitive disposition, will readily allow that there are fetters for the mind as well as the body; and that, in order to be apprised of a subjection to bondage, it is not necessary that one should actually hear the clank of the iron chain.

Another circumstance which tends to make

the debtors' constraint still more intolerable, is, that in most cases the infliction of it is either occasioned or expedited by his own weakness or folly. A weak submission to the imperious yet trifling mandates of fashion, a vain competition in the race of extravagance with more wealthy compeers, and a shameful compliance with the suggestions of unhealthy and artificial appetites—these are some of the principal causes which, sometimes separately, but more frequently in close league together, entangle the young man in the toils of debt.

SENTIMENT.—There is a most noble sentiment in the play of Pizarro—when the sentinel who had refused a bribe, is vanquished by his own feelings and allows Rolla to enter into the cell of Alonzo. Oh! holy nature, thou dost never plead in vain. There is not of our earth a creature bearing form and life, human or savage, native of the forest or the air, around whose parent bosom thou hast not a cord entwined, of power to tie them to their offspring's claims, and at thy will to draw them back to thee. On iron pinions borne, the blood stained vulture cleaves the storm, yet is the plumage closest to her heart soft as the signet's down, and o'er her unfledged brood the murmuring ring-dove sits not more gently.

Force of Habit.

A LESSON FOR YOUTH.

On a late cold night, my family and I were enjoying the comforts of a good fire, with a few friends, when during a social conversation, on the subject of habit, an old lady related the following circumstance:—

Shortly after the old French war, my father, who had then recently been married, purchased a considerable tract of wild uncultivated land in the county of Dutchess, not far from where the village of Poughkeepsie now lies. He knocked up a log hut, and went to falling trees and clearing the land. He was a very sober man; but he toiled excessively hard, and began to think a little spirits could do him no harm, when he was chopping. He therefore got him a bottle full, but used it very sparingly and only when he was at work in the woods. In process of time, however, he would take a little bitters in the morning, now and then. Afterwards he must have his bitters every morning. At length, the first thing he thought of in the morning was his bitters; he could not rest in bed till day-light, but must get up earlier and earlier for his bitters. Finding the habit was growing so fast upon him, he began to reflect seriously on the consequences, and at last mustered up all his resolution to overcome it. One morning he got up very early, went to his closet, took out his bottle, gave it a parting look, and dashed it to pieces against a

stone, liquor and all. My mother exclaimed—'Why, what in the world is the matter? Why do you throw your bottle away?' His reply deserves to be recorded in letters of gold: '*I am resolved that liquor shall never get master of me.*' He lived to a good old age: the Lord was his portion; the bible was his constant companion, and he died the death of the righteous. His numerous posterity are now in the possession of the same paternal inheritance, which their ancestor preserved by throwing away the bottle.

Thus we see how important it is to check the growth of evil habits before they get the mastery.

ONE man marries a woman because she looks well when she dances—she never dances afterwards. Another man marries because the lady has a handsome foot and ankle, which after marriage, he never takes the trouble to admire. A third marries for love, which wanes with the honey-moon. A fourth marries for money, and finds that his wife does not choose to die, to complete his satisfaction. And a fifth, being old in wisdom as in years, marries a young woman, who soon becomes a suitable match for him, by growing old with grief. Thousands do wrong because others have done the same before them, upon the grand principles that many *blacks* make a *white*. Many embrace opinions different from those commonly received, in order to show that they have a mind able to think for itself, and superior to what they call *vulgar prejudices*, without considering whether *erroneous prejudices*, are better than those they have abandoned. All grumble at the unsubstantial nature of worldly enjoyments, and yet many purchase them at the expense of their souls. Hypocrites have a strange taste, neither to enjoy this life nor the next. Many write for religion, speak for it, quarrel for it, fight for it, but few live for it. It is not uncommonly remarked that such a one is 'religious,' by way of reproach, and that too by a Christian, at a tea party of Christians. Millions of people are most anxious about what they least require, and, after teasing themselves and others for many a weary day, they die—leave their cash to those who have no need of it—and are for the first time, eulogised, when the praise of inan can avail them nothing.—*Edinburgh Observer.*

AN INSINUATION.—The late Dr. Bushby, when chaplain to the forces quartered at Dover, England, was one afternoon delivering a discourse from the eighth commandment, in which he animadverted on the sad consequences of stealing. 'It is,' said he, 'such an ungentlemanly, beggarly thing for a soldier to steal. Not, my beloved brethren, that I would tax any of you with the commis-

sion of so foul a sin. No, heaven forbid it, though I have lost a pair of boots and several other things since the regiment was stationed on the heights!'

A PREACHER was one day struck with surprise on beholding a beautiful set of curls on the head of a lovely maid, a member of his class, whose hair had been usually plain. 'Ah! Eliza,' said he, 'you should not waste your precious time curling your hair: if God intended it to be curled, he would have curled it for you.' 'Indeed,' said the witty maid, 'I must differ with you. When I was an infant, he curled it for me, but now I am grown up he thinks I am able to do it myself.'

HENRY the 8th appointed Sir Thomas More to carry an angry expression to the king of France, Francis the 1st. Sir Thomas told him he feared, that if he carried so violent a message to so violent a king, it might cost him his head.

'Never fear,' said the king, 'if Francis cuts off your head, I will make every Frenchman in London a head shorter.'

'I am obliged to your Majesty,' replied Sir Thomas, 'but I much fear if any of their heads will fit my shoulders.'

THE REASON WHY.—A youth had asked permission of his mother to go to a ball.—She told him it was a bad place for little boys; 'why mother, didn't you and father use to go to balls when you were young?' 'Yes, but we have seen the folly of it,' said the mother. 'Well, mother,' said the son, 'I want to see the folly of it too!'

PUNNING.—In speaking of the balloon ascent of the duke of Brunswick and Mrs. Graham, during which both fell to the ground from the height of several feet, a wag, remarked that after the very 'high words' that passed between his grace and Mrs. G. it was not at all surprising they should 'fall out.'

Letters Containing Remittances.

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of Postage paid.

C. S. W. Catskill, N. Y. \$5.00; H. L. S. Wetumpka, Al. \$1.00; C. W. A. Pontiac, Mich. \$3.00; H. H. Oakville, N. Y. \$1.00; J. H. Claverack, N. Y. \$1.00; J. M. S. Shrewsbury, Vt. \$1.00; E. G. O. Cannonville, N. Y. \$1.00; A. G. New-Lebanon, N. Y. \$5.00; A. E. O. East Granville, N. Y. \$1.00; L. W. Stockport, N. Y. \$1.00; J. O. M. Proctorsville, Vt. \$1.00; P. L. Weymouth, Ms. \$1.00.

MARRIED.

In Hillsdale, on the 9th inst. by the Rev. H. Truesdell, Mr G. R. Lawrence, of Buffalo, to Miss Julia, daughter of Reine Lutting, Esq. of the former place.

DIED.

In this city, on the 9th inst. Wager H. Remington, of the firm of Nash & Remington, in the 32d year of his age.

On the 4th inst. Sarah Jane, daughter of Samuel N. & Clarissa Blake, in the 6th year of her age.

On the 7th inst. Mr. William G. Cook, in the 34th year of his age.

On the 10th inst. Mr. Andrew Lovejoy, in his 78 year.

At the residence of his son, L. W. Ten Broeck, Esq. in Livingston, on the morning of the 11th inst. Leonard Ten Broeck, in the 85th year of his age.

At Kinderhook, on the 8th inst. Mr. Jehn Van Vleck, son of the late Peter Van Vleck, aged about 36 years.



SELECT POETRY.

From the American Monthly Magazine.
The Goldfinch and the Nightingale.

A FABLE.

From the German of Gellert.

Two cages neat hung high before
My neighbor Damon's cottage door;
In one a Goldfinch silent swung,
A Nightingale in t'other sung.
—His little son, delighted, heard
The warbling of the tuneful bird;
Then eager to his parent hied,
And thus imploringly he cried;
'Show me which is the minstrel dear,
Whose voice so mellow is, and clear?'

The father, anxious to impart
A pleasure to the prattler's heart.
Brought in the cages from the door,
And placed them both the boy before;
Then turning, said—'Decide, I pray,
Which bird so sweetly trilled the lay?'

The lad both birds a moment eyed,
Then pointing to the Goldfinch, cried—
'This, surely, is the lovely fellow;
Behold his plumage, bright and yellow!
This is the pretty songster, sure,
Whose tones the charmed ear allure!
The other's looks show that his throat
Could never sound a pleasing note!'

Alas, how frequently we find
Appearances deceive mankind!
By handsome garb and form we're won
To deem a dunce a Solomon;
While shabby dress leads us at once
To think e'en Solomon a dunce! U. U.

The loved One that sleeps far away.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

WHEN the golden sun sinks to his rest,
And the night breeze around us is springing;
When the white tombs in moonlight are drest.

And the sweet bird of sorrow is singing;
Sad fancy beguiles me to stray
To the loved one, that sleeps far away.

No friend ever wept o'er the sod,
Where thine ashes, my brother! are lying;
No footsteps of kindred have trod
On the green sward that pillowed thee dying;
No holy lips prayed o'er the clay
Of the loved one, that sleeps far away.

Albuan! thou field of the dead!
Dark, dark is the page of thy story:
More tears at thy shrine, have been shed,
Than e'er washed the red laurels of glory!
They were martyrs that fell on that day
With the loved one, that sleeps far away.

They dug him a grave—his own bands—
And slowly and tenderly bore him,
As if woman's soft hands;

And the tears of the heroes fell o'er him,
As they laid the last sod on the clay
Of the loved one, that sleeps far away.

Oh! when I last stood in the room,
Where his sweet voice so often had sounded,

And saw the bright sunshine illumine
Those woods, where in boyhood he bounded,
I wept, though all faces looked gay,
For the loved one, that sleeps far away.

For freshly he rose to my view,—
Our beautiful, brave, and light-hearted;
With those smiles that a talisman threw
Over lips, that now are departed—
Fond bosoms, since gone to decay,
Like the loved one, that sleeps far away.

From a Volume of Poetry by Emily Taylor.

TAY—and perhaps thou may'st not err
To sound the depths of ocean caves,
Where, long and late the mariner
Impels his bark o'er unknown waves,
But think not with thine utmost art
To fathom all thy brother's heart.

There is an evil, and a good,
In every soul unknown to thee—
A darker or a brighter mood,
Than aught thine eye can ever see;
Words, actions, faintly mark the whole
That lies within a human soul.

Perhaps thy sterner mind condemns
Some brother mind, that reasoning less
The tide of error slowly stems
In pain in love in weariness,
Thou call'st him weak; he may be so;—
What made him weak thou canst not know.

Perhaps thy spirit's calm repose
No evil dream hath come to spoil,
A firm resistless, front it shows
Amid the passions' fiercest broil!
'Tis well—enjoy and bless thy lot,
Still pitying him who shares it not.

The pure, the holy—they, perchance,
About thy path have still been seen;
Nor could thy feet a step advance,
But there their pious aid hath been!
Ah! happy in that better state!
Yet pray for hearts more desolate.

From the Saturday Chronicle.

The Mountain Stream.

BY MARY EMILY JACKSON.

Now murmuring in thy beauty forth,
Oh! holy mountain stream,
Thou glidest onward to the sea,
Like the magic of a dream;
And strangely do thy bright waves kiss
The wild flowers by thy side,
As onward, onward to the deep,
Thy magic waters glide.

Whence art thou? Oh! thou mountain stream,
With thy deep swelling tone;
Hast thou by ancient battle field,
Or gorgeous palace frown?
Bear'st thou no sounds of fairy glee,
In thy mysterious voice,
To bid the worn and weary heart,
Of wretched man rejoice?

Whence art thou? hath thy waters flown
By the red warrior's path,
That thou shouldst speed thus madly on
With moaning sounds of wrath?
Do thy proud waves by stately pomp,
Or royal splendor glide?
Hast thou flown on from realm to realm,
Oh! swiftly rolling tide?

No! bursting from thy caverned source,
With a wild witching spell,
Thou glidest onward to the sea,
Thy tale of joy to tell;
And deeply, purely, clearly bright,
Thy mystic waters seem;
Thou'rt mighty, with thy warning voice,
Oh! holy mountain stream.

From the New-York Mirror.

Summer Flowers.

YE'RE withered all and passed away,
Both leaf and flower;
Gone from the garden and the grove,
Passed from the bower—
Sweet nurslings of the summer's breath,
And summer's dew,
Ye waited but for her farewell,
Then left us too.

No longer with the opening morn,
In field or vale,
Will ye send forth your perfumed breath
On the soft gale,
Or lift your tiny cups and leaves,
Gemmed richly o'er,
In gentle homage, to the skies,
Whose hues ye bore.

No longer your mute eloquence
And language sweet,
Convey soft meanings to the heart
It came to greet;
Ye mind us of the many hopes
We've loved to cherish,
Like you to cheer us for awhile,
Like you to perish,

Yet, may we see your like again,
Again to sever;
But will those meteors to our path
Return?—Ah never!

Business and Address Cards
BEAUTIFULLY PRINTED

WITH DIFFERENT COLORED, OR BLACK INK,
AT THIS OFFICE.

A. STODDARD,

Printer, Bookseller & Stationer,

No. 135, Cor. of Warren and Third Sts. Hudson,
Has constantly for sale, at his Bookstore, a general assortment of School Books now in use, which will be sold on the lowest terms; also, a great variety of Miscellaneous Books, Bibles of all sizes, Blank Books, Writing, Letter and Wrapping Paper, Lawyers and Justices' Blanks, Writing and Printing Ink, Shaker Garden Seeds, School Certificates, Toy Books, Pictures, Stationery, &c. &c. which will be sold as reasonable as at any other store in the city.

37 Cash paid for Clean Cotton and Linen Rags.

Almanacks for 1837.

Stoddard's Diary or Columbia Almanack, and Comic Almanacks, for sale wholesale and retail, at
A. STODDARD'S Bookstore.

THE RURAL REPOSITORY,

IS PUBLISHED EVERY OTHER SATURDAY, AT HUDSON, N. Y. BY
Wm. B. Stoddard.

It is printed in the Quarto form, and will contain twenty-six numbers of eight pages each, with a title page and index to the volume.

TERMS.—One Dollar per annum in advance, or One Dollar and Fifty Cents, at the expiration of three months from the time of subscribing. Any person, who will remit as Five Dollars, free of postage, shall receive six copies, and any person, who will remit us Ten Dollars, free of postage, shall receive twelve copies, and one copy of either of the previous volumes. 27 No subscriptions received for less than one year. All the back numbers furnished to new subscribers.

37 All orders and Communications must be post paid, to receive attention.



DEVOTED TO POLITE LITERATURE, SUCH AS MORAL AND SENTIMENTAL TALKS, ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS, BIOGRAPHY, TRAVELING SKETCHES, AMUSING MISCELLANY, HUMOROUS AND HISTORICAL ANECDOTES, SUMMARY, POETRY, &c.

VOL. XIII.—[IV. NEW SERIES.]

HUDSON, N. Y. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1836.

NO. 13.

SUBJECT TABLES.

The Wooling at Grafton.

It was one of those fresh and balmy summer evenings which sometimes succeed a day of scarcely endurable sultriness. The breathless stillness and heat of noon had given place to a refreshing breeze which rippled the waves of the Ouse, and stirred the countless leaves of the forest, through which the river meandered. The sun was setting in unclouded magnificence; and although his rays had greatly declined in intensity and strength, they had lost nothing of their splendor and their brightness. The birds, whose floods of melody appeared to have been dried up during the day, now poured forth a tide of song so full and resistless, that it seemed as if they intended during the short interval previous to the hour of roosting, to make amends for the silence of so many hours.

A lady of a stately figure, and features of exquisite beauty, was walking on the banks of the river. She was followed by a female attendant, and led by the hand a youth who seemed to be about nine or ten years of age. She was tall and finely formed; her eyes were large, black, and bright; her ringlets, which were as black and almost as bright, fell down to her shoulders; her complexion was exquisitely fair, approaching even to paleness. She seemed to have scarcely attained her twentieth year; but the tears which streamed down her cheeks, the melancholy expression of her eye, especially when it glanced on the stripling by her side, and the widow's weeds in which she was apparelled, too plainly told that, young as she was, sorrow had outstripped time, and premature clouds had darkened the morning of her days.

'Adelaide,' she said, addressing her attendant, 'see'st thou yonder alder-tree, how it gleams and brightens in the rays of the sun? but that sun is setting; into those crimson clouds beneath him, that look like a sanguinary sea, he will shortly sink, and then the tree which now gleams and brightens will be surrounded with desolation and darkness.'

'But to-morrow, Madam,' said the attendant. 'Talk not of the morrow to me,' interrupted the lady—'to me, on whose darkened fortunes no morrow shall ever dawn. Alas! like yonder tree I flourished; brightness was on my head and around my path; but the sun that shone upon me has set—has set in a sea of blood.'

'Sweet lady!' said Adelaide, 'but I will talk to thee of the morrow, for a morrow of joy and gladness shall dawn upon thee yet: King Edward is gallant and generous; and although Sir John Gray fell fighting the battles of the Red Rose, he will not visit on the widow and orphans the transgressions of the husband and the father.'

'Alas! Adelaide, only this day have I received a letter from my noble mother, who informs me that all her importunities have been in vain. The King has been besieged by her in his palace at Westminster more unremittingly than ever he was by Clifford or Northumberland, or the most zealous Lancastrian, when shut up in some iron fortress which constituted his only territory. The ruthless Richard Plantagenet, he whom they now call the Duke of Gloucester, stands between him and every generous disposition of his heart. The Lancastrians are devoted to the slaughter; and the crime of my dead lord, in gallantly supporting to his latest gasp the cause of his lawful sovereign, can only be expiated by the beggary of his widow and his orphans.'

'Would that the gallant King,' said Adelaide, 'could but once behold that fair face wet with tears, and know that a single word from his lips would suffice to dry them! methinks that the forfeited estates of your husband would then be soon restored to you.'

'And in truth, gentle Adelaide,' said the Lady Gray, 'a wild hope that perchance in the course of the chase, which he is to-day following in this neighborhood, I might come in contact with him and have an opportunity of falling at his feet and pleading my cause in person, has lured me from Grafton Manor, and kept me wandering by the river-side till the hour of sunset.'

'The dews of evening are descending, Madam, and the chase is over. Let us return, lest we be intruded upon by some of the wild gallants in King Edward's train, who are not very scrupulous in their mode of courtship when they encounter a fair lady alone and unprotected. Trust rather to the continued importunity of your noble mother. The Duchess has a persuasive speech, and the King a susceptible heart. Let us return to the manor, and hope that all will yet be well.'

The lady turned round to retrace her steps, in compliance with the advice of her attendant, when she found herself suddenly seized in the grasp of a man who had followed her unperceived, and who now, with very little ceremony, proceeded to overwhelm her with his embraces.

The author of this outrage was by no means one whose personal attractions could render the violence which he committed less unpalatable. He was a short and meagre figure, humpbacked, with legs of an unequal size, and teeth, or rather fangs, which protruded from which his mouth, and gave an hideous expression to his face, which otherwise might have possibly been called handsome. His forehead was high and fair, his eyes black and sparkling, and his broad arched brows gave an expression of intelligence and dignity to the upper part of his countenance which strangely contrasted with the grotesqueness and deformity of his figure. He was very richly habited in a robe of blue velvet, lined with silk, and glittering with gold—a sword hung by his side, and a cap, adorned with a plume of feathers, and a sparkling diamond in the front, was placed in rather a fantastic and foppish manner upon his head.

The lady shrieked fearfully when she found herself in the arms of this hideous being. 'Silence, Madam, silence,' he said, 'or,' and he touched his dagger, while a cloud as black as midnight gathered on his brow, which, however, instantly gave place to a smile of even bewitching sweetness. 'Pardon, pardon,' he added, 'that one used to war and strife should begin with menaces, even when addressing so fair a creature as thou art.'

'Unhand me, monster!' said the Lady Gray.

'Sweet lady,' he said 'you must unhand me first.'

'Desist!' said a voice behind them, 'or, by heaven! your heart shall rue the boldness of your hand.'

With these words, a young man habited in Lincoln green, with a bow and quiver slung over his shoulders, and bearing a drawn sword in his hand, rushed upon the lady's assailant. He paused, however, as his eye encountered that of this misshapen being—whether it was that he recognized a face familiar to him, or that he felt an emotion of surprise at the hideousness of the creature which he beheld, was not apparent. The latter eyed him with a sullen and malignant smile, and then uttering a loud and discordant laugh, disappeared amidst the recesses of the forest.

The lady had sunk on the ground exhausted and stupified with terror. Her deliverer hastened to raise her up; while the boy, whose bosom heaved with sobs, caught her hand, and covered it with his kisses; and Adelaide sprinkled her pallid and death-like features with water from the river. When she once more opened her eyes, they rested upon a being very dissimilar from him in whose arms she had last found herself. The perfect grace and symmetry of his form was only equalled by the sweetness and noble expression of his features, which, save that the curl of his lip, and the proud glance of his eye, indicated something of a haughty and imperious temperament, approached as nearly as possible to the *beau idéal* of manly beauty. The simplicity and modesty of his dress were as strikingly opposed to the gorgeous apparel, as were his graces of form and feature to the ghastliness and deformity of his late opponent.

'Thanks, gentle Sir!' said the lady Gray—'thanks for thy timely aid!'

'No thanks are due to me, sweet lady; but to thy fair self I owe unbounded thanks for an opportunity of gazing on so much loveliness. Yet must I be a petitioner for a farther favor—permission to escort you home.'

The lady accepted with gratitude the service which was proffered as a boon; and giving her hand to the graceful cavalier, she proceeded under his escort homewards, attended by the stripling and Adelaide. During this short journey, she had an opportunity of discovering that the elegant and accomplished form of her deliverer was but the mirror of his refined and cultivated mind. The wit, vivacity, knowledge of men and manners, originality of thought, and courteous and chivalrous demeanour which he evinced, were such that, if they did not positively win the heart of the Lady Gray before this their first interview terminated, they certainly laid the

foundation of a passion which, as the reader will subsequently learn, exercised a powerful influence over the destinies of both.

'And now, gentle Sir,' said the lady, as they arrived at her residence, 'welcome to Grafton Manor. Will you please to enter?'

'Not now, sweet Madam!' answered the cavalier: 'I am in the King's train and my services will be missed. Yet may I crave leave to call to-morrow, and inquire after the health of —' He paused; but the lady soon concluded his sentence.

'Of the Lady Gray of Groby,' she said extending her hand to him.

'Ha!' he said, and started, while a dark frown lowered for a moment over his fine features, 'the widow of the Lancastrian knight who fell at St. Alban's.'

'Even that ill-starred woman,' said the Lady Gray, while the tears streamed down her features.—'Farewell! farewell! I see that it is a name which is now unpleasing to all ears.'

'Nay, nay, sweet Madam,' said the youth, gently detaining her; 'it is a name which friends and foes ought alike to honor as identified with manly and heroic devotion to a falling cause, and——' his voice faltered as he added, in a softer tone, 'with the perfection of female grace and loveliness. You have been a suppliant to the King, Madam, for the restoration of your dead Lord's forfeited estates?'

'I have been,' she replied, 'and a most unhappy and unsuccessful one.'

'The King, Madam, is surrounded by men who entertain small love for the unhappy adherents of the House of Lancaster, I have the honor to serve his Highness. If Edward March, his poor Esquire, can advance the cause of the Lady Gray, small as may be his abilities to do her good, they shall be all devoted to her service.'

'Thanks!—once more a thousand thanks, generous Sir!' said the lady. 'The cause of Elizabeth Gray indeed needs all the efforts of her friends to insure for it a prosperous issue. If Master Edward March can do ought to serve it, the blessing of the widow and the fatherless will rest upon his head.'

'And the blessing of the widow,' thought Master Edward March, after he had taken leave of the lady, and was retracing his steps to the river side, 'will be the blessing of the prettiest woman in England. That of the fatherless I could e'en dispense with; yet, methinks, it is well that they are fatherless, Heaven rest their father's soul!'

This short interview caused a strange disturbance in the heart of Elizabeth Gray. The interests of her orphan children, and anxiety to obtain for them the restitution of their father's forfeited property, had for a long time occupied her mind exclusively

Now a new feeling, she would not venture to call it a passion, seemed at least to mingle with, if not to absorb, all other considerations. Yet even this came disguised in the garb of her children's interests, who, she now felt more than ever, stood much in need of a protector to supply the place of their deceased parent. The mother of the Lady Gray was Jaqueline of Luxembourg, the Dowager Duchess of Bedford, who had, after the death of her husband, so far sacrificed her ambition to love, that she espoused in second marriage Sir Richard Woodville, a private gentleman, to whom she bore several children; and amongst the rest Elizabeth, who was remarkable for the grace and beauty of her person, as well as for other amiable accomplishments. This young lady had married Sir John Gray of Groby, by whom she had two sons; and her husband being slain in the second battle of St. Alban's fighting on the side of Lancaster, and his estate being for that reason confiscated, his widow had retired to live with her mother at her seat of Grafton, in Northamptonshire. The Duchess herself resided principally in London, as well for the purpose of leaving her daughter as much as possible in complete possession of Grafton Court, as to afford the Duchess, by her vicinity to the palace, opportunities for pressing upon the King the propriety of restoring to the widow of Sir John Gray the forfeited estates of her husband. These solicitations, however, had as yet been unavailing, and she was in daily expectation of hearing that the estates, which formed the subject of them, had been bestowed upon some adherent of the House of York.

Such was the posture of her affairs when the Lady Gray became acquainted with Edward March, in the manner which we have narrated. The young esquire called on her the next day, and their second interview confirmed in the bosoms of both the passion which had been excited by the first. March, in addition to his personal attractions, expressed so much anxiety for the interests of the lady and her children, and such a determination, as soon as the King returned to London, and was at leisure to attend to business, to press the fair widow's suit upon his attention, that the surrender which the lady made of her heart seemed to her to be no less a matter of policy than affection. The youth was not slow in perceiving the impression which he had made on the susceptible bosom of Elizabeth; and one day when the parties had scarcely been acquainted a month, he took, like Othello, 'a pliant hour,' poured into the lady's listening and not offended ear, a confession of his passion, and made an offer of his hand and heart.

'Alas! good Master March,' said she, 'thou talkest idly. What hopes can a poor

Esquire and the portionless widow of Sir John Gray have of future happiness, by uniting their forlorn fortunes together?

'I have a sword, Madam, which has already done good service, and which, I doubt not, will, on the next field in which it is brandished, win for me the badge of knighthood.'

'Or the grave of an esquire!' said the lady morosely.

'But, Madam, trust to my persuasions, and the King's goodness of heart for the restoration of your children's inheritance. Will you make your promise of sealing my happiness conditional upon that restoration?'

The youth's eye flashed fire as he put this question to the lady. Her color came and went—her bosom rose and fell quickly; her heart beat within it tumultuously, and her whole frame trembled like the aspen tree, as she paused a few moments before she answered this question; and then sinking into his arms, exclaimed, 'I will, I will! dearest Edward, I am wholly thine!'

'Now Heaven's richest blessing fall upon that fair head!' he said, imprinting a fervent kiss on her forehead. 'The King departs for London on the morrow, and I must follow in his train. Trust me, sweet Elizabeth, that thy suit shall not want the advocacy of any eloquence which I may possess; and I hope that when I next meet thee, it will be to clasp thee to my bosom as my bride.'

The Lady Gray felt more desolate than ever at Grafton Manor after the departure of Edward March from its neighborhood. She had intrusted him with a letter to the Duchess of Bedford, in which she had simply informed her that the bearer was a gentleman who hoped, from his situation near the person of the King, to be able to advance the successful progress of their suit to his Highness. To this letter she had received an answer, saying that it had been forwarded to her mother by Mr. March, but that he had not himself called upon the duchess, nor had she received from him any intelligence as to the success of his efforts on the Lady Gray's behalf. Days and weeks rolled on, and the fair widow still remained in total uncertainty as to the state of her affairs, except that each letter which she received from her mother informed her that she found increasing difficulty in procuring interviews with the King, and that the monarch, at such interviews, appeared colder and more adverse than ever to the object for which they were sought.

'Alas! alas!' said the Lady Grey, 'will Fate never cease to persecute me? Even this last fond hope—reliance on the affection and on the efforts in my behalf of this young man—has failed me. But it was a wild and idle hope; and Elizabeth Gray, who has seen so much of the world, ought to have known how delusive are its brightest prospects, and how

false its most solemn promises. Edward March has proved inconstant and untrue, and Elizabeth Gray must remain desolate and oppressed.'

These painful thoughts agitated her mind as from a terrace in the gardens of Grafton Manor she gazed on nearly the same scenery which we have described at the commencement of this narrative—the winding Ouse, whose every ripple gleamed like gold in the beams of the declining sun; the massive oaks, which cast their dark shadows around them, but received on their summits and their leaves a share of the glory of the setting luminary; the stately manor-house in the fore-ground sending up wreaths of silver smoke into the deep blue sky; and the distant spire of the village church of Grafton, catching the latest ray of the fast declining orb, and terminating as with a finger of glory the horizon. This was a scene whose simple quiet beauty had often served to calm and sooth her wounded feelings, and to give a tinge of its own brightness to her anticipations of the future: now, however it served to bring back painful recollections to her mind—the interview with March; the affections and hopes which sprang from it; and the cruel manner in which all those affections and hopes had been blighted and destroyed.

'Yes,' she added 'it is a wild and an idle hope, and he has proved inconstant and untrue.'

At this moment a rustling among the leaves of the bower in which she sat aroused her from her reverie; and starting up, she beheld—not, as for an instant she had fondly expected, Edward March, but a cavalier of maturer age and less welcome to her eye, yet nevertheless, a right noble and valiant cavalier, her father's brother, Sir William Woodville.

'Gallant uncle!' she said, 'right welcome to Grafton Manor!—what news from my noble mother?'

'Cold news, heavy news, sweet Elizabeth,' said the Knight, and he passed his hand across his eyes.

'Alas! alas!' she said, sinking back into the seat from which she had sprung a moment before full of hopefulness.—'Tell it to me then—tell it me, however cold and heavy. Methinks my heart has learned to bear so much, that it can yet bear something—a little, little more—before it breaks.'

'Sweet lady,' said Sir William, 'I am come to inform you that all our hopes of procuring the restitution of your husband's property are over: the meddling interference of a young esquire of the name of March has proved fatal to our cause, he having been discovered to be the same individual who had the boldness to draw his sword on the Duke of Gloucester in Grafton forest, when

the King and his retinue were last in this neighborhood following the pleasures of the chase.'

'Ha!' said the lady, wringing her hands and shrieking piteously; 'and has that gallant young gentleman, to whom my thoughts have done so much injustice, involved himself in danger on my account; and was that foul misshapen being, from whose odious caresses he rescued me, the Duke of Gloucester? I will hasten to London—I will throw myself at the feet of the gallant King—I will tell him that it was in the holiest cause—in the cause of injured innocence and helplessness, that Edward March dare to draw his sword. I will save him—I will save him.'

'Sweet cousin,' said the Knight, gently detaining her—for she had started from her seat as if to perform a journey to London on the instant,—'it is too late—Edward March is no more.'

'Ha!' said the lady, while the blackness of despair gathered on her features; 'thou art mad to say it, and I am mad to listen to it.'

'Nay, nay, sweet cousin!' said the Knight; 'tis sad truth that I utter. Of the details of this young gentleman's fate, I can give you no intelligence. All that I know is, that the same messenger from the court who informed the Duchess that your suit was rejected, added, that the King had found it necessary to terminate the existence of Edward March.'

'The cold-blooded, ruthless tyrant!' said Elizabeth. 'Why! every hair on Edward March's head, was worth a thousand Gloucesters—that bloated spider—that viperous deformity—that hideous libel on the human form! Uncle, thou wear'st a sword.'

'Ay, cousin! and it has done good service in its time. It has dyed the white rose redder than its blushing rival.'

'Now, then, draw it to perform a nobler service than ever. Unsheath it in the cause of murdered innocence—unsheath it in the cause of the helpless and oppressed. Rid the world of a monster in mind and form.—Search with it for the heart, if he has one, of this Duke of Gloucester.'

'Why, gentle cousin,' said the Knight, almost smiling, notwithstanding the heaviness of the news of which he had been the bearer, at the violence of his niece's emotion—'what means this? Surely the loss of your suit to his Highness was not an event so improbable and unexpected, that it should find you thus unprepared to meet the consequences?'

'But the noble gentleman who has perished in the attempt to serve me!' said the lady, weeping.

'Peace be with his ashes!' said the Knight, crossing himself: 'but fair Elizabeth, it is vain and idle to lament the past. Let us rather provide for the future. The King

may yet be prevailed upon to do thee justice. Hasten to the palace; throw thyself to his feet; show him thy orphan children—show him thy sable weeds—above all show him thy own fair face, and, my life for it, the broad acres of Groby are thine own.'

'Wouldst have me kneel at the feet of a homicide?—wouldst have we kiss the hand red with the blood of Edward March? Perish the thought!' said the lady.

'Then perish the children of Sir John Gray!' said the Knight; 'perish and starve his widow! Let beggary and desolation cling to that ancient and honorable house!'

'Nay, nay,' said Elizabeth, interrupting him; 'thou hast touched me to the quick.—I did indeed forget. I will throw myself at the feet of the crowned barbarian—I will dry my tears—I will mask my cheek in smiles—I will procure for my children the restitution of their inheritance, and then I will hasten'—

'To Groby Castle?' said the Knight.

'To the grave! to the grave!' said the lady.

Sir William Woodville no sooner saw that his niece acquiesced in his proposition, than he endeavored to hasten the execution of it, trusting that time would alleviate her sorrow; and not very well understanding all its violence,—for the real cause of her sympathy for the fate of Edward March had not occurred to the imagination of the Knight. 'The Court, the Court,' he said mentally, 'is the atmosphere to dry a widow's tears: the tilt and the tournament, the revel and the masque—these are the true comforters of the afflicted. Many a gallant has pierced a lady's heart through the ring, and lured a nobler falcon than ever soared into the air, when he called only to his mounting goshawk.' Such were the Knight's reflections as he rode towards London. The lady's, as our readers will easily divine, were of a different and more painful character. Fear and sickly hope; mingled horror and awe for the personage whom she was about to supplicate, and cruel grief for the loss of the being who had taken such a chivalrous interest in her fate were the varying emotions by which her bosom was agitated.

The journey to the metropolis, was concluded without the occurrence of any incident worthy of record. Elizabeth Gray was speedily clasped in the arms of her mother, who mingled her tears with her own; and then both ladies accompanied by Sir William Woodville, and the two orphan Grays, proceeded to the palace at Westminster to make a personal appeal to the bounty of the King.

The monarch was seated in his private chamber, surrounded by the few but distinguished courtiers who had the privilege of access to him there, when it was announced to him that the Lady Gray of Groby craved admittance to the royal presence.

'Tut! tut!' said the King; 'this puling widow and her friends think that the King of England has nothing to attend to but the interests of the family of a rebel who died fighting sword in hand against his sovereign. Thrice have I peremptorily refused the supplication of the old Duchess of Somerset; and now the young lady is to play off the battery of her sighs and tears upon me, in the hopes of a more prosperous result.'

'And in truth, my Liege,' said the Marquis of Montague, 'the young lady has not been badly advised in trying that experiment, if report speaks truly of her charms.'

'Sayest thou so, cousin Montague?' said the King; 'then in God's name, let her enter.' And then carefully adjusting his robes, and assuming an air between the dignity of a monarch and the vanity of an Adonis, conscious of his personal attractions, he leaned back in his throne.

'The door of the presence-chamber unfolded, and the suppliant party, attired in deep mourning, approached the foot of the throne. The Lady Gray was led forward by Sir William Woodville, while the Duchess and her disinherited grandchildren came behind. A murmur of approbation and surprise passed from lip to lip, among the courtiers, as they gazed on the surpassingly beautiful features of the fair petitioner, whom sorrow had not robbed of one of her charms, but had rather improved and heightened them all. She entered with head depressed and downcast eyes, not daring to look at the person whom she supplicated, and for whom, as the murderer of her lover, and the sovereign of the realm, she entertained a sentiment in which abhorrence and reverence were strangely mingled.

'A boon! a boon! most dread Sovereign,' she said, sinking at the monarch's feet.

'Rise, gentle Lady,' said the King, 'and name, if thou canst, the boon which thy sovereign will refuse thee.'

'Ha!' said Elizabeth, starting, as though the voice of the dead had sounded in her ears. 'Those tones—that voice! surely I am not mad.' She lifted her eyes towards the King, and an expression of wonder and delight burst from her lips, as she recognised beneath the royal diadem the features of Edward March. That expression, however, was repressed, as a deep feeling of fear and awe came over her; and sinking again to the ground, she exclaimed—'Pardon! gracious Sire!—Pardon! pardon!'

'Pardon! sweet Elizabeth,' said the King, descending from the throne, and raising her in his arms; 'and wherefore?—But thou hast a petition, fair lady, to which thou would'st crave our answer?'

'Even so, dread Sir,' said the lady, 'it is to pray of your royal grace and favor to grant to my orphan children the restitution of the

forfeited estates of their father, Sir John Gray of Groby. Great King! good King! listen to my prayer. Think that the transgressions of the father have been expiated by his death; and that, whatever they were, his infant sons had no participation in them. And oh! gracious Sire, let not the boldness of their mother, at a time when she knew not the illustrious person with whom she conversed, stand in the way of your Highness's grace and favor towards the children.'

'The petition, fair Elizabeth,' said the King, 'is granted, and Heaven prosper the gallant house of Gray of Groby! But now it is my turn to play the suppliant. Thou rememberest a promise made to Edward March—a conditional promise, it is true, but the condition is now performed. The poor youth—rest his soul!—is no more. When King Edward entered his ancient palace of Westminster, he found it necessary to terminate the existence of Edward March.'

'Thus lowly,' said the lady, 'do I once more crave thy royal pardon. Thou who hast proved the husband of the widow, and the father of the fatherless, accept their blessings and their prayers. The land which your Highness has restored to them shall be held for the safeguard of your royal person, and the terror of your enemies; but jest not thus cruelly with your handmaid, and pardon the presumption and boldness of which she was unwittingly guilty.'

'But under your favor, Lady Gray,' said the Monarch, laughing, 'I have not yet proved myself the husband of the widow and the father of the fatherless; and until I do so, I will not accept either their benedictions or their prayers. As the representative of the deceased Edward March, I will take care and see that the promise which was so solemnly made by him be performed. My Lords and Gentleman,' he added, turning to the wondering courtiers, 'behold your Queen!'

'God save Queen Elizabeth!' exclaimed all present. 'Long lived the noble Queen of England!'

'And now, my Lord of Canterbury,' said the King, 'your part in this day's solemnities remains to be performed.'

Thus saying, he led the Lady Gray to the chapel of the palace, followed by her mother and children, Sir William Woodville, the prelate, and the rest of the courtiers. There the nuptial knot was indissolubly tied between the beggar and the king—the monarch and her who had so lately been his humble petitioner.

'Mr. Timms,' said a young wag, 'how do you keep your books?' 'Oh, by double entry.' 'Double entry! how's that?' 'Oh! easy enough, I make one entry and my partner makes another.'

BIOGRAPHY.

From Campaigns in Florida.

Oceola, the Indian Warrior.

BY M. M. COHEN.

This gifted individual is about 30 years of age, 5 feet 10 inches high, rather slender than stout—but elegantly formed—of remarkable likeness of limbs, yet capable of iron endurance, something of the Appollo and Hercules blended, or rather the easy grace, the stealthy step and active spring of the tiger. His grandfather was a Scotchman, his grandmother and mother were full Indians. His father was of course, a half breed and Oceola is therefore a quarter-blood, or one fourth white, which his complexion and eyes indicate, being much lighter than those of the Indians generally. When conversing on topics agreeable to him, his countenance manifests more the disposition of the white than of the red man. There is a great vivacity in the play of his features, and when excited, his face is lit up as by a thousand fires of passion, animation and energy. His nose is Grecian at its base and would be perfectly Phidian, but that it becomes slightly arched. There are indomitable firmness and withering scorn in the expression of his mouth—though the lips are tremulous from the intense emotions which seem ever boiling up within him. About his brow, care and thought and toil have traced their channels, anticipating, on a youthful face, the havoc and furrow-work of time.

To those who have known Oceola long, his fame does not appear like a Sun-burst, but as the ripening fruit of early promised blossoms. For years past, he has enjoyed the reputation of being the best ball player and hunter and the most expert at running, wrestling and all other active exercises. At such times, or when naked, his figure, whence all superfluous flesh is worn down, exhibits the most beautiful development of muscle and power. He is said to be inexhaustible from the ball play, an exercise so violent that the struggle for mastery has been known to cause the death of one of the combatants. When this occurs in a fair contest, the survivor is not punished for murder, as in all other cases of taking life. On one occasion, Oceola acted as guide to a party of horsemen, and finding that, at starting, they proceeded slowly, he inquired the cause. On being told that it was on his account, with one of those smiles he alone can give, he bade them proceed more rapidly. They put spurs to their steeds, and he, a-foot, kept up with them during the entire route, nor did he exhibit the slightest symptoms of fatigue, at the close of the day, but arrived at the point proposed, as early as the mounted body. To Col. Gadsden, sole Commissioner at the

Treaty of Payne's Landing Oceola rendered good service, at the head of thirty or forty warriors, posting himself nearer to the Colonel's position than the other Indians, and saying, he was more like the white man than they. He did not sign the treaty then and there made, nor did he refuse so to do. The fact is, he was never asked to subscribe his name thereto, being at that time but a Tussemge and of little note. This treaty must not be confounded with the subsequent agreement that Oceola finally signed, and into which he is said to have plunged his knife, when called on for his signature. The negotiations at Payne's landing were in the time of Tuckasee Emathla, or the Ground Mole Warrior, Chief of the Micasuky tribe. At that date it was not known of Powell, as Cotton Mather says of Roger Williams, in his Magnolia, that 'the whole country was soon like to be set on fire by the rapid motion of a wind mill in the head of this one man.'

Oceola acted as agent for Micanope, who is an imbecile, in reducing to subjection the Micasukies, who are not only the most numerous and powerful, but the most desperate and insubordinate tribe. By his boldness and energy, he always succeeded in bringing them in to receive punishment, for the offences committed—latterly he would beg them off, and finally went over to them as one of their Chiefs. The U. S. Officers as well as the Indians, all looked to Oceola to secure offenders—knowing his resolution and prowess. And for this purpose as well as to restrain the Seminoles within their limits, he has taken more pains, and endured more fatigue, than any four of the Indians put together. He is of elevated and upright character, and was of kindly disposition till put in irons, which controverted, to gall, the milk of human kindness in his bosom—roused his fiery indignation, unquenchable but by blood, and excited him to deep seated, ample revenge.

Oceola's agency, and that of his Lieutenant Tom, in Omathla's death, and his killing Gen Thompson, with the rifle presented him by the General, militate against the favorable estimate of his character. But that all his goodly feeling were not utterly eradicated, is proven by an incident in the interview with Gen. Gaines' command. On that occasion, Oceola anxiously inquired after Lieut. John Grahame, on being informed that he was wounded, stoutly denied it. On being asked why he was so positive that Lieut. G. was unhurt, he replied that he had imperatively ordered his people never to molest that young man, and he knew no one who would dare disobey him; none should, and live! It was then admitted, that though the brothers, Grahame, had been wounded, yet Lieut. G. had escaped injury; at which admission Oceola greatly joyed. It seems that Powell

has a little daughter, to whom Lt. G. was kind, and presented with frocks, in which the young girl, who grew very fond of him, always insisted on being dressed, whenever she perceived Lieut. G. (for whom she often looked out) coming to visit her. Oceola's motive in sparing Lieut. G. was gratitude for attention to his child, which he also endeavored to repay by teaching the Lieut. the Indian language, for he speaks a little English, and is very intelligent.

Powell has two wives, as is common with the Indians, but they are rarely Trigonists. His two better halves live in perfect harmony, having one table in common, but occupying separate 'lodges.' They are both young and comely; one of them is particularly pretty. They yield passive obedience to his vigorous intellect, and expressions which partake the character of his mind. His words are ever few, but apposite. At the conclusion of the Talk, I have sketched his lofty mien and manly bearing. His address is courteous and affable and his smile is witchery. Like most Indians, he is fond of a joke, the opinion that savages are always grave, being erroneous. His shake of the hand, like every thing from him, leaves a lasting impression: and if there be not a vice in his fingers, he has a vicious way of using them. Oceola is greatly ambitious, and like other Indians, revengeful, the *lex talionis* treading their bloody code. So that his conduct, like that of more civilized men, is made up of mixed motives, having just enough of the salt of patriotism to preserve the character from the taint of corrupting selfishness.

MISCELLANY.

For the Rural Repository.

Beauties of Nature.

With thousand beauties Nature's wife.—DANA.

To the child of Nature nothing is more beautiful than her works. At all seasons it is his delight to ramble among her rural scenery, inhale her balmy breath, and court her lovely smiles. She may with propriety be called 'the idol of his affections,' for he is a constant worshipper at her shrine. The contemplation of her works, so 'rife' with 'beauties' is the employment of his vacant moments, and ever yields him consummate pleasure. Behold him climbing some abrupt steep, some lofty hill, from whence he may survey the wide extended landscape around. How his countenance beams with delight as he views the distant plains, clothed in the richest garniture of nature, extending as far as his insatiable ken can reach, seeming to be bounded only by the far off dim horizon. See with what admiration he scans the innumerable mountains that rear their bleak, majestic heads far up among the clouds, which surround them.

seemingly as if to shade their whittly, time-furrowed brows from the burning rays of the sun. Often may he be seen at the calm and meditative hour of evening, reclined on the thymy banks of some retired rivulet, listening to the soft murmurings of its waters as they gently meander along the sequestered vale; fanned by the sighing zephyrs that glide by him laden with the ambrosial perfume emitted from the multitude of flowers which bedeck the fields and valleys around: or hanging, with enraptured ear, on the melodious notes of the feathered songsters, as they sing their last requiem to the departed day. Then are awakened the pure, poetical feelings of his soul; then does his bosom throb with ecstasy, as the heaven-born strains of Nature's impelling music strike upon the high-strung cords of his transported heart.—What heavenly feelings then fill his breast—feelings with which he would not part for all the sordid pelf of earth.

Again he may be seen amid the awful stillness of the midnight hour, sitting at his casement, wrapt in the mantle of contemplation, viewing 'the silent queen of night' as she rides slowly and majestically along her celestial way; or gazing, entranced on the innumerable host of refulgent lamps that illuminate the heavenly plains. And as he thus muses, his thoughts, pure as the vestal beams of that moon, or the rays of those numberless diadems, ascend to the Framer of the universe; and in his praise, for his goodness, wonderful skill and power, he pours forth the devout feelings of his inmost soul. Oh! how degraded the heart, how vitiated the mind of him who sees nothing in the works of nature to admire; who takes no pleasure in beholding the mighty ocean, the beautiful river, the towering mountain, or the gracefully decorated valley: who can survey the heavenly bodies in their revolutions, and observe the changes of the seasons, without once being led to wonder at and adore the superior power of the Creator. Thankful indeed should he be, who is not in such a degraded condition; who contemplates, with pleasure the beauties of nature; who sees in every thing around him, something to admire, and on viewing which he is led

'To look through Nature up to nature's God.'

Dracut, Ms.

J. C.

Principle and Feeling.

Let us suppose, that one evening Feeling and Principle were walking in the road upon the outskirts of a country town. They had been to attend an evening service in a school-house, half a mile from their homes. It was a cold winter evening, and as they passed by the door of a small cabin, with boarded windows, and broken roof, they saw a child sitting at the door, weeping and sobbing most bitterly.

Feeling looked anxious and concerned.

'What's the matter, my little fellow?' said Principle with a pleasing countenance.

The boy sobbed on.

'What a house,' said Feeling, 'for human beings to live in! But I do not think any thing serious is the matter—let us go on.'

'What is the matter, my boy,' said Principle again kindly, 'can you not tell us what is the matter?'

'My father is sick,' said the boy, 'and I do not know what is the matter with him.'

'Hark!' said Feeling.

They listened and heard the sounds of moaning and muttering within the house.

'Let us go on,' said Feeling, pulling upon Principle's arm, 'and we will send somebody to see what is the matter.'

'We had better go and see ourselves,' said Principle to her companion.

Feeling shrunk back from the proposal, and Principle herself—with female timidity—paused for a moment, from an undefined sense of danger.

'There can be no danger,' thought she—'Besides if there is, my Savior exposed himself to danger in doing good. Why should not I?—Savior,' she whispered, 'aid and guide me.'

'Where is your mother, my boy?' said she.

'She is in there,' said the boy, 'trying to take care of him.'

'O come,' said Feeling, 'let us go. Here my boy, here is some money for you to carry to your mother. Saying this, she tossed some change down by his side.

The boy was wiping his eyes and did not notice it. He looked anxiously into Principle's face and said,

'I wish you would go in and see my mother.'

Principle advanced towards the door, and Feeling, afraid to stay out or go home alone, followed.

They walked in.

Lying upon a bed of straw, and covered with miserable and tattered blankets, was a sick man, moaning and muttering, and snatching at the bed clothes with his fingers. He was evidently not sane.

His wife was sitting on the end of a bench by the chimney corner, with her elbows on her knees and her face upon her hands.

As her visitors entered, she looked up to them, the very picture of wretchedness and despair. Principle was glad, but Feeling was sorry that they had come.

Feeling began to talk to some small children who were shivering over the embers upon the hearth, and Principle accosted the mother—they both soon learned the true state of the case; it was one of common misery, resulting from the common cause.

Feeling was overwhelmed with painful emotion at witnessing such suffering. Principle began to think what could be done to relieve it, and prevent its return.

'Let us give her some money, to send and buy some wood and some bread,' whispered Feeling, 'and go away—I cannot bear to stay.'

'She wants kind words and sympathy, more than food and fuel, for her present relief,' said Principle, 'let us stay with her a little while.'

The poor sufferer was cheered and encouraged by their presence. A little hope broke in.

Her strength revived under the influence of a cordial more powerful than any medicated beverage, and when, after half an hour, they went away, promising future relief, the spirits and strength of the wretched wife and mother had been a little restored. She had smoothed her husband's wretched couch, and quieted the crying children, and shut her doors, and was preparing to enjoy the relief when it should come. In a word she had been revived from the stupor of despair.

As they walked away, Feeling said it was a most heart rending scene, and that she should not forget it as long as she lived. Principle said nothing but guided their way to a house where they found one whom they could employ to carry food and fuel to the cabin, and take care of the sick man while the wife and her children should sleep. They then returned home. Feeling retired to rest, shuddering lest the terrible scene should haunt in her dreams, and saying that she would not witness such a scene again for all the world. Principle knelt down at her bedside with a mind at peace. She commended the sufferers to God's care, and prayed that her Savior would give her every day some such work to do.

Such, in a very simple case, is the difference between Feeling and Principle. The one obeys God, the other her own impulses, and relieves misery, because she cannot bear to see it.—*The way to do good.*

Consider the End.

THE shape and character which our lives assume, are so uniformly the result of our actions, that if it were possible to foresee the course of conduct which a young man, setting out in life, would pursue, there would be no difficulty in foretelling, with great precision, the result. So invariably do we shape our destinies, and so uniformly and universally do causes and effects travel with each other. Hence the often repeated Maxim, 'A man may be what he will be.'

It is the want of due consideration, not the want of good sense, that ruins thousands: the neglect to exercise the thinking, and reasoning powers which they have, rather

than any natural deficiency of intellect, which makes so many shipwrecks along the voyage of life. It is, that men in multitudes yield to temptations, and indulge in habits and lead themselves to practices of which they do not consider the end.

Have you a reader just setting out in the habit of GAMBLING? If this should meet the eye of such an one, let me ask have you considered the end? Have you deliberately considered it? Have you ever run your eye back over the race of gamblers that have gone before you—counted how many became beggars—how many hopeless drunkards—how all became knaves—how all lived without character—all died without hope—some convicts—others maniacs, and many suicides? Have you considered how certainly these are the ends of the paths in which you are entering? If any voice says there is no harm in it, it is the voice of your evil genius; consider the end.

Another common vice upon which the young by thousands, heedlessly enter, is INTemperance, in some or all of its various forms. It is a vice which comes in a thousand shapes; intemperate eating, drinking, chewing, smoking, and snuffing. I will not and cannot enumerate them all. But in every case the great mistake is made in the beginning; and the warning is, by all the evils which every where you witness, springing from these sources—by all the wretchedness of drunkenness—by all the miseries of disease, and poverty, and ruin, do not enter upon any of these habits, until you well and deliberately consider the end.

Again:—in the ordinary business of life, there are constantly presented a thousand temptations and opportunities for the practice of DISHONESTY; in other words, of taking advantage of others. I have more particular allusion to that class of little frauds which the law does not reach, and which, in society are not considered disreputable, pass off rather with censure. This you may with implicit confidence rely upon—that every departure from the most rigid rules of honesty in your dealing will be sure to harm you in the end. Gains unfairly acquired are like self-righteousness—the more a man gets the worse he is off. Besides the frittering of public confidence, the wear and tear of conscience and the loss of conscious integrity, there is a curse that forever follows them. Before you allow yourself to enter upon such a course, consider the end.

The indulgence of a PASSIONATE TEMPER, is perhaps, one of the most unhappy of human vices; because there are but few others which so perpetually prey upon the peace and serenity of the mind. This strong, sturdy enemy to human enjoyment, in the vast majority of cases, is left to grow with our growth and

strengthen with our strength, until its ascendancy is complete. It progresses in its dominion step by step—every indulgence adds to its power, and every acquisition of power increases its thirst for indulgence. Yet it can be controlled and brought into perfect subjection. He who is not master of himself, no matter what else he is master of, is a slave—and whatever efforts can be induced by the consideration of liberty, peace, happiness, and a comparative exemption from a thousand dangers to which passion exposes us in life, should be made to guard ourselves in this particular. Never indulge in passion until you have considered the end.

Consider well the end in every thing you do—the end!—not the immediate results—the momentary gratification—the apparent gain or advantage for the time—but the end of all your course of conduct. Look into the future until you clearly see it, and not imagine the consequences are to terminate in an hour, a day, a week, a month, a year, or even an age. The end—the end, is far beyond in eternity. Few indeed, are the faults or follies of men which meet with no retribution here—suffering comes with every vice as its inseparable companion. But the end, I repeat, is not now—and it is the end I pray you consider.—*Trenton Emporium.*

An Odd Blunder mated.

About the year 1757, there was a warm controversy in the third parish of Dedham, as to the location of a new burying ground.—The matter was long agitated at successive meetings; the opposition was violent, and the measure was finally carried by a small majority. Deacon Onion, notwithstanding his years and infirmities, attended all the meetings and was very warm in favor of the project, and Capt. Baker was violent in the opposition. The Rev. Mr. Tyler, with his characteristic prudence, kept aloof from the quarrel. He conversed freely, however, with both parties, and endeavored to assuage their bitterness by his pleasantry and good humor. Soon after the final vote, he met Capt. Baker. 'Good morning, Capt. Baker. A fine day, captain. Well, they tell me they out-voted you last night.'—'Yes, and much good may it do 'em. They've got their new-burying ground, and the sooner they have use for it the better.—But one thing is certain, *I'll never be buried there as long as I live.*' This was too good a blunder for the parson to keep; so he steered straight to Deacon Onion's to enjoy the joke with him. 'Good morning, deacon Onion. A fine day, deacon. A fine day, deacon. Wish you joy of your new burying ground. You were rather too merry for them at last.' 'Oh! yes, Mr. Tyler, we out generalled 'em completely.' 'And what do you think Capt. Baker says about it, dea-

con?' 'Oh! I don't know; he's an awful wretch. What did he say?' 'Why, he says he never will be buried there as long as he lives!'—'Oh! what an obstinate critter! well, *if God spare my life, I will, Mr. Tyler!*'—*Yeoman's Gazette.*

Want of Decision.

Perhaps in no way do mothers more effectually destroy their own influence with children, and injure them, than from neglecting to practice decision. The following little fact will illustrate the pernicious influence of this course of conduct:—

A little girl remarked a short time since that beaver hats were quite fashionable, and she would have one. 'Have you forgotten,' said I 'that your mother yesterday remarked that the hat you wore last winter was quite neat, and that she did not intend to encourage extravagance and a love of fashion in a little girl.'—'Ah, well,' replied she, 'no matter for that—mother said that our Susan should not go to Miss W.'s party the other evening, because she was very much afraid that there would be dancing there: but when sister cried about it and made a fuss, mother consented to let her go, and bought her a new pair of shoes and a pretty blue scarf to wear. Besides, I am quite sure it is quite right to have a fashionable hat to go to church in, and I'll tease mother to buy me one. And I know that I shall get it—for mother often changes her mind.'

ADMIRAL DUNCAN addressed his officers, who came on board his ship for instructions previous to the engagement with Admiral De Winter, in the following words; 'Gentleman, you see a severe Winter approaching, I have only to advise you to keep up a good fire.'

Letters Containing Remittances,

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of Postage paid.

P. J. S. Lyander, N. Y. \$1.00; J. H. G. Elyria, O. \$1.00; S. H. Dennis, Ms. \$1.00; D. J. B. Canaan 4 Corners, N. Y. \$1.00; M. G. A. Ashburnham, Ms. \$1.00; A. W. M. Elmira, N. Y. \$1.00; W. M. C. Bristol, Ct. \$1.00; A. S. Castleton, N. Y. \$1.00; W. C. E. Massillon, O. \$1.00; C. L. C. N. Y. Mills, N. Y. \$5.00; L. C. D. Columbiaville, N. Y. \$1.00; R. E. Clermont, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Olean, N. Y. \$5.00; W. O. F. Northampton, N. Y. \$3.00; W. S. C. Geneva, N. Y. \$1.00.

MARRIED.

In this city, on the 19th inst. by the Rev. Wm. Whitaker, Mr. John A. Smith, of this city, to Miss Maria Morrison, of Stockport.

At Centerville, on the 17th inst. by the Rev. J. Berger, Mr. Harman Best, to Miss Sarah Eleanor Groat, both of the above place.

At Centerville, on the 9th inst. by the Rev. J. Berger, Mr. Charles King, of Athens, to Miss Cyrena Cook, of Hudson.

DIED.

In this city, on the 14th of September last, Sarah L. Anable, aged 4 years and 3 months; on 27th inst. Howard Mableton Anable, aged 1 year and 11 months, the two youngest children of Henry Anable.

In Troy, on the 5th inst. John V. Sturges, infant son of the late John Sturges, of this city, aged 6 months and 22 days.

In Albany, on the 11th inst. after a short and severe illness, Mr. Hendrick Schermhorst, in the 70th year of his age, one of the oldest inhabitants of this city.



SELECT POETRY.

The Magic Veil's Removed.

There is an hour that all must feel,
A pang each human heart must know;—
A wound, all study to conceal,
That still through lingering years must flow!
'Tis when the magic veil's removed,
And, gazing round with startled eye,
We see the world, once so much loved,
Appear in stern reality;

Strip of the fairy hues that youth,
Love, Fancy, Hope, had o'er it thrown;—
And, by the clear cold light of Truth,
In all its real misery shown!
When every joy young bosoms prize,
Tint after tint dissolve away,
As sun-beams in the western skies,
That vanish with departing day!

Then falls a blight upon the heart,
When thus it finds its hopes are vain;
Like the crushed flower;—no time, no art,
Can ever make it bloom again!
Happier are they who press the tomb,
While Life one bright Elysium seems,
Than those who, through an age of gloom,
Linger, to mourn their early dreams!

The Ancient Family Clock.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

So here thou art, old friend,
Ready thine aid to lend,
With honest face;
The gilded figures just as bright
Upon thy painted case,
As when I ran with young delight
Thy burnished robe to trace—
Forbidden still thy garniture to touch,
I gazed with clasped hands, admiring long and much.

But where is she who sat
Near in her elbow chair,
Teaching, with patient care,
Life's young beginner on thy dial plate
To count the winged minutes, fleet and fair,
And mark each hour with deeds of love?
Lo, she hath broke her league with Time, and gone
above.

Thrice welcome, ancient crone!
'Tis sweet to gaze on thee,
And hear thy busy heart beat on.
Come tell old tales to me,
Old tales, such as I love, of hoar antiquity.
Young lips their love have told
Into the thrilling ear,
Till midnight's witching hour waxed old,
Deeming themselves alone, while thou wert near,
In thy sly corner hid sublime,
With thy 'tick, tick'—to warn how time
Outliveth Love, boasting itself divine,
Yet fading like the leaf which its fond votaries twine.

The unuttered hopes and fears,
The deep drawn rapturous tears
Of young paternity,
Were chronicled by thee.
The nursing's first faint cry,
Which from a bright-haired girl of dance and song,

The idle incense fed, of an adoring throng,
Did make a mother with her quenchless eyes
Of Love, and truth and trust, of holiest memories,
As Death's sharp ministry
Doth make an angel, when the mortal dies.

Thy quick vibrations caught
The cradled infant's ear,
And while it marked thy face with curious fear,
Thou did'st awake the new born thought,
Peering through the humid eye,
Like star-beam in a misty sky;
Tho' the nurse standing still more near,
Saw but the baby's growing health,
And praised that fair machine of clay,
Working, in mystery and wealth,
In wondrous way.

Thou utteredst the death knell,
Chiming in sadness with the funeral bell,
When the stranger feet come gathering slow,
To see the master of the mansion borne
To that last home, the narrow and the low,
From whence is no return.

How slow thy movement to the anxious breast,
The expecting maiden or the waiting wife;
'He comes to-morrow'—but the day unblest,
Still, like a wounded snake, its length did draw.
Then wert thou watched and blamed, as if the strife
Of wild emotion should have been thy law;
Though thou wert pledged, amity sublime,
To crystal breasted Truth, and sky reporting Time.

Thou hast the signal given
For the gay bridal, when, with flower-crowned hair
And growing brow, the youthful pair
Stood near the priest in reverent air,
Dreaming that earth means heaven.
And thou hast heralded with joyance fair
The green wreathed Christmas, and the other feast
With which the hard lot of Colonial care
The pilgrim sire besprinkled;—saving well
The luscious pumpkin, and the fattened beast,
And the rich apple with its luscious swell,
Till the Thanksgiving sermon duly o'er,
He greets his children at his humble door,
Bidding them welcome to his plenteous board,
While gathering from their distant home,
To knit their gladdened hearts in love they come,
Each with his youngling brood, round the father's
board.

Thou hast outlived thy maker, ancient clock!
He in his cold grave sleeps; but thy slight wheels
Still do his bidding, yet his frailty mock,
While o'er his name oblivion steals.
O Man! so prodigal of pride and praise—
Thy work survives thee: dead machines perform
Their revolution, while thy scythe shorn days
Yield thee a powerless prisoner to the worm!
Thou dar'st to sport with Time; while he
Consigns thee sternly to Eternity.

Make peace! make peace with Him who rules above
the storm.

From the Token for 1837.

The Mother's Jewel.

BY H. F. GOULD.

JEWEL most precious thy mother to deck,
Clinging so fast to the chain of my neck,
Locking thy little white fingers to hold
Closer and closer the circle of gold—
Stronger than these are the links that confine
Near this fond bosom this treasure of mine!
Gift from my Maker, so pure and so dear,
Almost I hold thee with trembling and fear.

Whence is this gladness so holy and new,
Felt as I clasp thee, or have thee in view?
What is the noose that slips over my mind,
Drawing it back if it leaves thee behind?
Soft is the bondage, but strong is the knot—
O! when the mother her babe has forgot,
Ceasing from joy in so sacred a trust,
Dark should her eye be and closed for the dust.

Spirit immortal with light from above,
Over this new opened fountain of love,
Forth from my heart as it gushes so free,
Sparkling, and playing, and leaping to thee,
Painting the rainbow of hopes till they seem
Brighter than reason—too true for a dream!
What shall I call thee? My glory? my sun?
These cannot name thee, thou beautiful one!

Brilliant, celestial, so priceless in worth,
How shall I keep thee unspotted from earth?
How shall I save thee from ruin by crime,
Dimmed not by sorrow, untarnished by time?
Where, from the thief and the robber who stray
Over life's path, shall I hide thee away?
Fair is the setting, but richer the gem,
Oh! thou'lt be coveted—sought for by them!

I must devote thee to one who is pure,
Touched by his brightness, thine will be sure,
Borne in his bosom, no vapor can dim,
Nothing can win or can pluck thee from Him.
Seamless and holy the garment he folds
Over his jewels that closely he holds.
Hence unto him be my little one given,
Yea, 'for of such is the kingdom of heaven.'

Winter.

WINTER, thou daughter of the storm—
I love thee, when the day is o'er,
Spite of the tempest's outward roar;
Queen of the tranquil joys that weave
The charm around the sudden eve;
The thick'ning footsteps through the gloom,
Telling of those we love come home;
The candles lit, the cheerful board,
The dear domestic group restored;
The fire that shows the looks of glee;
The infants standing at our knee:
The busy news, the sportive tongue,
The laugh that makes us still feel young;
The health to those we love, that now
Are far as ocean winds can blow;
The health to those who with us grew,
And still stay with us tried and true;
The wife, that makes life glide away,
One long and lovely marriage day;
Then music comes, till round us creep
The infant listeners half asleep;
The busy tongues are hush no more,
And, Winter, thy sweet eve is o'er.

Almanacks for 1837.

Stoddard's Diary or Columbian Almanack; Comic; David
Crocket's, People's and German Almanacks, for sale at
A. STODDARD'S Bookstore.

THE RURAL REPOSITORY,

IS PUBLISHED EVERY OTHER SATURDAY, AT HUDSON, N. Y.
Wm. B. Stoddard.

It is printed in the Quarto form, and will contain
twenty-six numbers of eight pages each, with a title page
and index to the volume.

TERMS.—One Dollar per annum in advance, or One
Dollar and Fifty Cents, at the expiration of three months
from the time of subscribing. Any person, who will remit
as Five Dollars, free of postage, shall receive six copies,
and any person, who will remit us Ten Dollars, free of
postage, shall receive twelve copies, and one copy of either
of the previous volumes. No subscriptions received
for less than one year. All the back numbers furnished
to new subscribers.

All orders and Communications must be post paid,
to receive attention.



DEVOTED TO POLITE LITERATURE, SUCH AS MORAL AND SENTIMENTAL TALES, ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS, BIOGRAPHY, TRAVELING SKETCHES, AMUSING MISCELLANY, HUMOROUS AN HISTORICAL ANECDOTES, SUMMARY, POETRY, &c.

VOL. XIII.—[IV. NEW SERIES.]

HUDSON, N. Y. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1836.

NO. 14.

SELECT TALES.

From the Portland Magazine.

The Daughter.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

Two heavy blows were struck on the huge brass knocker of a house in Backstreet. rather late one evening, when that beautiful street was far less thickly inhabited than at the present day. The kitchen girl, who served as cook, chambermaid, footman and porter, opened the door and confronted a tall, well dressed gentleman, who inquired for the master of the house. Without a moment's delay, the stranger was ushered into the comfortable sitting room occupied by Mr. —, who laid down the Portland Gazette, and removed his feet from their exalted position over the fire-place, to receive his visitor. There was some thing extremely interesting in the appearance of the stranger; his age might be about forty, but his features were handsome and stamped with a cast of settled melancholy, while his manner had that air of quiet gentle breeding which results from a useful intercourse with men and books. He surrendered his hat to the red handed servant, and taking the chair she had planted for him on the hearth-rug, opened his business. After inquiring if Mr. — was not a stockholder in the Cumberland Bank, he stated his wish to purchase twenty shares in that institution at as low per centage as possible. While he was speaking, the look of easy hospitality passed from the stockholder's features, which instantly changed to their usual crafty business expression—he compressed his lips, crossed one leg over the other, and drummed on the stand beside him with the air of a man debating about an offer he can well afford to refuse.

'Really, I don't know,' he said with a becoming share of indifference, 'stock in our bank is first-rate property—if I sell twenty shares I shall want a handsome premium. How much do you expect to pay?'

The stranger replied, by asking how the Cumberland stock then stood.

'High—always high,' replied the other, avoiding a direct answer. 'Ours is a safe institution—yields fine dividends—the only bank in the state that held out specie payments through the last war—shares always above par—,' he was running on in praise of the hobby, but the stranger bro't him to the point, by saying that he had left a daughter at the inn near by, who would be anxious for his return, and that he must solicit a direct answer to his proposition.

'Well, what do you say to eight per-cent?' replied the capitalist.

'That is more than I am prepared to pay—the best stocks in Boston were not more than five when I left.'

'You are from Boston then, inquired, or rather affirmed the stockholder, losing sight of his bargain in the eagerness of his curiosity.

The stranger calmly replied that he was.

'Came this morning in the sloop Mary Ann, I suppose?' persisted the inquirer.

'Yes,' was the dry answer, which would have silenced any man born south of New England; but Mr. —, a heavy stockholder in a wealthy state bank; had a comfortable sense of his own importance. What is money good for if it will not enable its possessor to be ill-bred when he pleases? Nothing certainly. Mr. — had an undoubted right to ask impertinent questions—he could afford it—so he went on regardless of the annoyance of his victim.

'Brought your family, you say?'

'All that remains to me,' replied the stranger in a broken voice, while an expression of anguish contracted his high forehead and trembled on his lips, unregarded by his ruthless questioner, who continued—

'Probably you intend to settle in Portland?'

'No, Sir.'

'Back in the country then?'

'Yes.'

'On the Kennebec?'

'No on the Androscoggin.'

'Why, what can such a person as you expect to be expect to do away back in the woods?—oh, I see—got men up there getting out lumber—fine season for logging.'

The stranger saw that there were no hopes of concluding his business, till he had furnished the stockholder with his history, past, present and to come; so in a few hurried words he stated that he was a native of Maine, but had spent most of his life in Boston as a merchant—that he had amassed a large property there, which had been greatly diminished by the villany of one he had trusted. His voice faltered as he went on to say, that his wife and two children had died in the same year, leaving him one daughter, with whom he was removing to a little farm that he had purchased in Oxford county.

The curiosity of the capitalist being satisfied he no longer hesitated to close his bargain, which was finally settled by the stranger's paying two thousand one hundred and twenty dollars—we like to be particular in money matters—for which he received the requisite twenty shares of stock in the good old Cumberland Bank. Mr. — politely attended his visitor to the door, and, wishing him a good evening, returned to his sitting room. He took up the roll of bank bills he had just received, looked them all over carefully, counted them three times, and then deposited them in an old black wallet with the comfortable smile of a successful bargainer.

Meanwhile the stranger made his way to Peck's tavern, still to be found, with other occupants, at the corner of Maine and Beaver streets. He entered a private room where he had left his daughter; a delicate girl of fourteen. She was in deep mourning, and her glossy curls, almost as black as her dress, were confined back by a circular comb of wrought shell, and dropped over her neck and shoulders as she bent with a willowy gracefulness toward the fire; her tiny hands clasped on her knee, and her large dark eyes fixed mournfully on the blaze. Tears were stealing unheeded down her cheeks and she was too much absorbed to notice the entrance of her father, till he had almost reached the low stool on which she was seated. Hastily drawing her hand over her eyes and shaking her curls forward in a vain endeavor

to hide her tearful cheek, she arose and stood before him as if detected in some evil. Mr. Suthgate seated himself, and drawing the beautiful child to his knee inquired if his absence had seemed tedious; and then, seeing the tears on her face, as he kissed her, said in a tone of gentle chiding,

'Shame, Grace your eyes are full of tears—surely you were not afraid to stay alone.

'No, papa, but—,' she hesitated, and the tears again sprang to her eyes.

'But what child?'

'I was thinking of mamma and of all she said to me that night, and I cried for fear that I could not do all she wished; she told me to fill her place—to be all that she had been to you; but oh, papa! I never, never can be so good;'—and the motherless girl threw her arms about her father's neck and sobbed on the bosom to which he pressed her, while his tears rained over her head, and a prayer was swelling his heart—a prayer of thanksgiving, that when the blossom of his happiness was blasted, a bud was left in its place so full of purity and rich promise.

'Papa,' said the young orphan, raising her innocent face from the paternal bosom, 'do you think mamma can hear me now, when I promise to obey her wishes as near as I can?—it seems to me sometimes when I kneel to say my prayers, as if I could feel her breath on my forehead as she whispers prayerful words into my heart—then I close my eyes, and strange sweet thoughts seem rising and turning to words, till I can scarcely utter them for happiness—and then there is such a still contented feeling, comes over me—Father, am I wicked, am I forgetful, because I do not feel so sorry that poor mamma is dead at such times?'

'No, my sweet child, it is the balm which God himself administers to the broken heart—but for such merciful comfortings your father too must have sunk to the grave. But sit down and listen to me, Grace—you know nothing of the life we are to lead in our new habitation. It was your sainted mother's request that you should be removed from the city to the quiet of a country life, where you should become the pupil of your father, and take upon you such charges as will serve to render you useful in the humble lot my broken spirits and impoverished fortune has left to us. Grace, can you cheerfully undertake the hardships of a life so monotonous?'

'I can, father,' replied the gentle child, raising the meek eyes she had inherited from her lost mother to his face, with the confidence of a pure heart untried in the struggles of life. Again she was pressed to her parent's bosom and again he thanked God that so much happiness was left to him.

Early the next morning, Mr. Suthgate and his daughter started on their journey to the

interior. At Paris they left the public conveyance and proceeded in a hired chaise. As they penetrated into the country toward Woodstock, the scenery, hitherto cultivated and pastoral swelled gradually into irregular hills, broken occasionally into huge precipices, thrusting their granite crags through their covering of underwood and forest trees. As they proceeded spots of picturesque grandeur broke upon their view at every turn of the road. Now our travelers were in the depth of a valley, and then a bleak precipice shot its cliffs over their heads as they wound up the brow of a hill, while the waters of a mountain-lake lay sleeping beneath them, in the dense shadow thrown by an unbroken rocky causeway frowning on the opposite shore, surmounted by a range of blasted trees, and appearing like a close file of dusky giants, each brandishing his spear against the sky. In these wild hills the cross roads were rough and dangerous. More than once Mr. Suthgate and poor Grace were obliged to leave the chaise and pick their way through the stones, choking the road, and not unfrequently bounding down the steep, loosened by the horse, in his struggle for a sure foothold, as he toiled on with the empty chaise. The day was waning when our travelers reached the end of their journey. For more than a mile their road had run along the very summit of a hill, exceedingly broken, yet commanding a fine view of the country. Suddenly it swept back from an eminence running parallel, and the road turned sharply down into a little valley of some twenty acres. Through a chasm between the two hills a mountain-stream dashed in a sheet of foam to the valley, and wound in a considerable body through an opening in the north. Just in the curve of the hill stood a small, neatly furnished house, with a meadow spreading its green bosom in front, and a small garden, hedged by rows of currant bushes and cherry trees, both ruddy with fruit, stretching to a precipice at the back. Mr. Suthgate checked his horse at the bend of the road, and pointing to the valley as it lay, serene and beautiful, in the bosom of the hills, said,

'There Grace is our farm—look at it—then look abroad, and say if the whole is not even more beautiful than I have described it.'

Grace bent eagerly forward, and for some moments remained breathlessly gazing on the sublime scenery around her.—Lesser declivities than the one on which they stood, were swelling away on either side like a succession of broken waves, till their undulations were lost in the distant landscape, spreading away to the horizon in a sea of forest trees. Cultivated farms occasionally broke the monotonous foliage of a hill side, or smiled in the valleys like spots of joy in the waste of life; while here and there stupendous fragments of

rocks upreared their rifted heads from the bosom of the wilderness like the battlements of a darker world, their sides dashed sparingly with stunted trees, dead pines bristling up their naked sides, and the green monarchs of the forest crowding to their feet as if to do them homage. The sun was on the verge of the horizon showering its 'powdered gold' over a portion of the west, melting into purple twilight over the still bosom of the forest. Regardless of fatigue, the father and daughter sat gazing upon the scene, wrapped in mournful thoughts, which so naturally steal upon the mind when the day is expiring. Neither spoke, for both were thinking of her who had been the sun of their little world.

'Halloo there—what's the difficulty,' inquired a lusty farmer, riding up the hill with a bag of newly ground meal thrown across his horse by way of saddle—'hallow—does your horse shy, or have you lost a linchpin?'

Mr. Suthgate took up his reins, and answering that nothing was the matter, was proceeding down the hill—but his new friend soon came on a level with him and drew up for a parley.

'Rather guess I've seen that're horse o'yourn afore, hav'nt I?—don't he belong on Paris Hill?'

Mr. Suthgate replied that it did.

'Sartin on't the first minit—any news stirrin?'

Mr. Suthgate replied that he knew of none.

'Belong on Paris Hill, ha?'

'No, in Boston.'

'Boston!—why you an't the man that's bought Mr. Dean's place down below here, are you?'

'Yes, I have purchased the farm at the foot of the hill.'

'Wal, now I thought so—glad to see you, Mr. Suthgate—that's your name they tell me—hope you'll be neighborly—I live in the black house you've juss past,—and the good-hearted fellow reached over and shook Mr. Suthgate's hand, as if he had been swinging flax for a wager; then resuming his perpendicular on the meal-bag, he continued.

'That's your daughter I s'pose?'

'Yes, my only child.'

'I've got one just about her age—I'll send her over to scrape acquaintance to-morrow—you'll find my oldest girl waiting for you.'

Grace smiled gently, and said she should be happy to see his daughter.

'Yes I warrant you'll be like two peas in a pod—you'll find all your things in order. Mr. Suthgate—we went down and helped unload the goods night afore last—they are all put up just as you wrote—if there's any thing more to do I'll ride back with you.'

Mr. Suthgate thanked him as his kindness deserved, but declined troubling him.

'Wal good night then—good things wait—'

ed you'll know where to send—my name's *Hinman* ;—then the kind farmer settled himself on his meal-bag, and admonishing his horse with his stirrupless foot trotted toward home, while his new neighbors proceeded to their habitation.

As Mr. Hinman had taught them to expect, they found his daughter waiting their arrival, and, after a slight supper, Grace received her father's kiss and went to her little chamber. Her heart swelled as she entered it. The furniture was that of her bed chamber in Boston—the same white counterpane was on the bed—and the night wind came through the small open sashes laden with the breath of wild flowers, and played with its invisible fingers among the snowy folds of the same muslin curtain that draped her windows at home.

'How very, very good it was in dear papa to think of bringing all these things here,' were the grateful thoughts with which the young girl sunk to sleep.

Mr. Suthgate had selected the occupation of a farmer as that in which he should close his life : but with his new station he still retained all the refinements of his former one. His was an intellect that never could become subservient to the propensities ; benevolence and true religion seemed a ruling passion of his nature, and he had sought the quiet of a country life, rather from a disinclination to remain longer in a pursuit, which too often debases all the faculties of the soul into an accordance with the one great passion for gain, than because his fallen fortunes had rendered it absolutely necessary. He had transported to his remote farm such of his household goods as were most associated with the memory of his deceased wife. The library out of which they had read together—the globes from which they had given lessons to their child—the mathematical instruments, whose uses they had studied—the piano she had touched,—all were placed in the little parlor which, with a kitchen, bed room, and porch, constituted the lower part of the house. Sarah Hinman, a good natured girl, perfectly at home in all the branches of house-wifery, remained several weeks with her new neighbors, in order to instruct the inexperienced Grace in her various duties ; then the father and daughter were left to the quiet enjoyment of their home. Three years had passed away and time had yielded its baloi to the hearts of the widower and orphan, yet had wrought but little change in the person of Mr. Suthgate. If his ample forehead was not quite so smooth and white, the glow of a contented spirit broke over it with a compensating luster : and the few additional lines about his mouth took nothing from the benevolence of his smile. His face was slightly sun burnt, and his hands em-

browned with labor ; but a robust form, with habits cheerful and healthy, had taken place of his former pale and melancholly expression of countenance, and the gentle Grace never thought of the hardness of his hand when it was laid in blessing on her head.

The change that had come over Grace Suthgate was beautiful. She had gained but little in height, but her form was more gracefully rounded, her hair more abundant, and her clear white cheek dimpled sweetly when she smiled ; while her lips, like strawberries, in brightness and color, took away the appearance of ill health, which her perfect whiteness might otherwise have conveyed. Pure in person and more pure in mind was Grace Suthgate ; and it was beautiful to see her, after performing the labor of her little household, draw a stool to her father's feet, even as she had done when a child ; and with her knittingwork in her hand, and a book upon her knee, spend the long winter evening in adding to her stock of mental wealth ; now and then laying down her work and leaning on her father's knee, with her sweet eyes raised to his, as he explained a passage which had puzzled her. Every night since her mother's death had the good girl prayed, that she might be enabled to fulfil the duties that death had imposed on her youth ; and every day Mr. Suthgate felt more strongly the benevolence of God in granting him a child, so lovely and so good, to cheer the solitude of his heart. She was to him a companion, child and friend, strengthening her intellect to meet his, and drinking with avidity the moral and scientific lessons he loved to teach her. It was scarcely possible for two persons to be thrown more completely on each other for happiness, yet they never lacked resources. Together they planted their little garden with vegetables and flowers, honeysuckles were taught to trail over their parlor window, red and white rose-bushes formed a little wilderness about the house, and a young apple orchard at the foot of the meadow, gave rich promise of fruit in after summers.

Mr. Hinman, who was their nearest neighbor, lived a mile distant over the hill ; and about three miles from the outlet of the valley was a cluster of four or five houses, a grist mill and a store. A few months after their arrival in the valley, Sarah Hinman had been married and had removed from the neighborhood ; while Nancy, the younger daughter, fully verified her father's prediction, of showing her rosy face at Mr. Suthgate's at least twice each week. One morning Nancy came running down the steep beyond the house, with her bonnet hanging by the strings and flying out behind, and her large hazle eyes dancing with delight.

'Grace—Grace Suthgate ! where are you ?' she exclaimed, running from one room to

another till she found the object of her search in the porch, moulding and stamping delicate little cakes from a heap of golden butter lying in a tray before her,—'Oh, I'm so tired—I'm so happy—who do you think has come ?'

'I am sure I cannot tell, Nancy.'

'But guess—guess.'

'Well, your sister and her husband.'

'No, James, brother James and he has not been at home before in six years—you can't think how handsome he is—his hair is all combed up in the tip of the mode, and his coat reaches almost to his heels, and shines just like satin ; and then he has got such a proud, pert kind of a way, just as all the gentle folks have ; I'm so glad I could jump over the house,'—and the happy girl began to dance round the room like a crazy creature ; then pulling her bonnet over her head she darted away, saying, 'Well, I must go, for I ran away, just to tell you that James and I are coming down here ;—he says he's failed in business, and is going to stay at home all winter—but I'll tell the rest when I come again, so be ready for us, for he takes a great deal of notice, I can tell you.'

Before she had finished her speech the restless girl was half way down the meadow, leaving Grace to her own conjectures about the time of the promised visit. Of James Hinman she had never heard, except when Nancy, with pardonable vanity, occasionally boasted of her brother, the merchant in Boston. In truth there was little known of his recent life, even by his own family. He had left home in his nineteenth year, because his father had reproached him for idleness on the farm. Nothing was heard of him until nearly three years had passed, when a letter came, stating that he occupied the situation of a clerk in a drygood store, in Boston. Another year elapsed and then came a second, written in a bold, flourishing hand, and announcing the fact that Mr. Hinman's son had become a merchant.

There was a tone of consequential arrogance running through Mr. James Hinman's epistle, by no means palatable to his honest father. He wrote patronizingly to the whole family : was for removing his unmarried sister to the city, that she might be accomplished ; and hoped that his father would not think of visiting him, without first providing himself with a new suit of broad cloth as he assured him that his 'best coat' would be sadly out of fashion in Boston. This was the unkindest cut of all. Mr. Hinman could bear that his son should be idle and run away—that he should seldom write and never visit home ; but when he presumed to insinuate that his blue coat was not exactly the thing ; the venerable garment that had performed duty on his wedding-day, and clothed his

broad shoulders every sabbath, to say nothing of town meetings and muster days, for the last twenty-five years—when James Hinman dare I to do this, the father was convinced that he was utterly degenerate, and with a heavy heart he prepared to ascertain the facts of his son's situation. Early one fine morning his horse was brought to the door, and an old pair of saddle-bags thrown over his back, with one end stuffed with oats for the beast, and the other equally filled with a box of baked beans, six dough-nuts and a lump of cheese for the man. Mr. Hinman shook hands with his wife and daughter, tried the stirrup with his foot and raised himself cautiously to his seat on the saddle-bags; then taking a bundle from his wife, which contained the aforesaid wedding coat, with other things to match, he swung it on his arm; and with his nether limbs snugly cushioned against the oats and dough-nuts, started on a sober trot for Boston.

The events of Hinman's journey were never made public; but it was observed that he never boasted of his son after his return, and that he hated every thing in the shape of a dandy. When the hopeful youth returned home, and announced his intention of remaining there for an indefinite space of time, giving for a reason that his business had been ruined and his property lost by the villainy of a partner, Mr. Hinman answered bluntly, that he was welcome to stay at home so long as he behaved himself—but as for the story about the loss of property he did not believe a word of it, in as much as Jim had never been worth a dollar in his life, nor never was like to be unless he changed his ways.

It was nearly evening, on the same day that Nancy Hinman had announced her brother's arrival, when she called with him to pay their promised visit. During their walk the young gentleman edified his sister with an account of some dozen of the most fashionable ladies in Boston, who had evinced unequivocal symptoms of attachment to him, but to none of whom had he deigned to give the least encouragement. The innocent Nancy, fully impressed with her brother's importance, began to tremble for her friend, who she was certain must become the thirteenth victim to the invincible attractions which had already done so much execution. But to her surprise, Grace was by no means so completely captivated as she anticipated. She had seen too many of the really high bred during her mother's life time, not to feel an instinctive repugnance to the second hand airs and underbred pretensions which characterized James Hinman; and from the period of his first visit the sweet girl experienced a feeling of dislike while in his company, which she condemned as uncharitable, yet could

not entirely overcome. Not so with the gentleman; whatever had been his cruelty to the city ladies, he seemed by no means inclined to practice any in his intercourse with the beautiful country girl. He haunted her like her shadow, broke in upon her walks, obtruded upon her during her morning avocations, and entirely broke up the pleasant evenings she had delighted to spend with her father. These intrusions but served to confirm Grace in her dislike, and to render his society an evil which she struggled to bear patiently.

One morning in the early part of June, about a month after young Hinman's arrival, he called at Mr. Suthgate's with an offering of flowers, as ill assorted as his character. Grace accepted them, and saw him depart, with the earnest hope that his visit would not be repeated that day. A pleasant shower came up in the afternoon, which confined Mr. Suthgate to the house. Before the tea things were removed from the parlor, the rain had abated. Grace drew her father's seat to one of the front windows and opened the sash, that he might enjoy the delicious air, as it came up from its revelry among the wild flowers. Their little farm would have made a beautiful picture, as it lay outspread before them. The meadow, with its springing grass, sloped gently from the door, gemmed all over with rain drops and with a profusion of dandelions, that had unfolded their golden crowns at the first pattering summons of the shower. The river's brink was blue with violets, and the opposite hill towered against the sky, clothed in the pale green foliage of Spring, broken by the snowy blossoms of the hawthorn, or the crimson buds of the white-oak, as they blushed into life. The swollen waterfall foamed onward to its outlet, and a dozen mountain-streams, children of the storm, made bold music as they left their caverns, tossing their spray, scattering foam like snow-flakes on the green moss, and dashing from cliff to cliff down the face of the hill. A rainbow flung its brilliant arch from east to west, just over the water fall, and the black clouds, rolling in solemn grandeur to the horizon, melted away into fleecy billows, as the sun poured its light upon them.

'Oh, how she would have enjoyed this,' muttered Mr. Suthgate, drawing his hand across his wet eyes.

Grace threw her arms around his neck and whispered, in a voice that was thrillingly sweet, when she deeply felt—'Yes, father, but how much greater must her enjoyment be in the brighter scenes to which she is gone; or how do we know that her pure spirit may not be here, communing with ours even now?' I have often thought such things, when I have been wakeful in the still night.'

Mr. Suthgate made no answer: his heart

was busy with the past, and he abruptly left the room. When he returned, James Hinman was seated by his daughter, and seemed waiting her reply to something he had been saying. His look was anxious and his manner impatient, while she seemed lost in astonishment and something very like anger; her cheeks were flushed, her eyes opened wide, and her lips slightly divided, like the unfolding of a rose bud. Hinman started from his chair, as Mr. Suthgate entered, and began to walk the room impatiently. Just then a knocking was heard at the door. As Mr. Suthgate left the room at the summons, Hinman hastily approached Grace and said—

'I will call again to-morrow, and then I shall hope to receive the answer your flattering embarrassment has deprived me of.'

Grace was about to speak, but that moment her father returned, followed by a young gentleman, whose features struck Grace as familiar, yet whom she could not instantly recognize. The stranger lifted his hat from the mass of brown hair, brushed up his broad forehead, in the fashion of the day, and, with his hand extended, advanced eagerly toward her. Grace gave him her hand irresolutely, and looked inquiringly into his face.

'What! have you forgotten me?' exclaimed he, evidently mortified with his reception.

'My daughter can scarcely be expected to detect her old playfellow in the man before her,' said Mr. Suthgate, smiling, as he glanced at the manly face and finely proportioned form of the stranger;—'Grace it is your cousin Henry Blair.'

The young man had his eyes fixed admiringly on his cousin, as her father spoke. Instantly her features lighted up with a beautiful expression of joy; and her hand, which was still in his, warmly returned, his clasp.

'I never should have recognized you,' she said, 'you are so much taller, and your eyes—' she hesitated and blushed deeply, for the bright blue orbs of which she spoke, met her's with such an expression of pleasure, that somehow they confused her.

'My eyes,' said he, laughing, so as to display the edges of a set of teeth, even and exquisitely white—'My eyes must be sad bunglers, if they do not say that this is the happiest moment I have known since I used to torment you with my pranks. But I am come to live my childhood over again, if you dare venture to give me a home for a few weeks.'

Grace smiled, and her father expressed his pleasure. As Blair turned to place his hat on a table, his eyes fell on James Hinman. Instantly his features underwent a change; and, with a cold haughty air of recognition, he passed on, without appearing to observe the hand which the other, though with evident

Handwritten text, possibly a signature or date, located in the center-right area of the page.



FALLS OF NIAGARA.

constrained, had extended. Hinman dropped his hand, the blood gushed over his face, the veins on his forehead swelled with suppressed rage, and a dusky glow broke from his eyes:—yet he did not for a moment lose the affected softness of his manner;—he lingered awhile in the room, and then departed, without addressing Blair.

‘You have met that young man before, it would seem,’ observed Mr. Southgate, as Hinman left the room.

‘Yes,’ replied Blair, ‘but I certainly did not expect to meet him in the house of my mother’s brother.

‘His father is our nearest and best neighbor;—but do you know aught of his character, which should prevent us from receiving him as a visitor?’

‘Nothing from personal observation, but he is said to have swindled his partner out of a considerable amount, and his character is generally suspicious.’

‘I feared as much,’ said Mr. Southgate, thoughtfully. ‘Yet for his father’s sake, we cannot change our conduct with regard to him; but take a seat, Harry, and tell us how you happened to drop in upon us so suddenly.’

‘Indeed, I can hardly inform you, uncle. I had finished my studies, and you being my nearest relative, now that my parents are gone, I took it into my head to visit your little farm, and talk over old times with my sweet cousin here—and now, with your permission, I will partake of the cold chicken she has provided so expeditiously;—and, without further ceremony, he seated himself by the tray of refreshments, which Grace had just brought in, and to which, it must be admitted, he did all reasonable justice.

[To be Continued.]

The Falls of Niagara.

NAME which calls up so many interesting associations; and awakens so many pleasing reminiscences! The stupendous monument of the Creator’s power in the natural world; ‘the diapason of fresh waters;’ a most interesting object to the curious, the lover of nature, the philosopher and the Christian; a spot, where man and all his works shrink into insignificance; and whence

‘The war of waters, from the headless height,’ is heard many miles around;—this soul-absorbing object is situated between lakes Erie and Ontario; and the strait of this name forms a part of the boundary line between New-York and Canada. The name is an Indian appellation, which has been spelled many different ways, and its pronunciation has been equally diversified—its signification, also, is variously given by different authors. Schoolcraft asserts, that ‘it is an Iroquois word, said to signify the *thunder of waters*;

and the word is still pronounced by the Senecas, Oniagarah, being strongly accented on the third syllable, while the interjection O is so feebly uttered, that without a nice attention it may escape notice.’ McKim says, ‘some of the Cayuga chiefs informed me that the true name (perhaps in their language) is Ochniagara, an old compound word, signifying *a large neck of water*.’ He also says it has been called Lagara. Spafford says, it signifies ‘*across a neck or strait*.’ Knox says, it is ‘called by the savages *Ochniagara* or *Ogh-niagara*, and by our abbreviation, *Niagara*.’ On Creux’s map of 1660, it is spelled *Ungiara*. In order to form an accurate idea of the Falls of Niagara, we must trace back to their source the waters which are precipitated over them. The Niagara Strait is only a part of the great river St. Lawrence, which has its origin about 1250 miles north-west of the Falls. The St. Louis is probably the most distant source of this mighty river; and that rises about 155 miles N. W. of Lake Superior, at an elevation of about 1200 feet above the level of the sea. In its course to Lake Superior it descends 551 feet; that lake being 641 feet above tide water, 300 miles by 60 in mean length and breadth, 300 feet in mean depth, and 1200 at greatest depth. From lake Superior, the river descends through the Strait of St. Mary, a distance of 60 miles, about 45 feet, to Lakes Huron and Michigan, the former of which is about 200 miles by 95 in its mean length and breadth, the latter 300 miles by 50 in mean length and breadth. Each is about the same depth with Lake Superior, and their level is 596 feet above the sea. From Lake Huron, the river descends about 31 feet to Lake Erie, through the Strait and Lake of St. Clair, and Detroit river, a distance of about 90 miles. Lake Erie is the most shallow of all the great lakes, being only 120 feet in mean depth, and 300 feet in greatest depth. Its mean length and breadth is 230 by 35 miles, and its level is 565 feet above the sea. This lake ‘may be regarded as the great central reservoir from which open, in all directions, the most extensive channels of inland navigation to be found in the world; enabling vessels of the lake to traverse the whole interior of the country, to visit the Atlantic at the north, or in the south, and collect the products, the luxuries and wealth of every clime and country.’ The Niagara Strait conducts the waters of Lake Erie to Lake Ontario; and in its winding, is about 37 miles in length; the direct distance between the two lakes being about 25 miles, and the descent, 334 feet. Lake Ontario is in mean length and breadth 180 by 30 miles; and in its mean depth about 300 feet. Its greatest depth is stated at 534 feet; but Bouchette says, that attempts have been made to find soundings in the middle with

a line of 300 fathoms (1800 feet) without striking the bottom! Compared with its surface, this is the deepest of the great lakes. It was called by the French *Froncinac*, from their governor general of Canada; and by the Iroquois, *Skanadario*, ‘a very pretty lake.’ This, says Bouchette, ‘is the last or lowest of those vast inland seas of fresh water that are the wonder and admiration of the world.’ It was no doubt formerly about 200 feet higher than it is at the present time; and its waters were then probably discharged into the ocean through the Hudson, or perhaps the Susquehanna, instead of the Gulf of St. Lawrence. From Ontario, the St. Lawrence winds its way to the ocean, through the thousand islands, the Lakes-St. Francis, St. Louis and St. Peter; and many splendid rapids, and other objects of interest, occur in its course, which cannot here be even referred to.

It is mentioned above, that Niagara Strait, or *Niagara river*, as it is generally called, has a descent of 334 feet. The rapidity of the current is almost as variable as the breadth and depth of the river. At the rapids opposite to Black Rock, the velocity is probably not less than from six to eight miles an hour; but below that, to the Rapids immediately above the Falls, the stream slips quietly along, and its current is not more than from two to four miles. At the Rapids above the Falls, the velocity is astonishingly increased; and below the Falls, to Lewiston and Queenston, it is amazingly rapid, the water rushing, in some places, with ‘inconceivable fury;’ but from Lewiston and Queenston, to Lake Ontario, it becomes navigable, and the current averages, perhaps, about two miles an hour. The descent of 334 feet occurs mostly within the 7 or 8 miles above Lewiston and Queenston. The descent from Lake Erie, to Black Rock, is about six feet and thence to within half a mile of the Falls, about ten feet. In the half mile immediately above the Falls, the descent is 58 feet, to the Crescent or Horse-Shoe Fall, which is 154 feet in perpendicular descent. From the Falls to Lewiston and Queenston, the descent is 104 feet, and thence to Lake Ontario, two feet, in all 334 feet. Above the Falls, the banks of the river vary in height, from 5 to 100 feet; but below, to Queenston, the stream flows between perpendicular banks, from 170 to 370 feet high. As the bed of the river descends, the banks are said gradually to rise; though, as the perpendicular height of the upper bank at Table Rock to the water is 158 feet and the river descends 104 feet from the Falls to Queenston, making in all, 441 feet, and the heights at Queenston are only 370 feet above the water there, it would seem that such a rise in the banks does not take place.

In its course, the Niagara embraces forty islands some of which are exceeding inter-

ceasing though many of them are small, low and swampy. I shall make mention of but two, *Grand Island*, is the largest of these, and is the most valuable. It is 9 or 10 miles in length, and its greatest width is 6½. It has been rendered celebrated by the contemplated foundation, in 1825, of the Jewish city, Ararat, by Major Noah, of New-York—the site of which is now occupied by White-Haven. *Goat Island* is situated at the verge of the Falls, and forms the division between them. It is about half a mile long, and a quarter broad, and contains 62 acres. Having taken this brief preliminary view of the waters of the St. Lawrence, and the natural features of the Niagara, we come now to the center of all the attractions of this region of many wonders—**THE FALLS**; for this, *par excellence*, is their appropriate cognomen, there being no others like them in the world, none that can dispute with them the claim to this characteristic and appropriate title.—‘They are alone in their kind. Though a water-fall, this is not to be compared with other water-falls; in its majesty, its supremacy, and its influence upon the soul of man, its brotherhood is with the living ocean and the eternal hills.’ ‘There is nought like thee! thou art alone!’ I have already mentioned the position of the Falls when speaking of the strait in which they are situated. They are about 26 miles from Lake Erie, and 14 from Ontario, in a straight line. As already mentioned, the river at the Falls makes a very abrupt turn, and runs almost in a right angle with its former course; and at the same time it is suddenly contracted from about a mile, to one-eighth of a mile in width. *Goat Island* is at the verge, and divides the Falls into two great sections; while a smaller islet called *Prospect Island*, also on the verge, divides the smaller of these two sections in two parts, so that there are three distinct Falls. That next to the New-York shore, and the most northerly of the three, is called the *Schlosser Fall*, and is about 56 rods in width, 167 feet in perpendicular descent. Prospect Island, adjoining, is about 10 yards in width, and the smaller, or *Central Fall*, is also about 10 yards. *Goat Island* is about 80 rods in width at the edge, and the *Great Crescent* or *Horse-Shoe Fall*, which extends from Goat Island to the Canada Shore, is about a quarter of a mile in a direct line, or about half a mile following the line of the curve. This latter has a perpendicular descent of 154 feet; but owing to its being 13 feet less than the *Schlosser Fall*, a much greater body of water passes over it; and it is to its inferior height that its much greater magnitude is owing. The water when projected over the Falls does not descend perpendicularly; but owing to the immense velocity which it has acquired, before reaching the edge, it follows the gen-

eral laws of all projectiles and descends in a parabolic curve. Its color is not the same in every part; but is beautifully diversified, being snowy white, amber, brown, yellowish, blueish, and green of various shades; and at the central part of *Crescent Fall*, where the water is deepest, its color is a most beautiful emerald green. The color varies, too, at different times. After a very heavy rain, or high wind, the waters above the Falls become discolored and dirty from the impurities brought into the stream by the creeks on its margin; but these impurities add to the beauty of the Falls, unless the water is so extensively discolored, as to deprive it of its green appearance, which I have sometimes observed to be the case.

The water falls in so great a body, and from such an immense height, that much of it is converted into spray, long before it reaches the bottom; and clouds of mist are continually rising, often to a very great height. So high indeed, that it may sometimes be seen at the distance of 50 miles; and of course may be observed at the same time by spectators who are 100 miles distant from each other! This great body of water, too, falling with such prodigious force, is changed at the bottom into a white foam, and has the appearance of a mighty river of cream. It is not till it has been carried some distance down the stream, that it regains its green color. It is exceedingly interesting to watch the various phenomena of this foam and mist: to trace the apparent boiling of the immense cauldron of milk below, and the ascending clouds of vapor above; and the various currents and counter-currents, flowing with great impetuosity, in all directions. The laboring stream seems inwardly convulsed, heaving and throbbing in dark and bubbling whirlpools, as if it threatened every moment to eject some of the mystic terrors of the deep. This effect is probably produced by the re-action of the ascending waters. Precipitated in such a great body, and to such an extraordinary depth, by their own prodigious gravity, and the force of their impulsion and involving with them a great quantity of fixed air, they re-ascend to the surface in a struggling career, checked by the weight of the superincumbent water. The immense depth from which they ascend, causes the moving of the whole mass of water in the basin;

‘And their earth-shaking roar comes deadened up
Like subterranean thunders.’

The quantity of water precipitated over the Falls has been estimated by President Dwight, at 102,093,750 tons, and by Darby, at 1,672,704,000 cubic feet, per hour; and by Picken, at 113,510,000 gallons, or 18,824,000 cubic feet per minute.

THE RAPIDS. It has been already observed that the river makes a rapid descent of about 58 feet, in the half mile immediately

above the Falls. A sight of the Rapids produced by this descent, would of itself be worth a long journey, even if there were no other objects of interest in the vicinity. They can be seen from the main shore on both sides, and also from Goat Island; but decidedly the most splendid view of them is from the Canada shore, above Swayzey’s Island. Here you may see the ‘bounding billows’ tossing 10, 20, and even 30 feet high, and, dancing, foaming, and dashing from one declivity to another with inconceivable rapidity, changing the water into spray and foam, and presenting a most magnificent appearance.

ONWARD!—OVER!—are the only words that can convey the impression arising from the sight of the Rapids above and the Fall below. They appear to be words spoken by the ETERNAL, when the hurrying and splashing, and foaming scene of the Rapids commenced, and when their waters first made their pitch into the awful profound! The impelling mandate has never been for a moment disobeyed, and it is yet ‘onward!’ and ‘over!’ and will be till the same voice shall speak, and alter the arrangement. Many thrilling incidents have occurred among these Rapids. Birds and other animals have frequently been drawn into the current, and precipitated over the Falls; and some instances of the loss of human life have occurred, from a similar cause. ‘Nothing that values its life dares venture it there. The waters refuse the burden of man and of man’s works.’

MISCELLANY.

The Spirit of the Night.

As the sun was withdrawing her light from one hemisphere, the guardian spirits of man followed its course, as they were wont, that they might visit every land in turn.

But two who had been among the abodes of men all the day, lingered, unwilling, to leave those to whom they had ministered,

To the one had been committed the urn which held the waters of bitterness, and he was called Wo. His young sister was named Peace; and in her hand was placed the lyre whose music was of heaven.

‘There are some,’ said Wo, ‘who will not be ready to hearken to thee to-morrow, my sister, if I leave them already.’

‘There are also some, my brother, whom I have not soothed to deep repose. Oh! that we might tarry awhile!’

‘We may not tarry, for there is need of us afar. Yet one thing may we do. Let us give of our power to another, that she may minister till we return.’

So they called upon Conscience, and charged her to descend with the shadows of night, and to visit the abodes of men. The angel of Wo gave her of the waters of his urn, and

said unto his sister, 'give her thy lyre, for what other music needest thou than thine own songs? What other music is so sweet?

And when they had charged their messenger to await them at the eastern gate when the morning should open it unto them, they spread their wings and hastened down the West.

The messenger gazed after them afar: and when she marked the dim majesty of the elder spirit, and the mild beauty of his sister, she bent her head and silently went her way.

'What hast thou beheld?' said the angels to their messenger, when the portals of light were unclosed. 'Are the healing waters spent? hath the lyre been tuneful?'

'The waters are not spent,' she replied, 'for mine own tears have made this urn to overflow. The lyre was tuned in paradise; else my trembling had jarred its strings.'

'Alas!' cried the younger spirit, 'where hast thou ministered?'

'When the evening star appeared, I descended among the shadows, where I heard a voice calling me from afar. It came from a space where raging fires were kindled by the hands of priests. Night hovered above, but the flames forbade her approach, and I could not abide longer beneath her wings. He who appealed unto me stood chained amidst the fires which already preyed upon him. I swept the strings of the lyre, and smiles overspread his face. Even while the melody waxed sweeter, the dark eyed spirit of the tombs came and bore him off asleep.'

The young angel smiled as she said, 'he hearkeneth now to nobler harmonies than ours! But was there none other amidst the flames to whom thou couldst minister?'

Alas! there was one who lied through fear. He was led back to his cell, whither I followed him. I shed the waters into his soul, and the bitterness thereof tormented him more than any scorching flames which could have consumed his body. Yet must I visit him nightly till he dies?'

'Droop not thy wings because of his anguish, my sister,' said the elder spirit. 'He shall yet be thine when he is made pure for thy presence.'

'I have been,' said the messenger, 'beside the couch of the dying, in the palace, and beneath the lowly roof. I have shed into one departing soul the burning tears of the slave, and soothed the spirits of another with the voices of the grateful hearts. I have made the chambers of one rich man echo with the cries of the oppressed, and surrounded the pillow of another with the fatherless who call him parent. Kings have sought to hide themselves as I drew nigh; while the eye of the mourner hath lighted up at my approach. The slumbers of some have I hallowed with

music, while they knew not that I was at hand; and others have I startled with visions, who guessed not whence they came. I am filled with awe at mine own power.'

'It shall increase,' said the elder spirit, 'while mine own wane. The fountain of bitter waters wasteth continually. When it shall be dried up I will break mine urn.'

'And my lyre,' said his sister, 'shall it not be hushed by mightier music from on high?'

'Nay my sister, not then, nor ever. No mightier music shall make men cease to love thine. They shall gather together to hear thee in their cities, and shall seek thee in the wilderness and by the sea shore. The aged shall hear thee chaunt among the tombs, and the young shall dance unto thy lay. Unto the simple shall thy melodies breathe from amidst the flowers of the meadows; and the wise shall thy entrance as they go to and fro among the stars.'

Then the messenger sighed, saying, 'when shall these things be?'

'When thou art queen among men. Knowest thou not that such is thy destiny? Thou art now our messenger, but we shall at length be thy servants. Yea, when yonder sun shall wander away into the depths, and the earth shall melt like the morning cloud, it shall be thine to lead the myriads of thy people to the threshold whence the armies of heaven come forth. It shall be thine to open to them the portals, which I may not pass.'—*Miss Martineau.*

Commencing Business too Early.

LET one thousand young men at the age of 30 years, enter into business with a given amount of capital, all acquired by their own hard earnings, and let them pursue their business 30 years faithfully; that is till they are 60 years of age. Let one thousand more commence at the age of 20, with three times the amount of capital possessed by the former, but at the same time either inherited or loaned by their friends, and let them pursue their calling till they are 60 years of age, or a period of 40 years. We will suppose the natural talents, capacity for doing business, and outgoes—in fact, every thing, the same in both cases. Now it requires no gift of prophecy to foretell with certainty, that at 60 years of age, a far greater proportion of the one thousand who began at 30 and depended solely upon their own exertions, will be men of wealth, than those who began at 20 with three times their capital.

The reason of these results are found in the very nature of things. But I am sustained by facts. Go into any city in the United States, and learn the history of the men who are engaged in active and profitable business, and are thriving in the world, and my word for it, you will find the far greater part began life with nothing, and have had no resources

whatever, but their own head and hands; and in no city is this fact more strikingly verified than in Boston. On the other hand, if you make a list of those who fail in business from year to year, and learn their history, you will find that a very large proportion of their number relied on inheritances, credit, or some kind of foreign aid in early life; and not a few began very young.—*Young Man's Guide.*

PHILOSOPHY AT FIVE YEARS OF AGE.—Little G——, when playing the other day, on a pile of wood, fell down and hurt himself. As he lay crying very bitterly, one of his friends passing by lifted him up, and patting him on the head, said to him—'Come my little boy, don't cry; it will be all well to-morrow.'—'Well,' said he, sobbing, 'then I will not cry to-morrow.'

Letters Containing Remittances.

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of Postage paid.

M. T. Detroit, Mich. \$1.00; G. A. P. Columbia, S. C. \$1.00; P. M. Hinesburg, Vt. \$1.00; E. G. P. Ballston Spa, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Ver Bank, N. Y. \$6.00; J. M. K. Livingston, N. Y. \$0.84; C. W. A. Pontiac, Mich. \$5.00; H. M. B. Hinsdale, Ma. \$1.00; W. O. F. Northampton, N. Y. \$2.00.

MARRIED.

In this city, on the 25th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Whittaker, Mr. George Slupson to Miss Catharine McCann.

In Chatham, on the 24th ult. by Rev. J. Berger, Mr. Barton Huested, Jr. to Miss Harriet Eliza Falver, both of Chatham.

In Spencertown, on the 28th ult. by the Rev. P. S. Wynkoop, Mr. U. L. Davis, to Miss Mary R. Shiff, both of Spencertown.

At Claverack, on the 30th ult. by the Rev. R. Stuyter, Mr. Harvey Dakin to Miss Elizabeth Snyder, both of Chatham.

At Claverack, on the 1st inst. by the same, Mr. Tobias Van Deusen, to Miss Lucretia Race, all of Claverack.

DIED.

In this city, on Monday evening, the 5th inst. Miss Eliza Hathaway, daughter of the late Capt. John Hathaway, in the 44th year of her age.

It is due to the memory of the deceased to say that she possessed a strong mind, a vivid imagination, and a benevolent heart. In the death of Miss Hathaway the Universalist Church in this city has lost a worthy member, society one of its brightest ornaments, and the domestic circle one of its most agreeable companions.

Suffice it to say that she was respected by all who knew her, and her virtues will be long remembered by those who had the pleasure of her acquaintance.

In the commencement of her sickness, it was fondly anticipated that the disease with which she was afflicted, would ultimately yield to the superior efficacy and well directed efforts of medical skill; and that she would be raised again to her wonted health and strength. But He in whose hands are the issues of life and of death, had wisely determined to take her to himself.

During her protracted illness, which she bore with christian fortitude, she discovered no signs of impatience, but was perfectly resigned to the will of God; and when the moment of her dissolution arrived, there was no pang, no agonizing convulsion; but she breathed out her soul in peace, and calmly passed away from the entanglements of mortality, to where 'the wicked cease from troubling, and where the weary are at rest.'

The deceased has left an aged mother and four sisters to deplore her loss, but they sorrow not as those who have no hope, but are supported by the cheering reflection that though they have been parted on earth, they shall be united in heaven.

May God in infinite wisdom sanctify this bereavement to the good of every branch of the family, and may they hear the still small voice of God in this dispensation of his providence saying to each of them 'Be still and know that I am God.'

'Hope looks beyond the bounds of time,
When what we now deplore
Shall rise in full immortal prime,
And bloom to fade no more.'

W. W.

On the 10th inst. Robert C. Anable, son of Henry Anable, in the 21st year of his age.

On the 28th ult. Jacob Daniel, son of Mr. Noah A. and Mrs. Margaret Spaulding, aged 8 years.

On the 5th inst. Mr. Henry L. Amigh, aged 34 years.

On the 27th ult. Mr. James Busiwick, aged 77 years.

In Troy, on the 25th ult. Mrs. Lucretia Rogers, wife of David C. Rogers, in the 36th year of her age.



ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Rural Repository.

On the Death of Mrs. D. C. Rogers.

A short time since, and thou wert here,
In health and vigor, strong,
We little dreamed that death was near,
Or thought to see thee on thy bier,
Alas! we all were wrong.

Husband and children mourn thy loss,
Their dearest tie is broke,
Brothers and sisters are bereft,
A widowed mother also left,
To feel the heavy stroke.

And that dear babe, so young so fair,
So like a cherub blest,
That ne'er can know a mother's care
Or hear an anxious mother's prayer,
Or on her bosom rest.

Oh God! to thee we lift our eye,
Hear now our earnest prayer,
To thee, the case we would refer,
May all that once belonged to her
Be thy peculiar care.

Her husband bless—Oh! let thy love,
Thy peace with him abide;
May he be father, mother, all,
To five dear children, yet too small,
To be without a guide.

And when the path of life is run
And time with them is o'er,
May parents, children, all unite,
And dwell forever in thy sight,
Where parting is no more.

Troy, Dec. 5, 1836.

C.

For the Rural Repository.

To * * * —.

Lined by an inmate of the Hudson Asylum for the insane.

On why — dost thou lonely rove
Like some sad bird with heart forsaken?
Whose mate, in wandering through the grove,
Some thoughtless child hath rashly taken.

Knowest thou the HAND that formed the heart,
Is leading by those sympathies,
That now in silence mourn apart,
Thine own to sweetest, holiest ties,

Which ne'er again can be unbound,
Which time, nor life, nor death can sever?—
Soon may thy kindred heart be found
And happiness be thine forever!

VICTORIA.
Hudson, Sept. 23, 1836.**Too Soon.**

Too soon! too soon! how oft that word
Comes o'er the spirit like a spell;
Awakening every mournful chord
That in the human heart may dwell!
Of hopes that perished in their noon—
Of youth decayed—too soon, too soon!

Too soon, too soon—it is a sound
To dim the light with many a tear,
As bitterly we gaze around,
And find how few we love are here;
Ah!—when shall we again commune
With those we lost too soon—too soon!

Too soon, too soon—how wild that tone
Bursts on our dearest hours of bliss,
And leaves us silent and alone,
To muse on such a theme as this;
No frown upon the quiet noon,
Whose parting light comes all too soon!

Too soon, too soon—if e'er were thine
The joys, the fears, the hopes of love;
If thou hast knelt before the shrine
Of beauty, in some starlight grove;
Whose lips, young roses, breathed of June,
Thou'st wept these words—too soon, too soon!

Too soon is stamped on every leaf,
In characters of dim decay;
Too soon is writ in tears of grief!
On all things fading fast away!
Oh! is there one terrestrial boon,
Our hearts lose not?—too soon, too soon.

From the Gift for 1837.

Burial of the Emigrant's Babe.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

I MUSED amidst the place of graves,
When the brief autumn day,
With its hoarse minstrelsy of storms,
Sank to its rest away—
The long grass gave a rustling sound,
As to the mourner's tread—
And lo! a lone woman came,
The bearer of her dead.

No stately hearse, or sable pall,
Or tall plumes waving high,
Impressed the solemn pomp of woe
Upon the passer by—
But Nature's grief, so soft unknown
Beside the proud man's bier,
Where long processions slowly move,
Spake, forth, resistless, here.

No foot of neighbor or of friend,
In pitying love drew nigh,
Nor the sweet German dirge breathed out,
As 'neath her native sky,
To bless the clay that came to sleep
Within the hallowed sod,
And emulate that triumph-strain
Which gives the soul to God.

Poor babe! that grieving breast from whence
Thy transient life-stream flowed,
Doth press the coffin as it goes
On to the last abode;
Those patient arms that sheltered thee,
With many a tender prayer,
In sad reluctance yield thee back
To earth, thy mother's care.

No priestly hand the immortal scroll
Of heavenly hope displayed,
As in the drear and darkened vault
Her infant gem she laid;
And wildly mid the stranger shades
Of that sequestered dell,
The lofty language of the Rhine
In troubled cadence fell.

But grasping fast the mourner's skirts,
In wonder and in fear,
A boy, who thrice the spring had seen,
Stood all unnoticed near,
And wistful on his mother's face,
Was fixed the fair child's eye,
While tear-drops o'er his glowing cheek
Gushed forth, he knew not why.

For sympathy's o'erwhelming sob
Awake his bosom's strife,
And wondering sorrows strongly stirred
The new-born fount of life—
Yea—still that trace of woe must gleam
From life's unwritten page,
Though Memory's casket he should search
With the dim eye of Age.

But with so strong so deep a power
That lonely funeral stole,
Among the pictured scenes that dwell
For ever in the soul,
That often when I wander near
And sad winds murmur low,
Starting, I seem once more to hear
That wailing mother's woe.

To an Ancient Inkstand.*Used more than sixty years, in the study of the
Rev. Dr. Perkins.*

CAPACIOUS vase!—so long decreed
The roots of intellect to feed,
And patient aid the graphic art
To tinge the thought, and touch the heart,
Who can thy varied toils pourtray?
Thy tireless zeal, both night and day?

Ordained to serve from youth to age
The saint, philosopher and sage,
Who laboring for his Savior's sake,
The slumber of the soul to wake,
Beholds with clear and heavenward eye
Time's frosty years pass harmless by.

—Oh, still that honored master's will
With faithful diligence fulfill,
Until his high commission o'er
He needs such humble friends no more:—
Then take my place, with ancient state,
'Mid relics of the good and great.

L. H. S.

Business and Address Cards

BEAUTIFULLY PRINTED

WITH DIFFERENT COLORED, OR BLACK INK,
AT THIS OFFICE.**A. STODDARD,**

Printer, Bookseller & Stationer,

No. 135, Cor. of Warren and Third Sts. Hudson,

Has constantly for sale, at his Bookstore, a general assortment of School Books now in use, which will be sold on the lowest terms; also, a great variety of Miscellaneous Books, Bibles of all sizes, Blank Books, Writing, Letter and Wrapping Paper, Lawyers and Justices' Blanks, Writing and Printing Ink, Shaker Garden Seeds, School Certificates, Toy Books, Pictures, Stationary, &c. &c. which will be sold as reasonable as at any other store in the city.

Cash paid for Clean Cotton and Linen Rags.

Almanacks for 1837.

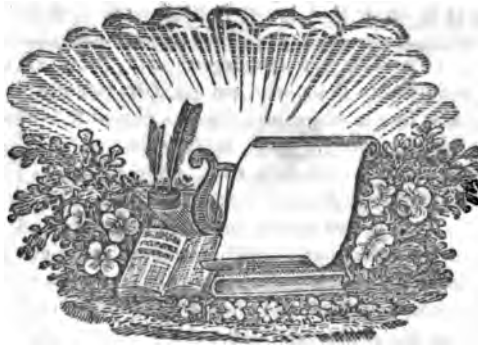
Stoddard's Diary or Columbia Almanack; Comic, David Crockett's, People's and German Almanacks, for sale at A. STODDARD'S Bookstore.

THE RURAL REPOSITORY,IS PUBLISHED EVERY OTHER SATURDAY, AT HUDSON, N.Y. BY
Wm. B. Stoddard.

It is printed in the Quarto form, and will contain twenty-six numbers of eight pages each, with a title page and index to the volume.

TERMS.—One Dollar per annum in advance, or One Dollar and Fifty Cents, at the expiration of three months from the time of subscribing. Any person, who will remit as Five Dollars, free of postage, shall receive six copies, and any person, who will remit us Ten Dollars, free of postage, shall receive twelve copies, and one copy of either of the previous volumes. No subscriptions entered for less than one year. All the back numbers furnished to new subscribers.

For All orders and Communications must be post paid, to receive attention.



DEVOTED TO POLITE LITERATURE, SUCH AS MORAL AND SENTIMENTAL TALES, ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS, BIOGRAPHY, TRAVELING SKETCHES, AMUSING MISCELLANY, HUMOROUS AND HISTORICAL ANECDOTES, SUMMARY, POETRY, &c.

VOL. XIII.—[IV. NEW SERIES.]

HUDSON, N. Y. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1836.

NO. 15.

SUBJECT TALES.

From the Portland Magazine.

The Daughter.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Continued.]

In the afternoon of the third day after Harry Blair's arrival, Grace went to the foot of the nearest hill to gather flowers for her parlor. After collecting a quantity of violets from a grassy knoll, she was attracted by a wild cherry-tree a little farther up the steep. She clambered to it, and was breaking off some snowy blossoms, when a stone came rolling down the hill, and lodged in a bush close by her side. Startled from her employment, Grace looked up, and saw James Hinman standing just above her. He sprang to her side, and in his smooth, silky manner, apologized for not having called, as he had promised, to receive her answer to his proposals. Grace, at first, felt something like alarm at his sudden appearance; but, collecting her thoughts, she mildly but firmly refused the hand which had been confidently offered her on the day of the shower. Hinman stood for a moment, after she had done speaking, evidently striving to subdue some strong passion, struggling for utterance.

'I hope I am not to consider this answer as decisive,' he at length said, in a constrained voice.

'I can give no other now, or ever,' replied Grace firmly.

'I know to whom I must impute this refusal!' said he, suddenly giving loose to his anger; then, moving fiercely a step forward, he seized Grace by the wrist, and fixing his gleaming eyes on her face, said—'Grace Suthgate, tell me, word for word what that upstart, Blair, said of me last Monday afternoon.'

The poor girl trembled and turned pale, for the expression of his face was savage; but before she could answer, the bushes above them were rudely parted, and her cousin, with a vigorous bound, planted himself, face to face, with her assailant.

'A villain' he exclaimed, seizing him by

the collar, and shaking him, as if he were an infant in his hands, 'a villain I said you were that,' he repeated, just as Hinman drew his hand back to give him a blow.

Blair saw the motion, and with a dexterous movement, lifted the wretch from his feet, and hurled him down the hill. The descent was not above seven feet, but he rolled some distance into the meadow, so powerful was the impetus given. For a moment, he lay as one dead;—then, slowly rising, he came close to the brink of the underwood. His face was ashy pale, a slight foam was on his lips, and his eyes gleamed like those of a rattlesnake. He shook his clenched hand at Blair, who was supporting the frightened maiden, and said, in a low hissing voice, that sounded scarcely human. 'Henry Blair, I will be revenged!' then he turned, and passing along the skirts of the hill, went up the road which led to his father's house.

The next six weeks had its history, but we shall not record it, holding it almost sacrilege to lay bare the workings of a heart so pure as that of Grace Suthgate. It was an epoch in the history of her feeling; she was sad, she knew not why, and thrillingly happy, without studying the cause. The gentle girl loved her cousin, Henry Blair,—nor had she, 'unsought been won.'

One glorious morning, when the hills were vocal with bird songs, and every thing rejoiced in the sun-light, Mr. Suthgate and Henry Blair equipped themselves for a day's shooting among the hills. While his uncle was preparing the shot-bags and powder flasks, the young man joined Grace, who was trying to fasten up a honeysuckle, which had been broken down by the weight of its own luxuriance, and now lay trailing its red blossoms in the grass.

'Cousin,' said Henry, as he stood half concealed by the mass of foliage he was holding up for her to secure, 'Cousin, you know what we were speaking of last night; may I mention the subject to your father, while we are away?'

Grace began to tremble—the knot she was

tying slipped, and down came the honeysuckle, with all its wreath of blossoms, on the suppliant's head. Grace laughed and blushed, and tried to extricate him; but somehow, as her hands wandered among the leaves, one of them was taken prisoner.

'Say yes, or I will never forgive you,' exclaimed Henry, with a voice broken with laughter. The little hand struggled to free itself. He began to grow serious. The girl hesitated, and blushed deeper than before. She was glad that he could not see her, as she uttered the required monosyllable;—while he, the rogue, had his sparkling eyes fixed on her all the while, from an opening in the blossoms.

There never was a happier fellow than Henry Blair, as he shouldered his gun that morning, and followed his uncle to the hills, but Grace was a little nervous all day. She did not doubt that her father would sanction the proposal her cousin had made her, still there was an uneasy flutter at her heart, which left her cheeks in a continued glow, when she thought of their return. She had just finished her preparations for tea, when James Hinman abruptly entered the house. He too had evidently been on the hills, for a shot-bag was slung across his breast, and he held a rifle in his hand. Grace had not spoken to him since his affray with her cousin, and was naturally a little terrified at his appearance. He smiled scornfully, as he observed her pallid cheek;—and, sitting down his gun, stood directly before her.

'Grace Suthgate,' he said in a bitter tone, 'I have come to ask you for the last time—will you marry me?'

'I have answered that question, when more mildly propounded, replied the maiden, with dignity; 'and, though your manner does not deserve that even a refusal should be repeated, I again say, that I never will.'

Hinman broke into a low mocking laugh.

'You did not answer Blair thus,' he said, fixing his malicious eyes on her for a moment; then, taking up his rifle, he left the house as abruptly as he had entered it.

Grace was slightly terrified, but she was

ignorant of the length of evil to which the human heart may go, and soon regained her composure. Her tea was ready; and, with a house-keeper's anxiety, she seated herself by the window, to watch for the return of the sportsman. A foot path wound down the opposite hill, and the body of a large tree formed a rustic bridge across the river, connecting that path with one leading to the house. She had been watching for some time, when the objects of her solicitude appeared. They were some distance apart; one stood on a rock near the foot of the hill, and the other occupied a projection a little to the right. Both were preparing to discharge their pieces. Grace supposed the one on the rock to be her cousin, as he wore the fur cap which had distinguished Blair in the morning; the other, she had no doubt, was her father. She saw him lift his rifle to his shoulder; but, while he was settling his aim, a bird fluttered by the window, and diverted her attention. That moment came the loud report of the discharged rifle, followed by a sharp cry. Grace sprang to her feet, and saw her cousin stagger back, ~~fall to~~ and ~~fro~~ for a moment, and then fall heavily from the rock. The poor girl stood still, as if death had frozen her to marble, the blood ran cold in her veins, her eyes were fixed in horror on the body, and it seemed as if she could hear the crackling of the brushwood as it rolled slowly down the hill, almost to the brink of the river. It lay motionless—the white lips of the poor girl parted—she drew a long sobbing breath, and sprang forward. Her feet seemed scarcely to touch the ground, as she passed through the meadow, and then darted over the rude log that spanned the river. The body lay a few paces farther on. Blood was on the clothes, and several drops stained one of his hands, which fell loose and nerveless on the grass. One step more, and she saw the face—it was her father's! Harry Blair was bending over him—his face was deadly pale, his limbs shook, and he was making ineffectual attempts to open the vest of the prostrate man. A little back, stood James Hinman. He too was pale, and seemed much agitated. A desperate calmness came over the orphan—she stooped down, and laid her hand on the heart of her parent—there was no motion. 'He is dead' dropped in measured words from her marble lips, and still she gazed on. Suddenly she stood upright, and looking wildly from Blair to Hinman, exclaimed, 'One of you killed him?' then, stepping before the latter, she fixed her keen look on him, and said—'James Hinman, it was you!'

Hinman shrunk back, and turned pale, but still found words to deny the charge.

'Do not deny the crime—do not—I saw it all;—the gun was lifted, even while I looked;—you stood there, by that blasted tree.'

'There is the murderer,' said Hinman, pointing to Blair, who sat on a fragment of rock by the body, with his face buried in his hands, through which tears were gushing, broken by convulsive sobs, while his whole frame was shaken with terrible anguish.

Even at that fearful moment, there was a gleam of satisfaction in Hinman's eye. Grace made no answer—the stony calmness of her features relaxed, and she fell senseless at the feet of her murdered father.

The horror-stricken group were seen by two men passing toward the village, who assisted in conveying the dead body to the house. As they were about to bear it away, old Hinman joined them; his strength seemed entirely to have left him, and without speaking a word, he stood gazing wildly at the corpse, as it was carried with difficulty across the foot bridge. With a heavy groan, he turned to the insensible girl, and attempted to raise her in his arms; but so completely was his great strength prostrated, that he tottered under the light form, which a few minutes before would have been to him but as an infant. His son made a motion, as if to assist him. The old man turned fiercely, the blood of hot anger rushed into his swarthy cheek, and he pushed the wretch back, exclaiming in a deep threatening voice, 'Dare to lay your hands on the poor lamb, and I'll level you as I would a fat ox!'—then laying the pale head of the fainting girl on his shoulder, he folded her to his broad chest, very tenderly, and bore her over the log bridge, to the house.

James Hinman remained for a moment, with an expression of doubt and alarm in his face. 'Could it be—has he?—but no, no—the fear is preposterous—he must have seen us from the meadow,' he muttered; and then, advancing to Blair, who still sat on the rock, stupified with horror, he lightly touched his shoulder, and, in a smooth, hypocritical voice, said, 'All are out of sight—now, Blair is the time to save yourself.'

The poor heart broken youth raised his face pale and collapsed with agony; his eyes fell on the spot where the corpse had been; the grass was trampled and matted down with blood;—shuddering, he buried his face again in his hands, and said, in a voice of hopeless misery, 'Do you wish for more?—am I not a murderer?'

'True,' replied Hinman, anxiously, 'but look to your own safety—there is yet time for escape.'

Blair dropped his hands slowly from his face, and his dim eyes met the anxious look of his persuader, with an expression of heart broken misery, that appalled and softened even him, and his voice had something of true feeling in its tones, as he strove to persuade him from the spot. The sufferer

seemed not to comprehend his object, and it would seem that no definite wish to escape actuated him, though he arose, and staggered a few paces forward. He would have fallen, but that Hinman caught him by the arm.

'Yes, help me—hold me up—I am weak and heart sick,' he murmured, leaning heavily on the shoulder of his supporter.

Hinman looked anxiously toward the house. One of the men was mounting his horse, 'Look,' he exclaimed, pointing toward the village—'it will soon be too late—go with me; I will secrete you till night.' He threw his arms around Blair, and strove to draw him from the place of death; but the intellect of the sufferer seemed bound up in one idea only.

'He was dead, I know it—quite dead—I shot him—is it not enough?' he continued to repeat, without moving a step, while his weight fell heavier and heavier on his companion.

'Go with me, I entreat,' exclaimed Hinman, impatiently; then hoping to arouse him, he added, 'It might have been the loss of blood—he may not be dead.'

These words had their effect—Blair started upright, drew a quick, gasping breath, and walked rapidly toward the house.

Hinman followed him to the brink of the river, and vehemently entreated him to return, and not to run headlong into danger. Blair paid no attention, but moved toward the house. The baffled villain uttered an execration, stood irresolute for a moment, and then followed him, muttering, 'The fool! will force me too far—I would not have a trial; but, if he will run headlong, let him take the worst.'

Old Hinman bore the senseless Grace to her chamber, and, laying her on the bed, chafed her cold hands in his hard palms, poured water over her face, and strove, by every means in his power to restore her to consciousness. It was in vain; cold and marble-like, she lay on the white counterpane, with the water drops rolling from her cheeks and polished forehead, coldly, as if they were dripping from chiseled stone, while her whole frame seemed stiffening in death. It was more than a common fainting fit, which bound the faculties, and chilled the frame of poor Grace Southgate.

'It's of no use,' said Mr. Hinman, and his words came chokingly from his throat; 'It's of no use—I'm afraid she's dead, and I don't know but it will be a mercy if she is, poor fatherless and motherless creature—I'll go home and send my woman or Nancy—poor Nancy—it'll almost kill her;' and laying the little hand he had been chafing, softly on the bosom of the orphan, he removed the black ringlets which lay wet and incurled from off her face, and turned away.

When Nancy Hinman entered the chamber of her wretched friend, she found her sitting upon the bed, her eyes fixed on the opposite window, and her features still settled in a death-like calm. Nancy, who had never seen grief expressed but by tears, was surprised at her seeming resignation, and while the drops gathered in her own bright eyes, she threw her arms about the sufferer, whispering, 'Oh Grace, dear Grace you can't tell how I feel for you.'

There was no answer, no motion in the sufferer.

'Grace, oh Grace, you are cruel!—wont you take notice of me!—what have I done that you wont speak?'

'Hush, hush! not so loud, you disturb me—I know you, I know you all, but it hurts me to speak—open the window—I want the air—my breath pains me,' whispered the mourner, but without turning her eyes, or moving a limb.

Nancy raised the sash, and seated herself beside it. She saw Grace press her hand to her forehead; and, after a few moments, sink back to her pillow. She was uncertain whether she slept or not; but for four long hours, there was no word spoken between them. The sun was down—its tints of gold died slowly from the horizon—the stars came out in their splendor—the moon rose as it had done the preceding night—all without remained the same;—and yet, in that house, there was not a heart which had not been changed, as with years of sorrow. How insignificant we are! The very flowers we tread upon, bloom as sweetly, when our hearts are broken, as when the music of happiness is thrilling through them. The moonlight falls alike on the lovers in their bower, and the widow by the tomb of her husband. But, oh! how different are its effects! To the first, it is the deepener of joy; to the other, a mockery of sorrow. Our hearts are stricken, withered, blasted, while the rose bursts its germ, and smiles itself out of life; yet the world goes on, as heedless of our agony, as of its fallen leaves. We die, a few tears are dropped, a few means are made—the heart which our hearts cling to, droop for an hour, and this is all. No other thing in nature is disturbed, save the few green clods, which are torn to admit us to the bosom of the earth. The waves of time roll over our empty places and all things are as if we had never been. Alas! how insignificant we are!

It was late when the hum of voices, which had ascended from below, all the evening, died away. One by one, the people from the neighboring village departed, and Nancy Hinman, sad almost for the first time in her life, sat alone by the little window of her friend's chamber.—As the clattering of the last departing horse died on the air, she arose, and

went to the bed side of the sufferer. She lay still as if asleep. Her eyes were closed, but there was a tremulous motion in the shadowy lashes sweeping her cheek, and a working of her features, as the moonbeams lay full upon them, which would have disproved all appearance of recent slumber, had Nancy Hinman been a close observer. She—kind girl—bent down and kissed the pale forehead of the mourner, wept over her for a time, and then stole softly back to her seat, where she soon dropped into a heavy slumber.

As the young girl lay with her arms folded on the window-sill, her bright cheeks pillowed upon them, and her frank brow exposed, by her curls, as the night wind lifted them playfully from her temples, Grace arose and stole softly from the room. The poor girl had been awake, listening to the voices from below, as a culprit within sound of the hammers which rivet his scaffold. A thin partition only divided her from the women who were making her father's shroud. She heard them consult on the form and measurement; she heard Mrs. Hinman caution them to speak softly, that they might not disturb her; she knew, by the bustle, when those below were laying out the dead; and yet she did not move, nor unclothe her aching eyes—but lay four long hours, with her intellect quickened to painful acuteness, and her heart cramping within her, like a thing of distinct life. When all was still, and her young watcher asleep, she stole down to mourn by the dead. She passed through the kitchen; two men were stretched along the chairs asleep, while another sat in a shadowy corner, with his face turned toward the wall. Grace was too wretched to notice them, and glided unseen to the parlor. She opened the door, and the corpse of her father lay before her. The face was uncovered; the grave clothes glimmered in the dim light, and were slightly rustled by a current of air, which swept over a honeysuckle at an open sash, and filled the room with fragrance. The poor orphan's heart grew faint; it was the same vine she had nailed to the casement in the morning. The dewy blossoms she had trifled with then, were now breaking the moonlight, as it trembled through them, and flickered over the face of the dead.—Slowly the orphan advanced; she started, and her heart leaped within her, for the light quivering over the face of the corpse gave it the appearance of life. She bent her cheek; it met one cold and stiffened; her heart contracted itself again. She sunk on her knees, and strove to pray.—Her throat was dry and agony almost choked her. With locked hands, and large drops breaking over her upturned brow, she struggled for words of prayer. A painful effort, and they broke from her lips:—'Oh God! oh God! help me to bear this mine affliction.' Straightway

warm tears rushed to her eyes, the grasp of agony was taken from her heart, and she wept freely. Long and holy was the communion Grace Suthgate held with her God, there, by her father's death-couch. Her heart was pervaded with a sweet and invisible influence; a calm, blessed feeling, such as human pen can never describe, took possession of her spirit; and she, who had knelt down in her agony, arose resigned—nay, happy. The light was still on her father's face, and a smile, pure and holy, such as his mortal lips had never known, lay like a promise of heaven upon it. Grace stooped, and pressed her lips to the cold clay. As she raised her head, another shadow fell athwart the corpse. It was her cousin who stood before her. Very pale he was, and his countenance looked solemn and death-like, in the dim light. Grace moved not, nor shrunk as he laid his cold hand on hers. She knew that he had killed her father;—but she knew also, that his will had no part in the deed. He spoke, and his voice was low and very mournful.

'I did not think to find you here—they told me you were ill—I came to look on the dead, while my keepers slept—to-morrow, I go to be tried for his murder—you cannot think me guilty of an intent to kill your father, Grace.'

'No,' replied the orphan, 'no—could you be here, by his side, had you harbored a thought of murder?'

'I thank you—from my broken heart I thank you,' said he, trembling violently and leaning against the window frame for support.

As his hand grasped the casement, it crushed a flowering branch of the honeysuckle, which had fallen in at the open sash. He raised his hand, and carefully removed the bruised flowers; and when he looked up, his eyes were full of tears.

'They are fresh and blooming yet—a day has not withered them,' he said, in a sorrowful voice, accompanied by one of those painful smiles which spring from the very dregs of misery; then, with a sudden gesture of despair, he turned to the body outstretched before him, and exclaimed, with a burst of bitter feeling, 'Oh Grace, Grace! can this be real?—parted forever;—you fatherless—I—I—a murderer!—and all in a few hours. This morning—but this morning—and we stood there, so happy, so full of hope—oh, my God! why was I permitted to work all this woe?'

Grace hid her hand on his. She yielded to none of the regretful thoughts which crowded to her heart. It is not the nature of prayer to strengthen the soul for a time, as does human resolution, and then lay it bare again to the ravages of the passions. No!—faith and resignation may need guarding, but their strength is equal to the need of their posses-

sor. Grace, I have said, placed her hand on that of her cousin. She, the bereaved, was about to administer consolation to the bereaver. The light of a pure spirit broke upon his face; her black hair fell back from her pale forehead, as she raised it to look upon him;—and she appeared, in her spiritual beauty like a ministering angel, rather than a mourner sorrowing over the dead. Her lips were parted to speak, when a heavy tread and a rough voice was heard in the passage.

'I am missed,' exclaimed Blair; 'they will intrude even here. Grace, you have given me comfort—me who—' his voice was choked with grief—he grasped her hand with convulsive violence, and left the room.

The morning sun shone in upon the corpse, and Grace Suthgate was still kneeling by it. She knew not that the dawn had broken—she cared not that the flowers were awake, and rejoicing in their dew. The rattle of the wheels which had borne Henry Blair to prison, was still sounding in her ears. She was praying for him, and her entreaties went up to the Most High as a rich incense; for they sprang from a heart, which, like flowers, yielded its sweetness in greater abundance, when it was most severely bruised. She unclosed not her eyes;—and her voice, like tones of broken music, ceased not to ascend, till the promise of strength and faith was vouchsafed to her.

Those who came to prepare for the funeral, looked on the calm brow of the girl, and wondered.

Mr. Suthgate was buried on his own ground, just beneath the precipice, at the back of the house. A large maple over shadowed his grave, and wild roses blossomed thickly about it. One thing was remarkable regarding the funeral—old Mr. Hinman was not present—nor had he been at the house since the morning of its master's death. It was said that he was ill; but, when Nancy returned to nurse him, he reproved her sharply for deserting the poor orphan, and commanded her to return, and not leave her again until she was sent for. In vain, Nancy, who truly loved her father, brought him to allow her to remain with him. 'Grace was calm,' she said, 'and kept about the house all the time, never appearing as if any thing had happened, only once in a while, when some of her father's books or things came in the way; and then she would go about her work, with the tears dropping from her eyes, for an hour at a time; and her smile had a strange kind of a look about it, just as if it would say, oh, how my heart aches!' Old Hinman sat in his great easy chair, with his hands clasped on his knees, and large tears rolling one by one down his cheeks, as Nancy gave this simple description of her friend's suffer-

ing. His daughter looked in his care-worn face, and her heart was pained, for she had never seen him sick before.

'Do let me stay with you, father—Grace does not need me—there is no work to do, for she don't eat scarcely any thing;—and brother James comes night and morning to feed the stock, and take care of things.'

At the mention of his son's name, Mr. Hinman suddenly unlocked his hands, and turned remarkably pale. He half started from his chair, and with trembling lips exclaimed, 'don't name him—I tell you don't name him;—then suddenly checking himself, he fell back to his seat, adding, 'leave the room Nancy, you've done no harm.'

It would be almost impossible for a person to be left more completely alone, than was Grace Suthgate, by the death of her father. Brought up entirely in his society, living almost alone with him from childhood, she had centered all the earthly affections of her humble and loving heart in his existence. Never, in her whole lifetime, could she remember a harsh word or act coming from him. No second object had found a place in her heart, till the arrival of Henry Blair; and, even then, the love she bore her parent seemed to expand with her capacity to love another. Suddenly, in a moment, as it were, the support of her life, the oak to which she was the vine, was cut down forever, and she, the loved and cherished, became an isolated creature in the wide, wicked world. It is strange that she did not die then—that her heart, so pure and tender, had not broken, in the uprooting of its gentle tendencies. It might, but for him who tempereth the wind to the shorn lamb. Grace had one earthly hope left, to which she clung with feminine tenacity—that was Henry Blair. She knew that she never could marry him with her father's blood on his hands, however innocent he might be; yet she could hear from him sometimes; and it was a luxury to pity him—to feel that one in the world, who shared her lineage, would remember her with the tenderness she had been wont to inspire. She had no fear for the event of his trial—it was a form, she thought, necessary to his character. To be acquitted publicly by his fellow men, might lessen his own regret; and it gave her comfort to anticipate the time of his release, though she knew that she should see him no more.

While Nancy Hinman was making her unsuccessful visit to her father, James had taken the opportunity to visit Grace, who received him kindly, for he had performed many friendly offices for her since her bereavement. His face wore a show of sympathy, and his manner was even more than commonly soft and insinuating. After some hesitation, he informed her that Henry Blair's

trial would come on in about a week, and inquired if she could mention any witnesses whom she wished to have summoned in his behalf. Grace thanked him, and answered calmly, that she supposed none were necessary to his exculpation, save himself, he being the only person present. Hinman seemed embarrassed. He arose, walked across the room, and returned to his seat.

'I fear,' he said, with some hesitation, 'I fear you misconceive the nature of my evidence—I am sorry to say it would be little in favor of your cousin.'

Grace looked up in astonishment. 'Mr. Hinman,' she said, in a faltering voice, 'you do not mean to say aught more than that my father died by the accidental discharge of his nephew's gun?'

'Miss Suthgate,' it grieves me to say that I do. I would give my right hand that I did not—for my knowledge, after what has passed, may be construed into malice. I knew Blair in Boston, but we did not assimilate—he was passionate and haughty—I—but that is unimportant. You know what has passed between us here. I was to blame, perhaps—certain I am that I was rude to you—but, if ever a man deserved to be forgiven for outrage, I—'

Grace who had been growing faint and weak, with apprehension, interrupted him, 'do not, do not torture me, I pray you—but tell me the worst at once.'

'Miss Suthgate,' replied Hinman, solemnly, 'you have not forgotten that I called here on the afternoon of your father's death—you may remember what passed between us, but who can conceive of the bitter disappointment with which I left your presence. I had been out upon the hills alone—I did not feel in the mood for returning home, after your unkind severity, and wandered, I know not how, to the opposite hill. As I stood resting upon my rifle, and indulging in the moody thoughts your rejection had given rise to, it so happened that your father and cousin passed without perceiving me. Blair was eagerly pressing some request that he had previously made—they stopped a few paces from me—I was not in a fit temper for joining them, and remained quiet. I soon learned that Blair had been asking your hand in marriage. Your father was gentle, but steady in his refusal. Blair grew angry, and became more and more peremptory and impetuous in his demand. Your father looked surprised and displeased. At length Blair descended to abusive epithets and harsh language. Your father turned sorrowfully away, and as your cousin followed with fresh arguments, he said aloud, and with some asperity, "Henry Blair ask her not of me, she is my all the sweet copy of her mother—I cannot tear her from home, to place her in the bosom of one who has no command over his own passions." Again, your cousin broke

in with vehement expostulations. His uncle snook off the youth's hand from his arm, exclaiming, with some warmth, "Harry I will listen to you no more—nothing but death can separate me from my child,"—and, as if to avoid further importunity, he hurried down the hill, and stepping upon that rock yonder, was preparing to discharge his gun. Blair was always passionate. Then, his disappointment drove him to fury. Seizing his rifle, he lifted it to his shoulder, exclaiming, "then by your death be it!"—and, before I could prevent the fatal act, he had fired. You know the rest, yet I would add my belief, that the deed of guilt was perpetrated, from the blind fury of the moment, and not from premeditated, malice. I have now told you what my evidence must be before a court of justice.

Grace made no answer or comment. She was sitting with her elbows on her work-table and her face buried in her hands. Not a sob nor a groan broke from her lips as this proof of crime was laid before her, and she was so still, that it almost seemed that her breathing had stopped. She remained thus immovable and speechless for a time as if stupified with the guilt of her last earthly object of love. Still her mind was busy; all the transactions of the few last weeks flashed through it in quick review. There was one hope.—Hinman hated her cousin—he might have spoken falsely. She resolved to go to the blasted pine and mark the position of the fatal rock—if it was concealed—if a bush or a tree grew between that and the spot where she had seen her cousin standing, she determined to believe in his innocence; if not her heart sickened at the alternative, for then Hinman's story must be true. Without speaking, and heedless that any one was present, she arose and left the house. Hinman saw the direction she was taking, and followed her unnoticed. She walked very slowly, as if fearing too early conviction. She paused a moment at the spot of trampled grass where her father's body had rested, and then went up the hill. She reached the old pine, and turned slowly with her face to the rock. It projected out from the face of the hill, and there was no tree—no bush to obstruct the view—even the crevices and spots of moss were plainly discernible. Her father had been murdered. A pang came over her, as if her heart had been cleft in twain by a sharp knife. Visions of the gallows—the halter—and her cousin the murderer, for a victim flashed through her mind. Her brain reeled, and she would have fallen headlong from the eminence, had not James Hinman sprang from behind a neighboring tree and caught her in his arms.

He sat down on a bare root of the pine and laid her head on his bosom. What were the thoughts swelling that bosom it becoms

us not to say. Certain we are 'that Grace Suthgate, the pure and beautiful, would never have remained there, had strength been given her to remove from a pillow so polluted. But she heeded not her resting place, for she might have been stretched upon a rack without knowing it, so busy was her sick mind with the thoughts of guilt and death. She turned her head a little, and opened her meek eyes to his, as they were bent on her with an expression which she had never met before. 'Is there no hope, no doubt—must he die?' It was the dove appealing to the serpent.

'Grace Suthgate,' said Hinman, slowly and impressively, 'there is a way—I can save him—marry me and I will.'

A cold shudder crept over the poor girl—she broke feebly from his arms, and sat upright on the ground. 'I would go home,' said she, 'I would be alone.'

'Promise that you will think of what I have said,' replied Hinman, supporting her, as she arose and moved away.

'I will think—I will pray to do right,' she said, shrinking from his arm, and collecting her strength to descend the hill.

(Concluded in our next.)

BIOGRAPHY.

From the Rainbow.

William Gifford.

THE world derives a double advantage from the lives of men who, amid the hardships and difficulties which an humble birth and humbler means throw in their way, rise to intellectual eminence. By their labors they promote the cause of science and learning, and by their examples show how much can be done, with perseverance, by those who with hopes as high and aspirations as ardent, have not their resolution. Such is the life of Gifford.

William Gifford was born in 1775, at Ashburton, in Devonshire. His father had early ruined himself by his wildness and prodigality, and died of a broken-down constitution before he was forty, leaving his family in destitute circumstances. The wife, in less than a twelve-month followed her husband to the grave. 'I was not quite thirteen,' says her son, 'when this happened; my little brother was hardly two; and we had not a relation nor a friend in the world.' His brother was sent to the work house, while he himself was taken to the house of a person named Carlile. Here he attended school about three months, and was beginning to make considerable progress in his studies, when his patron, tired of the expense, resolved to employ him as a ploughboy. An injury, however, which he had received on his breast, some years before, was found to unfit him for this species of labor, and he was at length placed on board a coasting vessel, when little more than thirteen.

In this vessel he remained nearly a year. In this situation he endured many hardships, not the least of which was a deprivation of books, for during the whole period he did not see a single book except the *Coasting Pilot*.

At this period, the reports of his miserable condition which had reached the ears of Carlile, induced him to send for Gifford, and again place him at school. Here he made such progress, especially in arithmetic, his darling study, that he was soon at the head of the school. His situation, however, was not destined to be of long continuance. Carlile concluded to apprentice him to a shoemaker, and he was accordingly bound till he should attain the age of twenty-one. Up to this time, the only book he had read except the bible, was a black-letter romance, called *Parismus* and *Parismenes*, and a few old magazines. He hated his new profession with a perfect hatred, and made no progress in it; and was consequently little regarded in the family. He secretly prosecuted his favorite study at every interval of leisure.—These intervals were not very frequent; and when the use he made of them was found out, they were rendered still less so.

'I possessed at this time,' says he, 'but one book in the world; it was a treatise on algebra, given to me by a young woman, who had found it in a lodging house. I considered it a treasure; but it was a treasure locked up: for it supposed the reader to be well acquainted with simple equations, and I knew nothing of the matter. My master's son had purchased Fenning's Introduction; this was precisely what I wanted—but he carefully concealed it from me and I was indebted to chance alone for stumbling upon its hiding place. I sat up for a greater part of several nights successively, and, before he suspected that his treatise was discovered, had completely mastered it. I had not a farthing on earth, nor a friend to give me one; pen, ink and paper, therefore, were for the most part as completely out of my reach as a crown and a scepter. There was indeed, a resource; but the utmost caution and secrecy were necessary in applying to it. I beat out pieces of leather as smooth as possible, and wrought my problems on them with a blunted awl; for the rest, my memory was tenacious, and I could multiply and divide by it to a great extent.'

At last, however, Gifford obtained some alleviation of his extreme penury. He had scarcely, he tells us, known poetry even by name, when some verses, composed by one of his acquaintances, tempted him to try what he could do in the same style, and he succeeded in producing a few rhymes. He was sometimes invited to repeat them and these repetitions were always attended with applause,

and sometimes with favors more substantial; little collections were now and then made, and he often received sixpence in an evening. To one who had long lived in absolute want of money, such a resource seemed a Peruvian mine.—But even this resource was soon taken from him. His master, having heard of his verse-making, was so incensed at what he deemed the idleness of the occupation, and especially to some satirical allusions to himself, or his customers, upon which the young poet had unwisely ventured, that he seized upon and carried away all his books and papers, and even prohibited him in the strictest manner from ever again repeating a line of his compositions. This stroke reduced him to utter despair. 'I look back,' he proceeds, on that part of my life which immediately followed this event with little satisfaction; it was a period of gloom and savage unsociability; by degrees I sunk into a kind of corporeal torpor; or if roused into activity by the spirit of youth, wasted the exertion in splenetic and vexatious tricks, which alienated the few acquaintances which compassion had left me.'

He had spent nearly six years at his uncongenial employment, before any decided prospect of deliverance opened upon him. In the twentieth year of his age, the curiosity of a Mr. Cookesley, a surgeon, was directed towards him by hearing the doggerel repeated which we have before mentioned.—Upon learning his history he set a subscription on foot among his acquaintances, and soon succeeded in procuring a sufficient sum to free Gifford from his apprenticeship and maintain him at school for a few months.

The rest of his story may be quickly told. His patrons were so well pleased with his progress that they renewed their bounty and continued him at school for another year. Stimulated by his love of knowledge and a desire to fulfil the expectations of his friends, he made such astonishing progress that in two years and two months from what he calls the day of his emancipation, he was pronounced to be fit for the University. A long and prosperous life, during which he acquired a distinguished name in the literary world, was the ample compensation for the humiliating and hardships of his youth. He was the Editor of the 'Quarterly Review,' which was placed under his management at its commencement. Mr. Gifford died in London on the 31st of December, 1826, in the 71st year of his age. It is a beautiful circumstance in his history, and one which shows how a generous act sometimes receives a worldly reward, that he left the bulk of his fortune to the son of his first most kind and disinterested patron, Mr. Cookesley.

A. J. R.

Yale College, June, 1836.

MISCELLANY.

From the Edinburgh Literary Gazette.

The Soldier's Return.

THE following beautiful instance of filial affection deserves to be handed down to the latest generation. Some travelers from Glasgow were obliged to stop at the small burgh of Lanark, and having nothing better to engage our attention, said one of them, we amused ourselves by looking at the passengers from the windows of our inn, which was opposite to the prison. While we were thus occupied, a gentleman came up on horseback, very plainly dressed, attended by a servant. He had but just passed our window, when he alighted, left his horse, and advanced towards an old man who was engaged in paving the street.

After having saluted him, he took hold of the rammer, struck blows upon the pavement at the same time addressing the old man, who stood amazed at the adventure. 'This work seems to be very painful for a person of your age; have you no sons who could share in your labors, and comfort your old age?' 'Forgive me, sir: I have three lads who inspired me with the highest hopes; but the poor fellows are not now within reach to assist their father.' 'Where are they, then?' 'The oldest has obtained the rank of captain in India in the service of the honorable company. The second has likewise enlisted in the hope of rivaling his brother.' The old man paused and a momentary tear bedimmed his eye. 'And pray what has become of the third?'—'Alas! he became security for me; the poor boy engaged to pay my debts, and being unable to fulfil the undertaking, he is—in prison.' At this recital the gentleman stepped aside a few paces, and covered his face with his hands. After having thus given vent to his feelings, he returned to the old man and resumed his discourse. 'And has the oldest—this degenerate son—the captain—never sent you any thing to extricate you from your miseries?' 'Ah! call him not degenerate; my son is virtuous; he both loves and respects his father. He has oftener than once sent me money, even more than was sufficient for my wants; but I had the misfortune to lose it by becoming security for a very worthy man, my landlord, who was burdened with a very large family. Unfortunately, finding himself unable to pay, he had caused my ruin. They have taken my all, and nothing now remains for me.' At this moment, a young man, passing his head through the iron gratings of a window in the prison, began to cry, 'Father! father! if my brother William is still alive that is he; he is the gentleman who speaks with you.' 'Yes my friend, it is he,' replied the gentleman, throwing himself into

the old man's arms, who like one beside himself, attempted to speak and sobbing, had not recovered his senses, when an old woman, decently dressed, rushed from a poor-looking hut, crying—'Where is he then? where art thou, my dear William? Come to me, come and embrace your mother.' The captain no sooner observed her, than he quitted his father, and went to throw himself upon the neck of the good old dame.

The scene was now overpowering; the travelers left their room, and increased the number of spectators, witnesses of this most affecting sight. Mr. Wilson, one of the travelers, made his way through the crowd, and advancing to the gentleman, thus addressed him:—'Captain, we ask the honor of your acquaintance; it is impossible to express the pleasure we have had in being witness of this tender meeting with your family; we request the favor of you and yours to dinner at the inn.' The captain, alive to the invitation, accepted it with politeness but at the same time replied, that he would neither eat nor drink until his youngest brother had recovered his liberty. At the same instant he deposited the sum for which he had been incarcerated, and in a very short time after, his brother joined the party. The whole family now met at the inn, where they found the affectionate William in the midst of a multitude who were loading him with caresses, all of which he returned with the utmost cordiality.

As soon as there was an opportunity for free conversation the good soldier unbosomed his heart to his parent's and the travelers. 'Gentlemen,' said he, 'to-day I feel, in its full extent, the kindness of Providence, to whom I owe every thing. My uncle brought me up to the business of a weaver, but I requited his attentions badly; for, having contracted a habit for idleness and dissipation, I enlisted in a corps belonging to the East India Company. I was then only a little more than eighteen. My soldier-like appearance had been observed by Lord Clifton, the commanding officer, with whose beneficence and inexhaustible generosity all Europe is acquainted. My zeal for the service inspired him with regard; and thanks to his cares, I rose step by step to the rank of captain, and was entrusted with the funds of the regiment. By dint of industry and the aid of commerce, I amassed honorably a stock of £30,000. At that time I quitted the service. It is true that I made three remittances to my father: but the first one, of £200, reached him. The second fell into the hands of a man who had the misfortune to become insolvent; and I trusted the third to a Scotch gentleman, who died upon the passage; but I hold his receipt, and his heirs will account to me for it.'

After dinner the captain gave his father

£200, to supply his most pressing wants; and at the same time secured to him, as well as his mother, an annuity of £80, reversible to his two brothers. Beside, he presented £500 as a marriage portion to his sister, who was married to a farmer in indifferent circumstances; and after having distributed £50 among the poor, he entertained at an elegant dinner the principal inhabitants of the burgh. Such a man merited the favors of fortune. By this generous sensibility, too, he showed indeed that he was worthy of the distinguished honors so profusely heaped upon him by the illustrious Lord Clifton.

From the New-York Mirror.

Loneliness.

'Oh, who could inhabit this bleak world alone.'

THOUGH society is composed of a heterogeneous mass of wrecks of the fall—though there is wormwood and gall mixed even in the cup of the purest friend earth can produce—though the tear of affection must often be returned with contumely and scorn; yet who would be debarred the luxury of shedding that tear? who would roll himself in his own shell forever, lest he might meet an adder in his path? He who has much converse with the world, and is constantly coming in contact with the dark side of nature's sad leaf, is in great danger of becoming sullen, suspicious, and even irritable and unyielding. But, 'who would inhabit this bleak world alone?' Who would be blessed with the luxury of a warm, kind heart, in a world of woe, like this, and find no eyes with whom he could weep?

Who would feel the dark waves of sorrow rolling fast and thick over his head, and finding himself alone—hear no kind voice of pity and affection, saying—'I feel for thee?'—It is not good for man to be alone—was once spoken by Him who well knew what was in man and what must be his pathway through this vale of tears—what would be his need of reciprocal feeling and assist him to carry life's heavy burden along the dreary road. There is a little mercy for fallen man even in this wilderness of blasted delights; and there are some of the drops which fall upon us. The mingling of tears with one another—the drying of tears from the face of the comfortless—and the scattering of little benefits in the way of thorns, we have none to pity. There is something in the hard hearted man, that will melt into softness at the kind hand of pity and attention, in the hour of sickness; and I would set that man down as hopeless, who would be unkind to the wife of his youth, she who in the hour of sickness has watched over him in that untiring assiduity, which woman does ever manifest, if he do not in that tender, reflecting hour, resolve he will repair his misdeed by uniform kind-

ness, and fulfil that resolution so long as life be spared. There is a power in kindness, which is next to omnipotent. It is like the resistless waters that overflow all within its reach—that asks not how it will be received, but content with the privilege of bestowing, finds its own reward in the exercise. Then who would be satisfied to grope his passage finds through life like the sloth, which never moves unless impelled by hunger, and meet no object made happier by its existence?

Cure for a Passionate Temper.

A MERCHANT in London had a dispute with a Quaker respecting the settlement of an account. The merchant was determined to bring the question into court, a proceeding the Quaker earnestly deprecated, using every argument in his power to convince the merchant of his error; but the latter was inflexible. Desirous to make a last effort, the Quaker called at his house one morning, and inquired of the servant if his master was at home.—The merchant hearing the inquiry, and knowing the voice, called aloud from the top of the stairs, 'Tell that rascal I'm not at home.' The Quaker looking up towards him calmly said, 'Well friend; God put thee in a better mind.' The merchant struck with the meekness of the reply, and having more deliberately investigated the matter, became convinced that the Quaker was right and he wrong. He requested to see him, and acknowledging his error, he said, 'I have one question to ask you—how were you able on various occasions to bear my abuse?' 'Friend,' replied the Quaker, 'I will tell thee: I was naturally as hot and as violent as thou art. I knew that to indulge this temper was sin, and I found that it was imprudent. I observed that men in passion always speak aloud; and I thought if I controlled my voice, I should suppress my passions. I therefore made it a rule never to suffer my voice above a certain key; and by a careful observance of this rule, I have with the blessing of God, entirely mastered my natural temper.' The Quaker reasoned philosophically, and, the merchant, as every body else may do, was benefited by his example.

Self Forgetfulness.

We see an anecdote going the rounds, of a man who went to the post office, and forgot his own name. The case is a strong one, but not so strong as one we remember at the east, of a Mrs. Farnum, who was always inquiring the way home when she walked out: asked occasionally to be introduced to her husband; make acquaintance every week or two with her children; and at length, one day, upon returning home from a walk, knocked at her own door, and asked if Mrs. Farnum lived there; 'certainly ma'am,' re-

plied the servant, somewhat thunderstruck—and pray said Madame Farnum, 'is the lady in?' The maid took her bundle and made tracks at once—as to living with a double woman, one half of whom came to inquire for the other—it was more than she could do.

ANECDOTE.—King James I. of England, went out of his way to hear a noted preacher. The clergyman seeing the king enter, left his text to declaim against swearing, for which the king was notorious. When done, James thanked him for his sermon, and asked what connexion swearing had with his text. He answered, 'Since your Majesty came out of your way through curiosity, to meet me, I could not in complaisance, do less than go out of mine to meet you.'

DURING the season of heavy rains a farmer's wife sent her maid servant to a neighboring village on an errand, and scolded her on her return for staying so long. 'Indeed,' said the girl, whose clothes were dripping with wet, 'you may be glad to see me at all, for the brook is so swollen that I missed my footing and fell in; and if it had not been for Providence and another woman, I certainly should have been drowned.'

INFIRMITY OF PURPOSE.—The loss of resolute habits is like the loss of his spectacles to a near-sighted man: it implies a loss of the power to recover them.

Letters Containing Remittances,

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of Postage paid.

H. C. W. Auburn, N. Y. \$2.00; C. H. B. Buffalo, N. Y. \$2.00; P. M. Hopkinton, N. Y. \$1.00; W. E. C. Ticonderoga, N. Y. \$5.00; S. & S. Boardman, O. \$1.00; W. E. Monticello, Miss. \$10.00; D. A. Arlington, Vt. \$1.00; D. B. Bellows Falls, Vt. \$1.00; C. S. B. New-York, \$1.00.

Notice.

A course of Sunday Evening Lectures, on the most popular Vices of the present Age, will be delivered in the Universalist Church in this city, and be continued through the Winter.

Lecture on next Sunday evening, to Young Men.

MARRIED.

In this city, on Sunday the 25th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Whitaker, Mr. Darius Keller to Miss Catharine Bunt, both of this city.

In Milan, Dutchess Co. on Thanksgiving evening, by the Rev. J. H. Van Wagenen, Mr. Derrick Ham, to Miss Etiza Stickie, both of Pine Plains.

In Livingston in the same evening, by the same, Mr. Jonas Row, to Miss Lavina Wey, both of Livingston.

In the same place, on the same evening, by the same, Mr. William J. Best, of Claverack, to Miss Emeline Miller, of the former place.

On Wednesday the 21st inst. at Trinity Church, Athens, by the Rev. Lewis Thibon, Capt. Henry Augustus Green to Miss Emma Northrop, daughter of the late Thomas Sitt, all of Athens.

DIED.

In this city, on the 25th inst. Harriet Newel, youngest child of Charles and Rachel Paul, aged 1 year and 12 days. On the 19th inst. Mrs. Hannah Carter, in the 71st year of her age.

At Athens, on the 12th inst. George Woolsey, Esq. in the 78th year of his age.

In Chatham, on the 10th inst. Mrs. Margaret Van Hoesen relict of Jacob Van Hoesen, formerly of this city, and sister of Mr. John Hardick, aged 92 years.

In Hillsdale, on the 13th inst. at the residence of his father, Ambrose L. Jordan, second son of Col. William Jordan, in the 26th year of his age.



SELECT POETRY.

From the Token for 1837.

A Name in the Sand.

BY H. F. GOULD.

ALONG I walked the ocean strand,
A pearly shell was in my hand,
I stooped and wrote upon the sand
My name, the year, the day.
As onward from the spot I passed,
One lingering look behind I cast;
A wave came rolling high and fast,
And washed my lines away.

And so, methought, 'twill shortly be
With every mark on earth from me!
A wave of dark oblivion's sea
Will sweep across the place
Where I have trod the sandy shore
Of time, and been to be no more,
Of me, my day, the name I bore,
To leave no track nor trace.

And yet, with Him who counts the sands,
And holds the waters in his hands,
I know a lasting record stands
Inscribed against my name.
Of all this mortal part has wrought,
Of all this sinking soul has thought,
And from these fleeting moments caught,
For glory, or for shame.

From the Magnolia for 1837.

The Imprisoned Knight.

One of the Knights of the crusading army, after being imprisoned for years in a Saracen dungeon, was found exclaiming by his companions who came to liberate him.

YET once again! it seemed the sweep
Of steeds along my prison side!—
'Twas but the murmurs, low and deep,
Of Ocean's neighboring tide.
Alas! the captive's sea-beat cell
Should know that dreary call full well!

Yet oft, at midnight's hour of dreams,
That vision haunts my fancy still;
The echoing clang of armor seems
Blent with the clarion shrill.
I start o'er Memory's desert track
Visions of life and joy come back.

In battle's foremost ranks again
My plumes to freedom's breezes stream;
I hear the shouts of warlike men,
I mark the war-sword's gleam—
I rush to meet the welcome call—
And coldly grasp my dungeon wall!

And brighter, softer fancies come
To cheer my fevered spirit's gloom—
Sweet visions of a cherished home,
Where flowers of beauty bloom—
And voices young and loved, whose tone
Blessed me ere sorrow yet was known.

Oh! could the wanderer hope once more
Those vales of light and bliss to tread—
Beside that peaceful, shaded shore
To lay his weary head!
To hear those tones of love—and feel
Their freshness to his bosom steal!

With spirit unsubdued I've borne
For years the dungeon and the chain;
And prayed, by exile's anguish worn,
One boon for all my pain:
That I, once free from hostile hand,
Might find a grave in Christian land.

A burning weight is on my brow—
My bosom's weary strife is past—
Yet more I pant for freedom now,
Though life is ebbing fast.
It may not be! this deadly pain
Bites deeper than the captive's chain.

This sudden gleam! my closing eyes
Can scarce endure the unwonted light.
A voice!—it bids the prisoner rise—
I cannot seek the fight!

Mine arms is all too weak to bear
With knightly grasp, the shield or spear.
I know you—comrades!—and my heart
To greet your coming yet would thrill,
But Death, who coldly claims his part,
Bids its last pulse be still!
And ye—for I was ne'er a slave—
Will lay me in a soldier's grave!

'I AM tempted, here, to transcribe one of the noblest poems ever written in our language. It may be familiar to some of my readers, but it is worth a hundred perusals: while to those who have never seen it, I convey a treasure and a talisman—a memento mori. The author, HENRY KNOWLES, wrote it at twilight, in the church-yard of Richmond, England. Shortly afterward, he died and was buried in the flower of his manhood.'—*The Knickerbocker*.

The Dead.

'METHINKS it is good to be here: if thou wilt, let us build three tabernacles, one for thee, one for Moses, and one for Elias.'—*The Bible*.

METHINKS it is good to be here;
If thou wilt, let us build—but for whom?
Nor Elias nor Moses appear;
But the shadows of ev'ning encompass with gloom
The abode of the dead, and the place of the tomb.

Shall we build to Ambition? Ah no!
Affrighted, he shrinketh away;
For see, they would pin him below,
In a dark narrow cave, and begirt with cold clay,
To the meanest of reptiles, a peer and a prey.

To Beauty? Ah no!—she forgets
The charm that she wielded before;
Nor knows the foul worm that he frets
The skin that but yesterday fools could adore,
For the smoothness it held, or the tint that it wore.

Shall we build to the purple of Pride—
To the trappings that dizen the proud?
Alas! they are all laid aside:
For here's neither wealth nor adornment allowed
Save the long winding-sheet, and the fringe of the shroud.

Unto Riches! Alas! 'tis in vain;
Who here in their turn have been hid,
Their wealth is all squandered again;
And here in the grave are all metals forbid,
Save the tinsel that shines on the dark coffin-lid.

To the pleasures that mirth can afford?
The revel, the laugh, and the jeer?
Ah! here is a plentiful board;
But the guests are all mute at their pitiful cheer,
And none but the worm is a reveler here.

Shall we build to Affection and Love?
Ah no! they have withered and died,
Or flown with the spirit above!
Friends, brothers, and sisters are laid side by side,
Yet none have saluted, and none have replied.

Unto Sorrow? The dead cannot grieve;
Not a sob, not a sigh meets mine ear,
Which-compassion itself could relieve;
Ah, sweetly they slumber, nor love, hope nor fear—
Peace, peace, is the watch-word—the only one here.

Unto Death, to whom monarchs must bow?
Ah no! for his empire is known,
And here there are trophies enow;
Beneath the cold head, and around the dark stone,
Are the signs of a scepter that none can disown.

The first tabernacle to Hope we will build,
And look for the sleepers around us to rise;
The second to Faith, which insures it fulfilled,
And the third to the Lamb of the great Sacrifice,
Who bequeathed us them both, when he rose to the skies!

Fraternity of Man.

BY HARRIET MARTINEAU.

ALL men are equal in their birth,
Heirs of the earth and skies;
All men are equal when that earth
Fades from their dying eyes.

All wait alike on him whose power
Upholds the life he gave;
The sage within his star-lit tower,
The savage in his cave.

God meets the throngs who pay their vows
In courts their hands have made,
And hears the worshipper who bows
Beneath the plantain shade.

'Tis man alone who difference sees,
And speaks of high and low;
And worships those and tramples these,
While the same path they go.

O! let man hasten to restore
To all their rights of love!
In power and wealth exult no more;
In wisdom lowly move.

Ye great! renounce your earth-born pride,
Ye low! your shame and fear;
Live as ye worship, side by side;
Your common claims reverse.

A. STODDARD.

Printer, Bookseller & Stationer,

No. 135, Cor. of Warren and Third Sts. Hudson,

Has constantly for sale, at his Bookstore, a general assortment of School Books now in use, which will be sold on the lowest terms; also, a great variety of Miscellaneous Books, Bibles of all sizes, Blank Books, Writing, Letter and Wrapping Paper, Lawyers and Justices' Blanks, Writing and Printing Ink, Shaker Garden Seeds, School Certificates, Toy Books, Pictures, Stationery, &c. &c. which will be sold as reasonable as at any other store in the city.

Cash paid for Clean Cotton and Linen Rags.

Almanacks for 1837.

Stoddard's Diary or Columbia Almanack; Comic, David Crockett's, People's and German Almanacks, for sale at A. STODDARD'S Bookstore.

THE RURAL REPOSITORY,

IS PUBLISHED EVERY OTHER SATURDAY, AT HUDSON, N. Y. BY Wm. B. Stoddard.

It is printed in the Quarto form, and will contain twenty-four numbers of eight pages each, with a title page and index to the volume.

TERMS.—One Dollar per annum in advance, or One Dollar and Fifty Cents, at the expiration of three months from the time of subscribing. Any person, who will remit as Five Dollars, free of postage, shall receive six copies, and any person, who will remit us Ten Dollars, free of postage, shall receive twelve copies, and one copy of either of the previous volumes. No subscriptions received for less than one year. All the back numbers furnished to new subscribers.

All orders and Communications must be post paid, to receive attention.



DEVOTED TO POLITE LITERATURE SUCH AS MORAL AND SENTIMENTAL TALES, ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS, BIOGRAPHY, TRAVELING SKETCHES, AMUSING MISCELLANY, HUMOROUS AND HISTORICAL ANECDOTES, SUMMARY, POETRY, &C.

VOL. XIII.—[IV. NEW SERIES.]

HUDSON, N. Y. SATURDAY, JANUARY 14, 1837.

NO. 16.

SUBJECT TALES.

From the Portland Magazine.

The Daughter.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Concluded.]

HINMAN followed her at a distance, till she reached the house. When there she shut herself in her room, and kneeling with her Bible before her, searched diligently for such passages as related to capital punishment. She read, reflected and prayed, and her opinion was formed from the best of sources. She had no doubt of her cousin's guilt. She knew it to be impossible that he should have killed her father *accidentally*, situated as the two parties were at the time of the murder. She herself saw him raise the rifle deliberately to his shoulder; and, though her eyes had been turned before the precise aim was taken, she had seen the effect. What would her evidence be but a confirmation of Hinman's?—and, of the truth of his statement, she had almost positive proof, for how could he have known that Blair had asked her of her father, as had been agreed upon in the morning of the fatal day, unless he had indeed heard the conversation he affirmed to have taken place between the uncle and nephew? Yet, fully convinced of the crime as she was, the young girl felt justified in saving the life of a human being at any sacrifice, even though he had committed the grievous crime of slaying a fellow man—her own almost idolized parent—in a moment of insane passion. There was no medium punishment; it was death or acquittal with Blair; and Grace Suthgate was one of those who shuddered at the sanguinary cry for human life, which is still continued by our laws, punish blasphemy against the Most High with imprisonment and *fine*.

Legislators!—ye who make a common spectacle of human suffering, hardening the hearts of the public thereby, refer us not to the scripture for a justification of your cruel demand of blood for blood! Have not the same scriptures said, he who blasphemeth against the Lord shall be punished with death?

Is not this as plain as the law against murder, and have ye not refined it down by human legislation? Nay, is there a single divine law which ye in our courts of justice render to the letter, save this—'Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed.'

Paris Hill, even with its multiplied inhabitants, seldom contained so dense a crowd as that collected to witness the trial of Henry Blair. From eight to ten in the morning, people had been flocking to the village from all directions, some on foot, some on horseback and others crowded into the numerous waggons which lined the fences on either side of the main street.

'Halloo, you Zeph Potter, jest wait a minute and I'll be your company,' cried Benjamin Wheeler, a tall lathy farmer, as he tucked a wooden rum bottle under his arm, and hauled a tin pail of butter and an empty molasses jug from under his waggon seat.

'Wal, come along then, these'ere dried apples an't none of the lightest I can tell you,' replied Zephaniah, stopping short and settling a well packed bag more firmly on his shoulder, 'come, hurry along, for I've got a tarnal long list o' notions to get, afore I can go in to see that college chap hauled over the coals.'

Benjamin gathered his merchandize together, and the two began to navigate their way through the noisy crowd collected before the store they wished to enter.

'By gracious, look at them'are goggles,' exclaimed Zephaniah, facing round to a man who, with green spectacles on his nose, and two huge law books under his arm, was making his way to the courthouse.

As Zephaniah stood gaping after the green eyed lawyer, some rognish wight in the crowd plucked at the bag behind, the string gave way, and half of his load made for itself a quick passage to the ground.

'Now, if that an't too bad,' exclaimed Zephaniah, setting down his bag, and patiently stuffing the strings of apples back to their place. As he was so employed, his friend

Ben, who was always up to a joke, took his molasses jug and pail in one hand, while he knocked Zeph's hat over his eyes with the other.

'I say there, you Ben Wheeler, if you'd jest as live, I'll take care of my own hat,' cried the sufferer, tugging to get the refractory chapeau from over his great nose, which projected like a wedge between it and his face.

Ben broke off short in a horse-laugh which followed his manly exploit, and drew back with instinctive respect, for a young female in deep mourning passed him at that moment, leaning on the arm of the county sheriff. Her large sorrowful eyes were raised for a moment, as she passed the boisterous man, as if in wonder that any thing could be merry at such a time.

'It was her father the man killed,' whispered Ben to his friend, who had set his nose at liberty, and was again shouldering his bag.

'You don't say so!—wal, I swow, I hope they'll hang the varmint.'

While the two friends were making their way to the store, Grace Suthgate had entered the court-house. Her thick mourning veil was drawn over her face, as she took the most remote station on the seat prepared for the witnesses, and drew her black shawl tightly around her person, as if that could conceal her from observation. The room was crowded, the Judges and jury had taken their places, and Henry Blair was at the bar. His face was pale, and bore a settled expression, as if he had called forth all his resolution to go through the approaching trial; yet occasionally, when he encountered the curious glances of the crowd, his brow would flash crimson, his lip curl haughtily: and those who gazed, shrunk from the flashes of his indignant eye. When Grace entered, the proud composure of his look vanished, a mist came over the eyes—and with a half-stifled groan, he grasped the railing of the bar with both hands—and letting his face fall on them, remained till the clerk arose to arraign him. The charge was that of wilful murder. Grace Suthgate bent forward in painful anxiety, as the indictment was read; and, when the clerk turned to the prisoner, and demanded, in a

loud and solemn voice, 'Guilty or not guilty?' she threw her veil suddenly back and fixed one long piercing look on the face of the accused. He saw that pale anxious face, exposed unheeding to the public gaze; and his eyes were unflinchingly fixed on hers, as he answered, in a firm and distinct voice, 'Not guilty of an intent to kill.'

The black veil was suddenly dropped, and those who sat near the orphan heard one long broken sigh, and then saw tear drops, large and bright, glimmering beneath the thick crape, as they fell in rapid succession to her lap.

The attorney general rose to open the trial. His address was eloquent, brief and conclusive. He manifested more of sympathy for the accused, than is usual with the opposing counsel in such cases, but yet expressed his entire conviction of the prisoner's guilt. He asserted that he should bring witnesses to prove that the prisoner at the bar had deliberately shot the deceased, after a dispute which had arisen between them, while on a shooting excursion. An appearance of surprise was visible in Blair's countenance, during the whole of the attorney's speech. Once he sprang to his feet as if to interrupt it, but resumed his seat again in silence. The attorney general closed, by requesting permission to introduce Grace Suthgate, the daughter of the deceased, in behalf of the State. Every eye was turned to the young witness, as she arose and took her place on the stand. The clerk requested her to draw the glove from her right hand. She obeyed, and a murmur of pity and admiration ran through the crowd, as her still white face was exposed to the public gaze. She was told to raise her hand, that the oath might be administered. The poor girl turned her face piteously toward the attorney general, as if to appeal for protection. Her lips parted, but she could not articulate a word, while the ungloved hand grasped the railing before her for support.

'Do not be frightened, young lady,' said the attorney, soothingly, and evidently affected by her appearance, 'you have the sympathy of all present.'

An expression of thrilling gratitude rushed into the face of the prisoner, who had been gazing on the witness with intense interest. The attorney caught the look, and his voice was even more respectfully gentle, when he again addressed the witness.

'Raise your hand, my dear young lady,' he said, 'you have nothing to fear—I will not fatigue you—my questions shall be brief—permit the oath to be administered, I entreat you.'

He was about to say something more to encourage her, for he supposed her embarrassed by the fixed gaze of the multitude,

and the uncommon silence which reigned even to the remotest corners of the room, so intense was the interest excited; but as he uttered the last words, she raised her eyes, and while a slight color broke over her face, expressed the determination not to be sworn, or to bear witness in the trial. There was nothing like bravado or boldness in her denial; her voice was sweet and firm, and she looked determined, but, gentle as a dove.

The attorney general saw that entreaty would be of no avail. 'I am sorry to hear this refusal,' he said 'are you advised that the court has power to compel you to speak?'

'I know that it has power to punish, but I cannot bear witness in this case,' she mildly replied, drawing her veil, and moving from the stand.

The judges and jury gazed on her in astonishment, while the perplexed attorney, who knew she had refused to appear before them, till compelled by the sheriff, turned to the presiding judges, and, though with evident reluctance, requested that a committal might be made out against her.

Give her time to reflect,' replied the humane magistrate, loath to inflict, imprisonment on a being so delicate, 'if she continues obstinate, after the other witnesses for the State have testified, I shall be obliged to proceed against her.' The attorney bowed his acquiescence, and the business of the court went on. The name of James Hinman was next called. There was a slight bustle near the door, as that personage separated himself from the crowd, and advanced toward the stand. Grace uttered a faint cry, on his appearance; and falling back in her seat, watched him with agonizing solicitude, as he took his station on the witness stand, and raised his hand to be sworn. His presence was a death blow to her hopes. Half her patrimony consisting of the bank stock her father had owned in Portland, she had given to bribe his absence; and that being insufficient, she, in her desperation, had promised her own hand in marriage, if he would refrain from giving evidence against her cousin. Yet, great as had been her sacrifice, there he stood, about to repeat the same fearful story which he had once told her. The wretched girl closed her eyes, and listened to the proceeding of the court, in utter hopelessness.

Being questioned by the attorney general, Hinman proceeded to relate, that on the day of Mr. Suthgate's death, he had been out alone, shooting in the woods, and that as he had stopped to rest awhile by a certain pine tree, growing on the face of the hill opposite Mr. Suthgate's house, the deceased and the prisoner at the bar had passed him. They were conversing cheerfully, and were evidently in high spirits. He added, that, not being in

a mood for company, he had remained quiet while the two sat down on some fragments of rock near by. Their heads were both uncovered, and Mr. Suthgate's hat together with the fur cap of the prisoner, was thrown on the dead leaves at their feet. As they were resting themselves, a large bird sailed over the pine, and settled on a tree, near the foot of the hill. Mr. Suthgate snatched Blair's cap, which lay nearest him, and ran to a neighboring rock, from which he could get a better aim at the bird. His rifle missed fire. While hastily re-loading it, he placed the stock against the stem of a bush with the muzzle opposite his breast as he forced down the charge. He was returning the ramrod, when something, probably a twig of the bush, touched the trigger, and the rifle was discharged into his bosom. At this moment the prisoner at the bar fired off his rifle, preparatory to entering the house; but the witness was certain that the act was harmless, and that Mr. Suthgate came to his death by the accidental discharge of his own gun.

As Hinman pronounced the last sentence, the prisoner sprang to his feet, with an expression of thrilling joy which met with an answering glow in the heart of every person present, save one—James Hinman; he turned his eyes on the prisoner, and their expression was that of a cat, trifling with the mouse, it still intends to destroy. That expression changed, as he looked toward Grace. She was sitting as the joyful surprise of his last words had left her, bending gently forward, her hands clasped, her lips apart, and her very soul beaming in gratitude through her eyes; but the instant she saw the glance cast from the witness to the prisoner, her heart sickened with doubt—she had seen that look before.

The attorney general, who had expected a far different story from his witness, cross questioned him closely, but his answers were ready and consistent. Two or three unimportant persons were then examined, and the prisoner was called upon for his defence. His counsel expressed himself ready to submit the case to the jury without further plea, trusting entirely to the evidence introduced by the state for the acquittal of his client. The attorney general acquiesced, and, after a brief address from the court, in which the presiding judge expressed his clear conviction of the prisoner's innocence, the case was given to the jury. Without leaving the box they rendered a verdict of *not guilty*. All proceedings against Grace were of course relinquished; and Henry Blair was discharged. In the bustle attending the breaking up of the court, Hinman contrived to get by the side of Blair, as he was leaving the bar. Putting his mouth close to his ear, he whispered, '*I have sworn falsely, but you are not*

less a murderer.' The acquitted prisoner started and recoiled, as if from the hiss of a serpent.

Hinman left his venomous arrow to rankle in the heart of his victim and turned carelessly toward Grace, to whom he addressed a few low, earnest words. She arose, and went with him from the court room. One look of anguish she cast on Blair. He dared not approach, for he felt that, notwithstanding his acquittal, the curse of her father's blood was still upon him. Bewildered by the events of the trial, and terrified by the rude jesting of the crowd, Grace was conducted to a chaise, into which Hinman followed her before she was fully conscious of his object.—The poor girl looked out among the multitude in search of the man who had brought her from home: every face was strange, and she drew back into the chaise resigned and hopeless. It was a relief to her, when she saw that he intended to carry her home. Had he chosen any other direction, she must have submitted, for she was helpless in his hands. They had traveled nearly an hour in silence, when Hinman suddenly checked his horse, and taking her hand in his, said—

'Miss Suthgate, my sweet Grace, look upon me—I have performed your conditions—you cousin is free—when am I to claim my lovely reward?'

'Then it *was* all false, and you have sworn,' exclaimed the wretched girl, tearing her hands from his grasp, and looking around the lonely spot, as if for help.

Hinman forcibly retook her hands.—'Let us understand each other,' he said sternly; 'I will not be trifled with—did you not promise to give yourself in marriage to me, immediately after the liberation of Henry Blair, on condition that I would absent myself, or refuse to give evidence against him?—have I not performed the condition to the letter?'

'Oh, no, no!—I never dreamed that you could swear falsely—I only asked absence, not perjury—not perjury.'

'One question Miss Suthgate and I have done—are you prepared to fulfil your promise to be mine three days from this?—the certificate of the town clerk is in my pocket—do not shrink and shudder, as if I were a reptile, but answer me.'

'What can I say?—how can I act?' she exclaimed, wringing her hands, and weeping bitterly, 'will nothing soften you?—I have money—alas, no, I have ~~nothing~~ that to you already—but oh, have pity on me—I am alone, parentless—why do you ~~do this~~—my heart is withered up—sorrow has blighted me—I never can love aught earthly again. Take me home I entreat you—leave me to spend my humble and sorrowful life alone, till I can lie down by my father's grave, and be at rest—do this, and I will bless you; but, oh do not

drive me to the deadly sin of marrying you unloved—of wedding one perjured before heaven!'

Hinman gazed coldly on the beautiful creature, as she uttered this rapid and passionate appeal. With strong determination, he kept down the expression of mortified pride, which rose to his lips, when she said that she could not love him; but the blood in spite of his efforts rushed over his forehead, at the close of this speech.

'It is well,' he said, 'I have your answer; and, gathering up the reins, he deliberately turned his horse's head, and drove back towards Paris.

'Why do you turn back?' inquired Grace, timidly.

'To unsay the oath you complain of—the murderer shall not escape me.'

On went the horse; his every foot fall came like a knell to the heart of the tortured girl. The village spires were becoming more distinct each moment; distant shouts, and the hum of many voices, were on the air. Slowly, she reached out her hand, and grasped the reins. 'I promise,' she said, in a husky whisper.

Hinman turned his horse.

Poor Grace Suthgate; she little knew that our laws permit of no second trial for the same offence, or that James Hinman would as soon have thrust his hand into a heated furnace, as to have acknowledged his recent perjury; but it mattered not, she was in the paw of the lion.

'Nancy, will you draw the curtain?—I would not look on my father's grave to-night,' said Grace Suthgate, sorrowfully, as the nimble fingers of her friend were busily twining a pink wreath among her black tresses, preparatory to the bridal.

Nancy stepped lightly across the parlor, and drew the curtain, then returning, she said, 'Come now, Grace, look in the glass, and see if I hav'n't fixed you up a little.'

'It is very pretty,' said Grace, going to the glass, and smiling a sad smile of patient endurance 'I could wear this, or any thing, Nancy to please you.'

'That's my own sweet sister,' exclaimed Nancy, kissing her gaily.

'Sister—oh yes, you have been more than that to me, Nancy.'

'Not that, but my *real* sister,' replied the happy girl, clasping her hand over the bride's neck, and looking roguishly into her eyes.

Grace turned away to hide the anguish of her heart. Nancy thought her friend had a strange way of being happy, for she had no idea that any one could be otherwise on her wedding night.

'Grace never did laugh and talk like other folks,' she said to herself, as she stood by the

glass, twisting her own bright curls round her fingers, and arranging them about her rosy face; but her thoughts soon took a new direction.

'Don't you think it odd that James didn't ask father and marm to the wedding?—I'm sure I don't see what makes him so private about it; I don't suppose father would come, for he's too sick; but I should have thought brother might have asked him.'

'Nancy,' said the bride, with sudden animation, 'does your father know of—of—what is to happen here to-night?'

'I can't tell—James told me not to say anything about it, but I suppose they'll be as sick as fire at me, if I don't—I'll tell you what it is, I've a good mind to run home now, and jest give father a sly hint—but there comes James and the minister up the road now; never mind, I can sly out the back door,' and, without further deliberation, Nancy threw a shawl over her head, and gathering up the skirt of her white dress, started on her expedition.

Hinman and his companion must have loitered on the way, for it was full twenty minutes after Nancy's departure, before they entered the house. Hinman left the divine in the kitchen, while he went to the parlor in search of his bride. She, poor thing, had been schooling her heart for his reception. Meekly, and without any visible signs of repugnance, she allowed him to draw a seat to her side, and to take her hand in his.

'I am happy to see you so composed,' he said, passing his arm gently about her waist—'the clergyman is in the next room—may I call him in now?—but where is Nancy?'

'She has stepped out, but will return directly,' answered the victim, in a low, patient voice, though her heart was almost bursting with suppressed anguish.

'No matter—a few minutes can be of no consequence,' replied Hinman, notwithstanding he was secretly annoyed at the delay.

Grace timidly withdrew her shrinking form from his arm, and arose, for her powers of self-command were leaving her.—Emboldened by the unresisting gentleness of her manner, Hinman also left his seat, and while still retaining her hand in his, he threw his arms again around her waist, and drawing her suddenly to his bosom, pressed a kiss on her lips. The poor bride struggled a moment, as if she had been girt by the coil of a serpent; a shiver ran through her frame, and she lay fainting in his arms.

Hinman laid the insensible girl on the sofa, and went calmly into the kitchen for water. He had placed his arm under her head, and was sprinkling her face, when the door suddenly opened, and his father entered, followed by Nancy. It was no wonder that young Hinman dropped the pale head from his arm

and sprang upon his feet, in the astonishment of the moment; for never was human being so changed as was the man before him.

His tall, robust form had fallen away, till his clothes hung loosely on his limbs, as if they had been made for a larger person. His hair, but a few months before scarcely tinged with silver, now hung in thick gray masses over his forehead; his eyes were sunken, and the skin lay in wrinkles on his lean cheeks, formerly so full and ruddy. His whole appearance was that of a man who had suffered imprisonment for a long season. Nancy Hinman stood behind him, her hair blown about her face, and her dress wet deep with dew.

'Leave the room,' said the old man, turning toward her. He waited till the door was closed, and then advanced sternly to his son, on whom he fixed his sunken eyes, with deep and threatening meaning.

'Dar'd you think of marrying *her*?' he demanded, pointing to the insensible Grace.

James was about to speak. The old man prevented him. 'Don't open your lips, but leave the house.'

Hinman drew himself up, and haughtily returned his father's glance:—'I am of age,' he said, 'and shall act my own pleasure.'

The old man's face became bloodless—he cast a rapid glance round the room, and then advancing close to his son, he laid his hand on his shoulder and whispered a few words in his ear.

James Hinman sprang from under his father's hand, as if it had contained an instrument of death. His face was colorless, and he stood cowering and trembling like a whipped hound, under the old man's eye.

'Go,' said the father, sternly pointing to the door, 'go—I would'nt have your blood on my head—go!'

Hinman walked to the door. He was about to open it, when the old man turned, and stretched his arms towards him. His thin lips trembled, and tears rolled over his wrinkled cheek.

'James,' he said in a broken voice, 'James, I will never see you again on this side the grave; take this, and if there is any good in you, repent of your sinful doings;' and, placing a shot bag half full of silver, in his discarded son's hand, he turned away covered his face, and wept aloud.

When Grace opened her eyes, James Hinman had gone, and his father was kneeling before the sofa on which she lay.

'Grace Suthgate,' said the old man, 'I have treated you most cruelly—I have been sick and did'nt know of what was passing out of doors, or I'd never have let things go so far. It's a hard thing to turn agin one's own flesh and blood. It's like death for me to say it, but Grace Suthgate, it was my son,

my only son, that killed your father. No wonder you start, and stare so wildly—no wonder—who'd have thought it of him, that I used to be so proud of, when he was a little fellow, following me to the meadow, when I went a mowing, and bringing my dinner and a bitter bottle, when I sat down to rest—who'd have thought he'd shoot a man down before my eyes!'

Here the wretched old man buried his face in his hand, and sobbed till the room was filled with his voice of mourning. After awhile, he raised his face.

'I hav'nt slept a night since I knew it—you've been in trouble, but look here—has sorrow taken off your flesh like that.'

He held his hand before the light; the skin was shriveled, and his long bony fingers seemed almost entirely fleshless.

'I never expected to come out agin, and I shut myself up alone, that I need not see the boy, as he passed in and out—but I shall feel easier, now I've told you the truth. I believe I should have died, if I'd kept pining over it alone—but now I feel better. But I'll tell you just all I know about the wicked deed, and then if you've a mind to complain agin the boy, I can't find fault—but it'll kill me and the poor old woman, and little Nancy, that thinks so well of him yet.

Grace strove to comfort the poor old farmer. She assured him, that she would take no measures against his son, and that the secret of his crime should never be divulged, except to Henry Blair. This promise tranquillized the old man; and, before he left her, she had gathered from him all that he knew of her father's death.

On the morning of the murder, Nancy Hinman had called on some errand to her friend, and had entered the parlor in search of her, just as Blair was assisting her to nail the honeysuckle to the window, where she accidentally heard the conversation, in which it was settled, that Mr. Suthgate's consent for the union of the cousins should be asked, while the uncle and nephew were at their sport. With girlish love of fun, Nancy stole out of the house unnoticed, resolving in her heart to torment Grace about her love scene, the first time she could find her alone. While going home she met her brother, and, in the careless gaiety of her heart, related the conversation she had heard, and described the laughable predicament of poor Blair when the honeysuckle broke loose over him. Having shared her merry thoughts, she tripped home ignorant of the train of evils she had lighted. James was equipped for a day's shooting, when he met his sister, and he proceeded alone to the hills. Solitude, to him, served only to engender evil thoughts. The indignity he had received from Blair, rankled in his heart, and his sister's narra-

tive served to mature an indistinct wish to be revenged into a firm resolution. Though Hinman was a villain, his predominating passion was vanity; he coveted money more because it enabled him to gratify his inordinate self-love, than from any inherent passion for wealth in the abstract. This leading feature in his character had been outraged by Blair and deeply mortified by Miss Suthgate's refusal. He had loved Grace, as far as he was capable of loving any thing, and the thought that she had rejected him for Blair, his enemy, aroused all the feelings of bitterness and malice that strongly characterized him. He resolved to see Grace once more; and, if she still remained obstinate in her refusal, to ——— he dared not think plainly to himself, what he intended to do; but thoughts of murder lay deep in his heart. 'She shall never be his,' he muttered between his clenched teeth, as he entered the house, where Grace was alone.—In what state of mind he departed, we have before related.

Old Hinman had, on that afternoon, been mowing in Mr. Suthgate's meadow; the day was warm, and the old man laid down his scythe, and went up the brow of the hill, to drink of a spring whose waters he knew to be pure and limpid. As he was balancing himself on his hands and knees, with his lips to the water, he heard a crackling of brushwood near by, and, on looking up, saw his son James a few paces from him; and further on, a man whom he supposed from his cap, to be young Blair, with his head turned, as if looking at something in a distant tree. Just above him, stood another man with a hat on whom he took for Mr. Suthgate, but whose back was toward him. He saw him raise the gun, as if to discharge it in the air. Turning to look on his son, at the instant, he saw him raise his piece, and take deliberate aim at the man on the rock. Before he could speak, both guns mingled their sound, in a simultaneous discharge. The man on the rock gave a sudden spring, and turned his face. The horror stricken parent heard his son exclaim, 'By all the furies I have mistaken my man:' and then saw him dash into the brushwood, through which he took a circuitous route to where the body was lying. The appalled father heard young Blair utter a cry of terror, as he rushed down the hill, and he knew that, the youth supposed himself the accidental murderer. All this happened in a minute's time. The old man saw it all. He wondered at if he shrunk from exposing the crime of his first born? Is it strange that, thinking the violent death of his neighbor would be considered accidental, he shut himself up, and there pined, with concealed sorrow, ignorant of all that passed between the fearful day of his son's guilt, and that scarce less awful night, when the mur-

derer sought to marry the orphan of his victim?

Gentle reader—suppose six years to have passed, and permit me to change the scene from the Androscoggin, to the drawing room of a wealthy and promising young lawyer, in Boston. It was elegantly furnished—books and prints lay about, though center tables were not then in fashion—numerous paintings, which the connoisseurs pronounced as gems, lined the wall, and a rich Brussels carpet covered the floor.—Before the fire, which burned cheerfully on the marble hearth, sat a lady habited in a black satin dress. She was reading in a large easy chair, with one little foot resting on an ottoman, and the other half buried in the nap of a superb rug. So elegantly rounded was her form, and so smooth was her cheek, that it would seem almost impossible that she could be the mother to the beautiful children, who sat a little back, playing on the carpet. One, a fine manly boy, of four years, with dark curly hair, bright black eyes, a bold forehead, and a most mischievous smile, contrasted beautifully with the little girl at his feet, in a pink frock and white pantalets, who raised her soft blue eyes, and shook back her sunny hair, with such a graceful motion, as the baby man strove to make her understand an assertion he had been making.

'Mamma, mamma, is not sister named after you?' cried the little fellow, running to the lady by the fire, and leaning across her lap, while the little girl clambered up behind her seat, and putting her tiny hand on the comb which confined her mother's hair, bent her rosy face over, and whispered coaxingly, 'Mamma, may I?'

Before the mother could answer, the comb was brandished in the air, and down came a shower of glossy tresses over her wrought lace cape.

'Oh Grace, you rogue,' exclaimed the mother, reaching her hand back, and patting the little girl's cheek; 'Well, master Harry, what were you inquiring of me.'

'Only, mamma—,' the sentence was not finished, for that moment the door opened, and our old friend Henry Blair, entered. The children ran forward to meet him and his beautiful wife stood blushing, and laughing at the figure she made, with her hair hanging like a veil almost to her feet.

Blair seemed uncommonly serious. He took a seat, and lifting the little girl to his knee kissed her; and then, turning to his wife, said, 'Grace, you know I was called upon to advocate the cause of a man imprisoned on various charges of forgery;—his trial is over.'

'And what is the result?' inquired Grace, stopping on her way to the glass.

'He is convicted, and sentenced, on the different indictments, to twelve years in the state prison; but you know this person. Grace; his name is not French, but—'

'James Hinman?' exclaimed Grace, dropping the hair she had gathered up, and drawing close to her husband, as if there was danger in the name.

'It is no other,' replied Blair, 'but he is so much altered in appearance, you would hardly know him.'

'I hope his father and dear Nancy will not hear of his arrest,' said the wife, seating herself and gazing thoughtfully on the fire; 'bad as he was, they loved him; and now the old man is growing more happy, and Nancy is married, it would entirely unsettle them again.'

'His change of name will prevent his trial getting abroad,' replied Blair, but his wife did not hear him; her thoughts were with her father's grave, on the banks of the Androscoggin.

MISCELLANY.

General Marion.

A SKETCH OF THE REVOLUTION.

ABOUT this time we received a flag from the enemy in Georgetown, South Carolina, the object of which was to make some arrangements about the exchange of prisoners. The flag, after the usual ceremony of blindfolding, was conducted into Marion's encampment. Having heard great talk about Gen. Marion, his fancy had naturally enough sketched out for him some stout figure of a warrior, such as O'Hara, or Cornwallis himself, of martial aspect and flaming regimentals. But what was his surprise, when led into Marion's presence, and the bandage taken from his eyes, he beheld in our hero a swarthy, smoke-dried little man, with scarcely enough of threadbare homespun to cover his nakedness! and, instead of tall ranks of gay dressed soldiers, a handful of sunburnt, yellow-legged militia men some roasting potatoes and some asleep, with their black firelocks and powderhorns lying by them on the logs. Having recovered a little from his surprise, he presented his letter to Gen. Marion who perused it and soon settled every thing to his satisfaction.

The officer took up his hat to retire.

'Oh no!' said Marion, it is now about our time of dining; and I hope, sir, you will give us the pleasure of your company to dinner.'

At the mention of the word *dinner*, the British officer looked around him, but, to his great mortification, could see no sign of a pot, pan, Dutch-oven, or any other cooking utensils that could raise the spirits of a hungry man.

'Well, Tom,' said the General to one of his men, 'come, give us our dinner.'

The dinner to which he alluded, was no

other than a heap of sweet potatoes, that were very snugly roasting under the embers, and which Tom, with his pine stick poker, soon liberated from their ashy confinement; pinching them every now and then with his fingers, especially the big ones, to see whether they were done or not—Then having cleansed them of the ashes, by blowing them with his breath, and partly by brushing them with the sleeve of his old cotton shirt, he piled some of the best on a large piece of bark, and placed them between the British officer and Marion, on the trunk of the fallen pine on which they sat.

'I fear sir,' said the General, 'our dinner will not prove so palatable to you as I could wish; but it is the best we have.'

The officer who was a well-bred man took up one of the potatoes, and affected to feed, as if he had found a great dainty; but it was very plain that he ate more from good manners than good appetite.

Presently he broke out into a hearty laugh. Marion looked surprised. 'I beg pardon General, but one cannot, you know, always command one's conceits. I was thinking how drolly some of my brother officers would look if our government were to give them such a bill of fare as this.'

'I suppose,' replied Marion, 'it is not equal to their style of dining.'

'No, indeed,' quoth the officer, 'and this, I imagine, is one of you accidental *Leat* dinners, a sort of *ban yan*. In general, no doubt, you live a great deal better.'

'Rather worse,' answered the General, 'for often we don't get enough of this.'

'Heavens! rejoined the officer, 'but probably what you lose in meal you may make up in malt, though, stinted in provisions, you draw noble pay.'

'Not a cent, sir,' said Marion, 'not a cent.'

'Heavens and earth! then you must be in a bad box. I don't see, General, how you can stand it.'

'Why, sir,' replied Marion, with a smile of self approbation, 'these things depend on feeling.'

The Englishman said he did not believe it would be an easy matter to reconcile his feelings to a soldier's life on General Marion's terms; all fighting, no pay, and no provisions but potatoes.

'Why, sir,' answered the General, 'the heart is all; and when that is much interested, a man can do any thing. Many a youth would think hard to indent himself for fourteen years. But to let him be over head and ears in love, and with such a beautiful sweet heart, as Rachel, and he will think no more of fourteen year's service than Jacob did. Well, now that is exactly my case. I am in love, and my sweetheart is Liberty. Be that heavenly nymph my companion and these

woods shall have charms beyond London and Paris in slavery. To have no proud monarch driving over me with his gilt coaches; nor his host of excisemen and tax gatherers insulting and robbing; but to be my own master, my own prince and sovereign: gloriously preserving my national dignity, and pursuing my true happiness; planting my vineyards, and eating their luscious fruit; sowing my field, and reaping the golden grain; and seeing millions of brothers all around me equally free and happy as myself:—this, sir, is what I long for.'

The officer replied, that both as a man and a Briton, he must certainly subscribe to this happy state of things.

'Happy,' quoth Marion, 'yes happy indeed: and I would rather fight for such blessings for my country, and feed on roots than keep aloof, though wallowing in all the luxuries of Solomon. For now, sir, I walk the soil that gave me birth, in the thought that I am not unworthy of it. I look upon the venerable trees about me, and feel that I do not dishonor them. And when I look forward to the long, long ages of posterity, I glory in the thought that I am fighting their battles. The children of distant generations may never hear of my name; but still it gladdens my heart to think that I am now contending for their freedom with all its countless blessings.'

I looked at Marion as he uttered these sentiments, and fancied I felt as when I heard the last words of the brave De Kalb. The Englishman hung his honest head, and looked, I thought, as if he had seen the upbraiding ghosts of his illustrious countrymen, Sidney and Hampden.

On his return to Georgetown, he was asked by Col. Watson why he looked so serious?

'I have cause, sir,' said he 'to look serious.'

'What! has General Marion refused to treat?'

'No, sir.'

'Well then, has old Washington defeated sir Henry Clinton, and broken up our army?'

'No sir, not either, but worse.'

'Ah! what can be worse.'

'Why, sir, I have seen an American General and his officers *without pay*, and almost without clothes, living on *roots* and drinking *water*; and all for *LIBERTY*!! What chance have we against such men?'

It is said Colonel Watson was not much obliged to him for his speech.—But the young officer was so struck with Marion's sentiment, that he never rested until he threw up his commission, and retired from the service.'

Gen. Marion, whose stature was diminutive, and his person uncommonly light, rode, when in service, one of the fleetest and most powerful chargers the south could produce.

When in fair pursuit, nothing could escape him, and when retreating, nothing could overtake him.

Being once nearly surrounded by a party of British dragoons, he was compelled for safety, to pass into a cornfield by leaping the fence. This field, marked with a considerable descent of surface, had been in part a marsh. Marion entered it at the upper side. But here lay a difficulty which to all but himself appeared insurmountable.

To drain the ground of its superfluous waters a trench had been cut around this part of the field, four feet wide, and of the same depth. Of the mud and clay removed in cutting it, a bank had been formed on its inner side, and on the top of this was erected the fence. The elevation of the whole amounted to more than seven feet perpendicular height; a ditch four feet in width, running parallel with it on the outside, and a foot or more of space intervening between the fence and the ditch.

The dragoons, acquainted with the nature and extent of this obstacle, and considering it impossible for their enemy to pass it, pressed towards him with loud shouts of exultation and insult, and summoned him to surrender or perish by the sword. Regardless of their rudeness and empty clamor, and inflexibly determined not to become their prisoner, Marion spurred his horse to the charge. The noble animal, as if conscious that his master's life was in danger, and that on his exertion depended his safety, approached the barrier in his finest style, and with a bound that was almost supernatural, cleared the fence and the ditch, and recovered himself without injury on the other side.

Marion now facing his pursuers, who had halted at the fence unable to pass it, discharged his pistols at them without effect, and then wheeling his horse, bidding them 'good morning,' with an air of triumph, dashed into an adjoining thicket, and disappeared in an instant.

The Broken Flower.

I WALKED out in the morning, when the mild spring had spread her verdant mantle upon the fields and called forth the blossom and the bud—when the green-shrub was expanding its leaves like the wings of the newly-fledged bird, and the rills leaped gladly along in the sunlight, and I marked and enjoyed the freshness and beauty of the scene; but a little floweret that bloomed lonely by the pathway arrested my attention, and I turned aside to contemplate its hues and admire the delicacy of its form. It was lovely yet meek, and rich with fragrance, which it flung upon the light wings of the passing wind;—and I thought it an emblem of a young and guileless heart, it stood so unprotected in its inno-

cence. I would not pluck it, although it looked so fair and inviting, but let it bloom upon its slender stem, to meet the sight of the next passer-by, and charm him with its sweetness.

I returned in the evening and sought for the gentle flower: but the cruel tread of the heedless stranger had been upon it, and crushed it, and it lay on the ground, broken and bleeding, unnoticed and alone. And I thought it, as it lay thus before me, an emblem of the human heart, when its delicate pride has been wounded by the thoughtless or the designing, who pass on their way and leave the stricken one to mourn in the silent desolation of the breast.

I moralized on the fate of the dying flower, and received from it a lesson that sunk deep into my mind. It taught me that only the great, the wealthy, and the powerful, are secure from aggression like this; and that their claims and pretensions are acknowledged and respected whilst the innocent, and the unpretending, are slighted and despised, and their merits unseen and unrewarded.

Yet let not the proud one exult in the ascendancy which factitious advantages may have given him, nor the child of indigence, lament the lowliness of his lot; for peace and contentment may visit the cottage when they shun the lordly mansion, and the cares and discontents of the rich be excluded from the quiet hearth-side of the poor—while even amid his bitterest repinings, the oppressed may find a consolation;—he knows that it shall not be thus always—that but a few years will suffice to level all; that the wave of Time is sweeping onward forever; man may wish to stay its course, when the heaven above is unclouded; and that all the myriad bars which crowd its bosom will alike be dashed upon the shore of oblivion, and their shattered wrecks sink beneath the stormy surface of its waters.

Edward Osborne.

In the year 1539, when London bridge was covered with houses, overhanging the pent up turbulent stream, as if the ordinary dangers of life were not sufficient, that men should out of their ingenuity invent new ones, desert *terra firma* and like so many beavers perch their dwellings on a crazy bridge, Sir William Hewett, citizen of London, and cloth worker, inhabited one of these temptations of Providence. His only child, a pretty girl, was playing with a servant at a window over the water, and fell into the rapids through which, even now a days it is counted a feat to shoot. Many a one beheld the sight in the helplessness of terror, without dreaming of venturing into the stream. But there was one to whom the life of the perishing child was dearer than his own; and that was the

apprentice of Sir William Hewett. He leaped into the water after his youthful mistress, and by the aid of a bold heart and a strong arm bore her in safety to the shore; and he had his reward. Years rolled on, and each succeeding one brought wealth to the father, and grace and loveliness to the noble minded daughter. Such was the fame of her beauty, that even in that aristocratic age, the gallant and far descended chivalry of the land were rival suitors for the hand of the merchant queen of hearts. But fairer in her eyes was the prentice cap of the daring youth who had snatched her from the whirling waters, than the coronet of the peer; and with the single minded disinterestedness of a genuine woman, she gave to her untitled preserver, Edward Osborne, the hand and heart which the Earl of Shrewsbury, the heir of the lofty house of Talbot, had sighed for in vain. Well did her lover vindicate her choice! Edward Osborne was a nobleman born of God's creation not man's. He rose by successful industry to the highest honors of the city whose merchants are the paymasters of the rulers of the earth. And from the city beauty,—to whom faith and love were dearer, than titles and wealth, and the merchant 'prentice, who periled his life as frankly in the cause of the helpless, and for the sake of humanity, as ever did high-born youth for fame and glory, and golden spurs,—descends by a lineage more noble than if he had sprung from the most heroic stock of crowned robbers that ever troubled the world with their achievements, George William Osborne, Duke of Leeds.—*New-Monthly Magazine.*

Last Moments of Lafayette,

BY MR. CLOQUET.

DURING his malady, Lafayette was very fond of a small white slut, which he had received, I believe from Madame de Bourck, and which never quitted him. The animal, which was gifted with a remarkable degree of instinct permitted nobody except Bastian to approach her master's clothes when he was in bed, expressed joy or sorrow according as he felt better or worse and might have served as a thermometer to indicate the state of his health—since the general's death, she has followed Bastian to Lagrange, but has never resumed her gaiety. When we acquainted Lafayette with our intention of consulting some of our medical brethren, he replied to us, 'To what purpose? Have I not entire confidence in you, and can any addition be made to the care which you take of me, and to the interest which you feel in my welfare.'

'We think,' observed M. Guersent, 'that we have done what is best in your case; but were there only a single remedy that

might escape us, it is our duty to seek it. We wish to restore you as soon as possible to health, for we are responsible for your situation towards your family, your friends and the French nation, of whom you are the father.' 'Yes, their father,' replied the general with a smile, 'on condition that they never follow a syllable of my advice. Four or five days previously to his death, Lafayette felt oppressed and melancholy. He observed to his son, that he was acquainted with his situation, and that he desired to have some conversation with him in private. This feeling, however, was of short duration, he soon regained his serenity, and the hope of recovery, again lighted up the expression of his countenance. Towards this period of his malady, he observed to me, 'Quinine and the fever, my dear doctor, are battling together; give me plenty of quinine, that it may gain the upper hand.'—The next morning he repeated the same idea. 'I fear,' added he, 'that the quinine is in the wrong and that I shall be obliged to pay the costs of the suit.' 'What would you have?' said he to me in a few minutes afterwards; 'Life is like the flame of a lamp: when the oil is out the light is extinguished, and all is over.' On the last day but one before his death, when the visits of strangers were forbidden. Lafayette said to his grandson, M. Jules de Lafstevrie, 'you will tell the good Princess de Belgisjoso how grateful I feel for her visits, and how much I suffer at being deprived of them.' A few moments before he breathed his last, Lafayette opened his eyes, and fixed them with a look of affection on his children, who surrounded his bed, as if to bless them, and bid them an eternal adieu. He pressed my hand conclusively, experienced a slight degree of contraction in the forehead and eye brows and drew a deep and lengthened breath, which was immediately followed by a last sigh. His pulse, which had not lost its force suddenly ceased to beat. A murmuring noise was still heard about the region of the heart. To produce reanimation we employed stimulating frictions, but in vain—the general had ceased to exist. His countenance resumed a calm expression—that of peaceful slumber. His end was that of a good man, who abandons the world without fear or remorse;—that of the wise man mentioned by Lafontaine. 'Rien ne trouble sa fin; c'est le soir d'un beau jour. Approche-t-il po but? quitte-t-il ce séjour?'

Wholesome Scraps.

If you are ever so sure that you ought to resent an injury, at least put off your resentment till you cool. You will gain every end better by that means; whereas you may do yourself or your neighbor great mischief by proceeding rashly and hastily.

The consciousness of having acted upon

principle, and without the praise or privy of any person whatever, is a pleasure superior to all that applause can yield.

Why do you desire riches and grandeur? Because you think they will bring happiness with them. The very thing you want is now in your power—you have only to study contentment.

Don't be frightened if misfortune stalks into your humble habitation. She sometimes takes the liberty of walking into the presence chamber of the King.

Are not the great happiest when free from the encumbrance of greatness? Is there then any happiness in greatness?

If you have a family, it is no more allowable that you squander away your substance than for a steward to embezzle the estate of which he is a manager.

It may not be in your power to excel many people in riches, honors, or abilities; but you may excel thousands in goodness of heart. Hither turn your ambition. Here is an object worthy of it.

Dr. LETTSON's manner of signing his prescriptions. [I. Lettson] gave birth to the following, with which the doctor himself is said to have been highly amused.

'When my patients call in haste,
I phisics, bleeds and sweats 'em,—
If after that they choose to die.
Why, what cares I? I Lettson.'

'Is our country,' exclaimed an Italian, 'in our country, sir, we have the ever burning Mt. Vesuvius.' 'Have you, indeed,' replied a son of America, 'and in our country we have the Falls of Niagara, which would put it out in five minutes.'

RIDICULE, though trifling in appearance, is often found to consist with great depth of malice.

Letters Containing Remittances.

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of Postage paid.

M. Q. Coxackie, N. Y. \$1.00; N. S. Claverack, N. Y. \$1.00; L. E. Lancaster, Ms. \$1.00; T. W. Bethel, Vt. \$1.00; M. J. M. Athens, N. Y. \$1.00.

MARRIED.

In this city, on the 1st inst. by the Rev. Mr. Field, Mr. David Rogers to Mrs. Sarah Bradley.

In Claverack, on the 24th ult. by Ambrose Root, Esq. Mr. Dedrick Snyder to Miss Frayer, both of Copake.

DIED.

In this city, on the 28th ult. Miss Catharine White, in the 22d year of her age.

On the 1st inst. Mrs. Rosanna Ostrander, aged 52 years.

On the 10th inst. Mr. Tobias Ostrander, aged 55 years.

On the 7th inst. Frederick, son of Levi and Polly Judson, aged 4 years.

On the 8th inst. Mary Elizabeth, daughter of Benjamin and Almira Munger, aged 6 months and 15 days.

On the 8th inst. Sarah Jane, daughter of the late Henry L. and Rebecca Amigh, aged 11 years.

At West Troy, on the 3d inst. Mrs. Opha R. Stewart wife of David Stewart, and daughter of Josiah Rockwell, Esq. of Lanesboro, Mass. aged 27 years.

At Albany, Eliza, wife of Theodore Olcott, Esq. in the 25th year of her age.

At the village of Kinderhook, on the 6th inst. Col. John Manton, a highly respectable citizen of that village, whose loss will be severely felt by that community, and universally regretted.

At Albany, on Friday the 6th inst. suddenly, Abraham Van Vechten, Esq. in the 75th year of his age.



ORIGINAL POETRY.

The Carrier's Address

TO THE PATRONS OF THE RURAL REPOSITORY.

'How solemn are thy tones to night,
Old clock! thou ringest out the year—
'Tis gone—how swift has been its flight!
And lo! another now is here.
Another!—Oh! we would look back,
Past year, and view thy checkered road;
Though furrowed by many a weary track
Has been the path our feet have trod.'

Thus ran our thoughts, as sad and slow
The solemn peal chimed on our ear,
And its vibrations, sweet and low,
Came ushering in the new-born year.
Startled, like us, how many pause to think,
As that same monitor, upon the brink
Of a new-year, doth raise its warning voice,
To bid us scan the past ere we rejoice.

Ah! many a prostrate hope we see,
That, when the year gone by was new,
Gave to our spirits buoyancy,
And o'er our path a radiance threw.
But, like the gorgeous hues that spread
Their glories o'er the western sky,
So evanescent was the light they shed—
So faded they—and so did die!
The hopes of earth alike are frail,
The best are but a brittle thread;
Happiness based on them must fail—
Ere we can grasp it—it has sped.
Friends that we've loved from childhood's hour
Have no 'continuing city' here;
They are cut down, as is the flower,
However loved—however dear!—
We look upon the sunny brow
Of children at their play—
How gay and lovely are they now!
To-morrow, where are they?
Haply grim Death his shaft has sent,
And those sweet buds of promise lent
To their fond parents' love awhile,
To all their care and toil beguile,
Are nipt by him ere in their bloom,
And hurried to the silent tomb.
Yet not alone doth sorrow's wing
Its sombre shadow o'er us fling,
Oft as a halo round our head
The lights of peace and joy are shed.
Then fare-thee-well, adieu, Old-Year!
Like other years, thou'st been
A mingled web of smiles and tears,
Dark clouds and bursts of sheen.

And now we hail thee, Infant Year!
And, on thy threshold as we stand,
Our hearts beat high with hope, with fear,
We know not what is in thy hand.
Whether grief or joy shall most prevail,
Is still beyond our narrow ken;
All human wisdom here must fail—
All human lore at fault hath been
To read the future's mystic scroll,
Or its sealed pages to unroll.
Nor would we the dark vista scan
Learn the events that are in store,

Whether of weal or woe to man,
'Tis ordered well—what would we more?

Patrons, think you the strain is grave
For such a little lad as I?
I here your pardon humbly crave,
And now in all sincerity
A HAPPY NEW-YEAR wish you all—
May blessings e'er your cup o'erflow,
Your lots in 'pleasant places' fall;
Not only this, but other years bestow
That best of gifts, a conscience clear,
As comes and goes the passing year.
And now, kind sirs, to you adieu,
And, if my sheet has pleased you,
A small reward is all I ask
For my semi-monthly task.

From the Token for 1837.

Death of an Infant in its Mother's arms.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

'He slumbers long, sweet Mother,
Upon thy gentle breast,
Thou'rt weary now with watching,
Sweet Mother, go to rest;
There seems no pain to stir him,
The peril sure is past—
For see—his soft hand clasped in thine,
He heeds nor storm nor blast.

Why dost thou gaze so wildly?
Why strain thy strong embrace?
Unlock thy fearful clasping,
And let me see his face.'
So down that mother laid him,
In her agony of care,
And kissed that cold and marble brow
With calm and fixed despair.

'Oh weep!—there's holy healing
In every gushing tear,
Nor question thou that beauteous clay,
The angel is not here—
No shut of rose at even tide,
Was with a peace so deep,
As thus thy youngest, fairest one,
Sank down in dove-like sleep.'

Where best she loyed to hide him,
In that dear sheltering spot,
Just there, his tender spirit passed—
Passed and she knew it not.
His fond lip never trembled,
Nor sighed the parting breath,
When strangely for his nectared draught,
He drank the cup of death.

'Full was thy lot of blessing
To charm his cradle hours,
To touch his sparkling fount of thought,
And breathe his breath of flowers,—
And take thy daily lesson
From the smile that breathed so free,
Of what in holier, brighter realms,
The pure in heart must be.

No more thy twilight musing
May with his image shine,
When in that lonely hour of love,
He laid his cheek to thine—
So still and so confiding,
That cherished babe would be,
So like a sinless guest from heaven,
And yet a part of thee.

But now, his blessed portion,
Is o'er the cloud to soar,

And spread a never wearied wing
Where sorrows are no more—
With cherubim and seraphim
To tread the ethereal plain—
High honor hath it been to thee
To swell that glorious train.'

From 'The Reliquary,' by Bernard and Lucy Barton.

For Love is Strong as Death.

THEY err who deem love's brightest hour
In blooming youth is known;
Its purest, tenderest, holiest power
In later life is shown;
When passions chastened and subdued
To ripper years are given,
And earth and earthly things are viewed
In light that breaks from heaven.

It is not in the flush of youth,
Or days of cloudless mirth,
We feel the tenderness and truth
Of love's devoted worth;
Life then is like a tranquil stream
Which flows in sunshine bright,
And objects mirrored in it seem
To share its sparkling light.

'Tis when the howling winds arise,
And life is like the ocean,
Whose mountain billows brave the skies
Lashed by the storm's commotion:
When lightning cleaves the murky cloud,
And thunder peals around us,
'Tis then we feel our spirits bowed,
By loneliness around us.

Oh! then as to the seaman's sight
The beacon's trembling ray
Surpasses far the lustre bright
Of Summer's cloudless day,
E'en such, to tried and wounded hearts
In manhood's darker years,
The gentle light true love imparts
'Mid sorrows, cares and fears.—

Its beams on minds of joy bereft
Their fresh'ning brightness fling,
And show that life has something left
To which their hopes may cling;
It steals upon the sick at heart,
The desolate in soul,
To bid their doubts and fears depart,
And point a brighter goal.

If such be love's triumphant power
O'er spirits touched by time,
Oh! who shall doubt its purest hour
Of happiness sublime?
In youth 'tis like the meteor's gleam
Which dazzles and sweeps by;
In after life its splendors seem
Linked with eternity!

THE RURAL REPOSITORY,

IS PUBLISHED EVERY OTHER SATURDAY, AT HUDSON, N. Y. BY
Wm. B. Stoddard.

It is printed in the Quarto form, and will contain
twenty-six numbers of eight pages each, with a title page
and index to the volume.

TERMS.—One Dollar per annum in advance, or One
Dollar and Fifty Cents, at the expiration of three months
from the time of subscribing. Any person, who will remit
as Five Dollars, free of postage, shall receive six copies,
and any person, who will remit us Ten Dollars, free of
postage, shall receive twelve copies, and one copy of either
of the previous volumes. 37 No subscriptions received
for less than one year. All the back numbers furnished
to new subscribers.

37 All orders and Communications must be post paid,
to receive attention.



DEVOTED TO POLITE LITERATURE SUCH AS MORAL AND SENTIMENTAL TALES, ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS, BIOGRAPHY, TRAVELING SKETCHES, AMUSING MISCELLANY, HUMOROUS AND HISTORICAL ANECDOTES, SUMMARY, POETRY, &c.

VOL. XIII.—[IV. NEW SERIES.]

HUDSON, N. Y. SATURDAY, JANUARY 28, 1837.

NO. 17.

SELECT TALES.

Translated from the German of C. Schmidt.

The Lost Son.

THEODORA was the widow of a poor fisherman, who lived in a lonely cabin in the woods, not far from the borders of the Danube. Her husband had died in the flower of his age, and she found her greatest consolation and hope in her only son, a pretty little boy about five years old, named Augustus.

She taught him to be good and useful; and she worked very hard to support him. It was her wish to leave him the hut in which she lived, that he might follow the occupation of his father. The nets, hooks, and fishing poles, were all arranged upon the wall, till the boy should be old enough to use them.

This affectionate mother gained her living by making nets; and she often set up late at nights, hours and hours after the little Augustus was asleep, earning something to buy food and clothes for him.

This amiable child deserved his mother's love; for it was his greatest delight to make her happy. When he saw her weep at any thing which reminded her of his father, he tried a thousand little ways to comfort her. One day, Theodora's brother, who lived in the next village, brought her a fine carp for dinner. The poor widow burst into tears. 'Alas!' said she, 'I did not hope ever again to see such a fine fish in my cabin.' 'Do not cry, mother!' said Augustus, nestling up to her side; 'when I am bigger, I will catch a great many fish for you—beautiful, beautiful fish!'

Theodora smiled through her tears. 'Yes, my child,' she replied, 'I hope you will be the comfort of my old age. Try to be as good as your father was, and I shall be a happy mother.'

One fine autumnal morning, the widow rose very early, and began to work upon a net, which she wished to finish in the course of the day.

The little Augustus left her side, and ran into the woods, to gather beach nuts, from

which his mother extracted oil to burn during the long winter evenings. He soon returned with his basket quite full, much pleased to think that he could be so useful. His mother wishing to encourage early habits of industry, thanked him and gave him a kiss. Full of joy, the child ran into the woods again and again. At noon, he began to grow tired and hungry.—Theodora, hearing the village clock strike 12, called him to dinner; and he ran home very quick. The frugal repast consisted of bread and milk-porridge, spread upon a little bench, in the shade of a fine old tree near the cabin, on a glade richly carpeted with verdant grass. When they had finished their dinner, Theodora said to Augustus, 'Now lie down under this tree, my son, and sleep, while I continue at my work. I will wake you when it is necessary. Sleep sound, my love,' said she, as she came back to take the bowls and plates from the bench.

When she came out a few minutes after, her darling was fast asleep, upon the green velvety slope. His little curled head rested on one arm, and the other leaned on his basket. He smiled in his sleep, and the restless foliage of the old beach tree, admitted a dancing sunlight on his face, which made the fresh roses on his healthy cheeks still more brilliant.

Theodora looked back lovingly upon him as she hastened to her work. She was in a hurry, and time passed quickly. Two hours had gone like a moment, when the good mother arose to waken her boy. He was no longer under the old tree. 'Ah,' said she to herself, 'the little one has again run into the woods to gather nuts for me. He is a good child; but I wish he had come to bid me good by.' She returned to her cabin to finish her work, without feeling any uneasiness; but as hour after hour passed away, and still Augustus came not, she began to be alarmed. She went into the woods, and searched and called, until she was weary; she could hear nothing but the echo of her own voice. She thought perhaps he might have gone too near the Danube, and had fallen in. The idea fell like a mass of ice upon her heart. She examined the margin of the

river, hoping, yet fearing, to see any traces of her son. She ran to the village, and called for assistance. Her brother and neighbors pitied her and offered to join in the search—But their kindness proved useless; Augustus was no where to be found.

'He has no doubt fallen into the river,' said the villagers; 'we know the course of the currents; we shall find his body on the sand bank yonder.'

These words almost broke the wretched mother's heart. She returned to her desolate cabin, and passed the whole night in tears. At the first dawn of light she ran to the river to watch for the body of her child. For weeks and weeks she might be seen walking up and down the banks of the Danube, sobbing and wringing her hands. The fishermen, as they went to their work at day-break, or returned to their homes when the sun was setting, constantly met the afflicted mother asking for tidings of her boy.

Thus time passed on, and still nothing was heard of her lost Augustus. 'Alas!' said Theodora, 'I am wretched indeed: to lose in so short a time such a kind husband, and a child so tenderly beloved. It is hard, very hard, to be resigned to the will of God!' Then with bitter sobs, she would reproach herself because she had let the boy go out of her sight for a moment. She grew very thin and pale; and when the villagers saw her come out of church they shook their heads mournfully, and said, 'Alas! the poor widow will soon follow her husband and child.'

The curate of the village was a very good man; and from his very heart he pitied the unhappy Theodora. He went often to her cabin and prayed with her. One day, as she was coming out of the church, he invited her to go home with him. As she entered his study, she looked upon a small round picture, which hung upon the wall, and her eyes filled with tears.

'Why does that picture affect you so much?' asked the curate: 'do you know what it is?'

'Yes,' replied the widow; 'it is the Holy Mary, weeping for the loss of her son.'

'May it teach you a useful lesson, my daughter,' replied the venerable old man. 'Mary's eyes are turned towards heaven as if seeking for hope and consolation there; and her hands are folded upon her breast in meek resignation to the will of God. I will give you this picture, Theodora; and when you look upon it, I trust you will try to remember, that as the son of Mary rose from the dead, so your child, (if indeed he is no longer in this world) has gone to the angels. He cannot indeed return to you; but if you keep your heart toward God, you will go to him. The widow was very grateful for the picture, and promised whenever she looked upon it, to remember the comforting words of the good priest, and try to be humble and resigned.'

By degrees her grief became more calm and she was able to attend to her usual avocations. But still she could not look at the tree, where she last saw her child in his beautiful sleep, without feeling a pang shoot through her heart like red hot steel. One day, she thought to herself, 'I fear I shall never be able to pass this tree without anguish; but when I remember the words of the good curate, my soul is comforted. I will cut a hole in the tree, and place my picture within it: and perhaps the sight of that will ease the pain I feel at my heart, whenever I look on the spot where I last saw my darling.'

She fastened the picture into the tree, and sighed as she said, 'Ah, mothers more happy than I am, know where the bodies of their children repose, and can place a humble monument over their graves; this tree shall be a monument to the memory of my beloved Augustus.'

And now we must leave the weeping mother, to tell what become of the lost child.—When Augustus first waked up, he rubbed his eyes, and seeing the sun was fast going towards the west, he caught up his little basket and ran into the woods, resolved to surprise his mother with a great quantity of nuts. His basket was already nearly filled—when, not finding any more beech trees, he wandered on, farther and farther, until he came to the end of the forest, by the side of the river.

There he saw a very large boat made fast to the bank; the sailors were waiting for some passengers, who had not yet arrived. The other passengers, consisting of several families improved this opportunity to go on shore and take a little exercise. There were a great many children amusing themselves by picking up different colored pebbles. As soon as they saw Augustus, they ran toward him, and asked what he had in his basket. They had never seen beech nuts before, and they thought them very pretty. 'What queer

fruit!' exclaimed Antonia, a little girl about as old as Augustus: 'I never in my life saw chesnuts made like these.' 'They are not made to eat,' said Augustus, laughing, 'mother gets oil from them.' The children wanted some of them to play with, and Augustus readily emptied his basket. The little fellow, having always lived in the woods; had never seen so many boys and girls collected together before. He got into a pleasant frolic, and was quite beside himself with joy. He particularly wished to get into the boat; for a floating house, so much larger than his mother's cabin, appeared to him a very wonderful thing.

The children showed to him the boat, and Antonia showed him the saloon fixed up for the wealthy passengers. 'Oh, it is a great deal handsomer than my mother's room!' exclaimed Augustus. The children then brought forward their dolls and playthings, and the little boy's attention was so completely taken up, that he did not know when the boat started from the shore. It sailed majestically down the great river—and still Augustus was busy at his play. But as twilight came on, he started up, and said 'I must run home.' When they told him he was far away on the water, he began to cry and sob saying, 'I want to go to my mother!'

Until that moment, the passengers supposed that he belonged to the boat. Every one began to inquire what was to be done with the child. Some laughed at the distress of the poor little fellow; but others more kind hearted, pitied the anxiety of the mother. The owner of the boat asked him what village he lived in. 'I don't live in any village,' answered Augustus sobbing. 'That is strange,' said the man. 'But you live in a house, I suppose?'—'Oh yes, I live in a house,' replied the child; 'but it is in the woods, the village is a little off.' 'And what is the name of the village?' 'Why the name is village,' replied the simple boy; 'my mother always calls it the village; she takes me to the village to buy bread; and when the clock strikes at noon, she says it is the bell of the village.'

The owner of the boat began to grow impatient. 'What is the name of your parents?' asked he. 'My father is dead,' replied Augustus, 'my mother's name is Theodora the fisherman's widow.' 'But what's her other name?' asked the man. 'I never heard her called by any other,' said the little one. 'A plague on't!' exclaimed the angry boatman. 'There is no use in asking him questions. I wish the fates had put him any where else but aboard my vessel.' 'I did not come with the fates,' said Augustus, sobbing and rubbing his eyes; 'I never saw them. I came here with the little boys and girls.'

This artless speech made every body laugh.

except the owner of the boat; he felt so embarrassed to know what to do with the little stranger, that he could not laugh. They were passing by thick forests, where appeared no human habitations except such as were seen afar off. Just as night was closing in, they came within sight of a village. The boatman wished to stop and leave Augustus with some one who would convey him home. But M. Val, the father of little Antonia, opposed this.—A dreadful war then raged in Germany; and he, and several other passengers had money on board, which they wished to put in a place of safety. They urged the boatman to go on as rapidly as possible, for the least delay might prove a great danger to them. 'I wish in my heart the poor mother could have her lost child,' said M. Val; 'but under the present circumstances, the thing is impossible.—The enemy is fast advancing toward the Danube, and our moments are precious.'

Thus urged, the sailors being promised a handsome reward for their speed, kept on their way during the whole night; and poor little Augustus cried himself to sleep.

In the morning, the orphan renewed his sobs. The boatman saw some peasants on the bank of the river, and he begged them for pity's sake to take the boy and find out where he belonged. But the men refused to do it, saying they should never find his mother, and they had children enough of their own to support.

The boatman grew angry, and insisted upon putting the boy on shore, and requesting the magistrates to place him in the almshouse.—Madame Val was a kind hearted woman, and she pitied the orphan with all her heart.—She whispered to her husband 'Let us adopt this pretty little boy. It will put an end to this tiresome dispute.' Mr. Val was pleased with the proposition, and exclaimed at once, 'Keep on, my good fellows—keep on. Do not trouble yourselves about this poor child. I will take care of him, and be responsible for all charges.'

The boat arrived safely at Vienna. M. Val had a great deal of money; and the best masters were hired to teach Antonia and Augustus. The little boy was very ignorant at first; but he was intelligent, and made such progress that every body was surprised. At the same time, he was so modest, and so gentle, that, M. Val and his wife soon began to love him, as if he were their own son. As he grew older, they observed with pleasure that he had a great aptitude for business. M. Val first made him a clerk in his wealthy mercantile establishment, and afterward took him into partnership.

The little Antonia in the meantime became a young lady. She was intelligent and well informed, and as innocent and artless as she

was beautiful. She and Augustus were strongly attached to each other and her father was not at all displeased when he discovered it.—He said he could not bestow her upon a better man than his adopted son. The young couple were married, and lived with her parents.—On account of some important services rendered the emperor, during the war, M. Val and his son-in-law received the title of Barons de Valbourg.

When his benefactors died, Augustus came into possession of great wealth; and being fond of a retired life, he resolved to relinquish business, and purchase an estate in the country. Having taken a long journey, and examined several, he finally determined to buy the beautiful domain of Neukirch in Wurtemberg.

When the young baron and his wife arrived at their new residence, they found every where traces of the destructive war, which had so long ravaged the country. A great many houses were burned down, others partly in ruins, and vast tracts of lands were entirely uncultivated. This sad sight touched the benevolent hearts of Augustus and Antonia. 'Poor men!'—said they; 'we must do all we can to restore them to prosperity.' Timber was purchased to rebuild their habitations, and grain to sow their fields. In a short time all the country around the baronial castle assumed a flourishing appearance. The villagers were full of gratitude; they could not say enough in praise of their benefactor. When they loaded him with their thanks, he would reply, 'I was once a poor lost orphan. By the blessing of God, I have become rich; and I hope God will always make my heart willing to impart happiness to others.'

Very often the young baron thought of his mother; and wondered who she was, and whether she was yet living. A memorandum had been carefully preserved, stating that her name was Theodora the fisherman's widow, who lived in a wood, near a village, not far from the shores of the Danube.

While little Augustus was surrounded with all the comforts and elegance that wealth could procure, his good mother had met with many misfortunes and discouragements.—Not long after the loss of her child, the soldiers of the enemy came into the forest, and she escaped suddenly to take refuge with her brother. But the village was burnt to the ground, and they were left without a home.—her brother, having lost all his little property, let himself out to another fisherman, and she went to reside with a sister who lived at the distance of about fifty miles. Here Theodora staid several years, and made herself extremely useful in bringing up her sister's numerous family.

At last she received a letter from her brother, stating his wife was dead, and his daugh-

ters married and that, as there was now no prospect of better times he wished she would come and keep house for him. With mixed feelings of joy and sadness, the poor widow returned to her native place. She had scarcely arrived in the village, before she went into the forest to look at the tree under which she had last seen her child. But alas! what changes she found there! The path leading to her cabin was entirely overgrown with bushes; the young saplings had become large trees; and she could not even determine where it stood.

A long time she searched for the old beech tree under which she shed so many tears. 'If the picture is gone, the hole will remain in the trunk,' this thought she; 'and thus I shall discover it.' But amid the dense overgrown forest she could not distinguish one from another. An old man was in the woods gathering dry branches, and she tried to gain some information from him. 'You may as well spare yourself of looking farther, my good woman,' said he; 'it is not probable that the tree you speak of is in existence. Since you left the village, children have become men, and almost all the old men are dead. Old trees have given room to young ones, and the place where they once stood is known no more. All things change rapidly in this world; and men disappear faster than trees. Here we have no resting place. The earth is not our home.' As he finished speaking, he went his way; and Theodora, with a deep sigh, gave up all hope of finding the beloved tree.

The Baron de Valbourg lived a few leagues from the village where the widow and her brother resided; but the village was a part of his territory. One day he went into the forest to mark out a certain allowance of wood, for his poor peasantry; and wishing to see that each one received a share, he gave out word that on a certain day, every peasant, who chose to come to him, should be allowed to cut down a tree. The brother of Theodora was too ill to go, and he sent his sister to him to beg that a tree might be cut down for him. When his name was called, therefore, the widow stepped forward, and said, 'My Lord pardon his not being here, for he is too ill to leave his bed. I am his sister;—and he sent me to ask that a tree might be cut for him.'

Little did the Baron de Valbourg think that the poor old woman was his mother! and she would never have dreamed that the handsome young nobleman was her son!

But, without knowing her, de Valbourg had compassion on her; for he thought she looked like one who had known many sorrows. He pointed out a very large tree, and ordered it to be cut down for her. 'It is a very fine tree,' said the forester;—'had it not better

be preserved for your lordship's own use? The birch trees and the poplars will answer just as well for the peasants.'

The Baron de Valbourg looked at him sternly, as he replied, 'I do not consider it charity to give to the poor such things as I do not think worth keeping myself. I wish this tree to be cut down for the poor woman, and the wood split, and carried to her door, at my expense.'

When he had said this, he went away, to escape the thanks of Theodora, who with her eyes full of tears, exclaimed, 'May God bless you good young nobleman.' She walked quickly towards the village, to inform her brother of the kindness she had received. It was twenty-six years since the mother last looked upon her sleeping child, when she again met him in this forest; and here they would have separated perhaps forever, had not Divine Providence brought them to a knowledge of each other.

According to the order of the Baron, the great tree was cut down, and fell with a thundering noise. The workmen, who had retired to a safe distance, now approached to hew it in pieces. 'A miracle!' shouted they; 'Come and see a miracle!'

The trunk of the tree had been split by the fall, and, a piece of bark falling off, the long lost picture of Mary, was exposed full to the view. There was a great wonder how it came there. 'It must be a miracle,' said the wood-cutter; 'it is clearly a miracle; for, look, there is no opening in the bark;' it was covered thickly with moss, as are all the old trees of the forest.

The Baron de Valbourg was not far distant and he inquired why all the people were running to look at that tree.—Being told what had happened, he went and examined the picture. 'It is truly beautiful and expressive,' said he. 'No doubt some pious hermit placed it here; and with the lapse of time it has become overgrown with bark and moss.'

Suddenly he changed color and his hand trembled. 'It is indeed a miracle!' he exclaimed. Upon the back of the picture was written;—'In the year of our Lord 1632, Oct. 10th, I saw for the last time, under this tree, my only son Augustus, aged five years and three months.—May God be with him wherever he is;—and as he consoled the Holy Mary at the foot of the cross, so may he, in his mercy, console me, an afflicted mother. Theodora Summer.'

Quick as lightning, the truth flashed upon the mind of Baron de Valbourg!—He was that lost son—the names, the date, every thing proved it. He had not recovered from his surprise and emotion, when Theodora having heard the news, hastened to the spot.

'My Lord,' said she, in a hurried voice,

'the picture is mine, I beg you to let me have it. That is my name at the bottom; our good curate wrote it all for me.' Embracing the tree, she wept aloud, as she exclaimed, 'And do I live, after all my fruitless search, once more to look upon the spot where I last saw my darling boy, him, alas, my old eyes will never look upon in this world.'

'My good mother,' said the excellent young Baron, discovering himself to her. 'I am your Lost Son, and God has answered your fervent prayers for my happiness. My life has been full of blessings. And you, my dear mother, have at last your consolation. Under this tree you saw me for the last time, and here we are re-united. In all these events, how plainly do we see the finger of God!'

Silently and steadily she gazed at him; but at last she fell on his neck, and sobbed. At this touching sight, the crowd that had gathered around them, melted into tears. 'Yes, my son,' at last replied the weeping dame, 'God has ordered all in wisdom and kindness. He has done better for you than I could have done; and he has restored you to be the comfort of my old age, and the benefactor of all the country,—Blessed be the name of the Lord!'

The peasants drew near, and wished Theodora joy, and congratulated their young landlord with overflowing hearts.

Word was sent to the village that Theodora would not return that day, and a nurse was provided for her brother. The Baron handed his mother into his carriage, and carried her to his castle. She had felt afraid to show herself in her humble dress, before her elegant daughter-in-law; but Antonia had a heart too noble to be affected by such trifles. She ran with open arms to welcome her, and told her how glad she was to fold to her heart the mother of her good husband. Then the two little children, Ferdinand and Maria, were brought in. They ran and kissed her, saying—'Good morning, grandmamina!'—and they jumped about with childish glee, telling every body, 'Ah, we have got a grandmamina!'

The good old lady's heart was full, and she wept for excessive joy.

The next day the Baron carried his mother back to his uncle's house. As soon as her brother had recovered, the happy widow went to reside with her children. A great feast was given, to which all the peasantry, young and old, were invited, and Theodora presided.

Baron de Valbourg and his wife continued their beneficence to all the country around.

The picture found in the beach tree, was hung over the fire place in the dining room; the story was often told to the little children; and the sight of it reminded them to put their trust in God.

The Speculator.

A VERITABLE STORY.

'How necessary and profitable records and observations are, albeit that they were not published in print, for at the time when Lord Littleton wrote, this record was not printed.'

So saith my Lord Coke, and a truer remark has not been made since his time, I will venture to say. But that is neither here nor there to my story, save that if it were not for observation, the following record would never have been made!

In the year 1834, no man on the Penobscot, was more respected among his acquaintances, than Stephen Skidd of Bangor, housewright. He was truly an estimable man. Faithful, punctual, kind hearted and friendly, his neighbors were happy in his acquaintance, and his employers gratified that in him their confidence was not misplaced. But there was destined to be a change in Stephen Skidd. Time makes great changes in men, but 'the times' make more. 'The times' were to make the change in Stephen. He had acquired a little property; sufficient with the occasional use of his jack-plane and handsaw, to make him very comfortable through life. He had got through the year 1834, and the year 1835, dawned upon the same upright Stephen Skidd, with all its plans and schemes and speculations, and still the jackplane and handsaw performed their usual offices. His was a sure and honest way of getting a livelihood, and he was satisfied with it. Soon the startling news burst, upon his ear, that his next door neighbor had made a thousand dollars in a speculation. He thought of it, but the jack-plane and the handsaw did not stop. The news came to him that another neighbor the reputation of whose brains was none of the best, had made three thousand dollars! From that moment the jack-plane and the handsaw kept Sunday every day in the week. Stephen Skidd was of earthy mould, and although he had a comfortable portion of this world's goods, he was not so absolutely devoid of this world's affections, as to deem an addition to his stock a thing that could not be sought after; particularly if it could be obtained as one of our good old ministers says, 'free cost.' He, therefore, may be considered as now laboring under the speculating fever. With the assistance of one of his neighbors he made an operation by which he realized an hundred dollars. In another operation soon after he made fifty dollars. Poor Skidd was now completely upset. The fever grew high upon him.—If small sums could be obtained so easily why could not large ones be obtained in the same way?—He was among the speculators from morning to night, and half the night. His lessons were taken at the Bangor House and the Exchange and at last

his mind became so filled with Townships, Numbers and Ranges, that I really believe it was frequently the case, as was said, that he could not be in a room where a map of Maine hung, but his finger would inadvertently point towards it whatever might be the subject upon which he was conversing. At length it was reported that Stephen Skidd had made a great speculation. How great? was the inquiry. \$10,000? What Stephen Skidd! \$20,000! \$50,000! and some said \$100,000! Ponder my word! what, Stephen Skidd! Finally public opinion settled down upon \$50,000, and Stephen Skidd was worth *Fifty Thousand Dollars*.

Stephen Skidd was now another man. Mr. Skidd, dear reader. Shall I introduce to your acquaintances Mr. Skidd, Esq? That lady, sir, in that beautiful phaeton drawn by two white horses, is Mrs. Stephen Skidd, Esq? That gentlemen in the gig on the Old Town road, is Mr. Skidd himself. Nobody cracks a whip over a better horse's back, than Mr. Skidd. He usually drives to Old Town—twelve miles, in from half to three quarters of an hour. He must be doing an extensive business. He is at the Mill Dam or at Old Town once a day at least, when he is not gone to Portland or Boston, which is about once a fortnight. Didn't you see him last year, at the Cumberland House? What, not Mr. Skidd! Stephen Skidd, Esq?—Didn't you see him in Middle Street? No man cuts a greater loon than he did. I should have thought you would have noticed him.

The confidence in Mr. Skidd—except among the 'knowing ones' was unlimited. His former upright character clung to him. He borrowed and paid punctually; accommodated by his name and was accommodated in return, and every thing went on comfortably with him to the eyes of the world. I will not say that no jealous eyes were cast towards him, or that detraction withheld its breath from his character; for no name was ever so fair as to be entirely free from its imputations.

The summer and fall of 1835 passed away, and Mr. Skidd had been apparently driven with business. Although his wife dashed extravagantly, he never was seen engaged in amusements of any kind. If he drove a handsome horse, he drove it fast, and there was too much of an air of business about him to allow a supposition that he was constantly engaged in it.

The winter of 1836 came; but it bore a different aspect from that of the preceding year. Payments became due, Banks stopped their discounts, paper laid over, the unprecedented circulation of 1835 gradually ceased in the same ratio. Many were the long visages in the streets of Bangor, but Stephen Skidd, Esq. drove his gig as usual.

Not many, months since a client of mine called and wished to know if I could collect a demand against Stephen Skidd for money lent?

'Stephen Skidd! wont he pay you?'

'Pay me! no.'

'What's the matter?'

'He can't, he hasn't got the money.'

'What! have the hard times closed his purse too?'

'Closed his purse! He never has had any purse to close. The scamp is not worth a farthing in the world!'

'You surprise me! what has he done with his \$50,000?'

'He never had it nor a tenth part of it.'

'Where did he get his money then? He has always paid up well—he must have had something.'

'He got it by borrowing. He borrowed of one friend to pay another, and as he always paid punctually, he continued to keep up his credit, until his friends found it difficult to get enough for themselves. Then not being able to borrow, he of course, was not able to pay, and now it is ascertained that he is worse than nothing.'

'But did he make nothing by his great speculation?'

'That was only a six months bond! He thought he should be able to sell the land at an advance. He was told so. His speculating friends thought so, and reported the story of his having made a fortune. After it had once got wind, there was no great difficulty in getting it of desirable dimensions. Skidd was reported to be worth \$50,000, but I don't believe in all the six months he had a single offer for the bond.'

'You surprise me! But his property before he turned speculator, what has become of that?'

'Oh, the most of that went to pay for his bond? and the balance would not go far to pay his traveling and other extravagant expenses.'

'But his business. You know it has been said that he was constantly occupied the last season.'

'He was constantly driving about, doing nothing. I don't believe he did five hundred dollars worth of business the past year.'

I told my friend that he knew more about Stephen Skidd than I, but Stephen might make another speculation next fever. This he thought was rather a poor consolation, for the cholera and yellow fever must have their time first.

Mr. Skidd, before he became a speculator was a consistent member of a church, but now—I do not think that the spirit of speculation is hardly consistent with the spirit of Christianity.—*Bangorean.*

BIOGRAPHY.

From Knapp's Female Biography.

Martha Washington.

MARTHA WASHINGTON, wife of General George Washington, was born in Virginia, in the same year with her husband, 1732, according to Weems; and probably he knew as well as any of Washington's biographers. She was the widow Custis when she married Col. Washington, in 1753. She is mentioned by Ramsay, Marshall, Bancroft and Weems, as wealthy and beautiful, one to whom Washington had been long attached; but neither of them give her maiden name; and all but Weems forgot to mention the time of her birth. But we believe that her maiden name was Dandridge. She was known to those who visited Mount Vernon, as a woman of domestic habits and kind feelings, before her husband, had gained more than the distinction of a good soldier and gentlemanly planter, with whom one might deal with safety and be sure of getting fair articles at a fair price. After Washington was appointed to command the American armies, and had repaired to Cambridge to take the duties upon himself, Mrs. Washington made a visit to the eastern states, and spent a short time with her husband in the camp at Cambridge. The quarters were excellent, for the vassals and other wealthy Tories had deserted their elegant mansions at Cambridge, which were occupied by the American officers. After this visit Mrs. Washington was seldom with her husband, until the close of the war. She met him at Annapolis, in Maryland, when he resigned his commission, at the close of the year 1783. It is not remembered that she came to New-York with the president, when the federal government was organized in 1789; but was at Philadelphia during the first session after its removal to that city. A military man like Washington could not suffer even the courtesies of social intercourse to move on without a strict regard to economical regulations. These were displayed with good manners and taste. Mrs. Washington, in her drawing-room, was of course obliged to exact courtesies which she thought belonged to the officer, rather than those which were congenial to herself. The levees in Washington's administration were certainly more courtly than have been known since. Full dress was required of all who had a right to be there, but since that time, any dress has been accepted as proper, which a gentleman chose to wear. At table, Mrs. Washington seldom conversed upon politics; but attended strictly to the duties of the hostess. Foreign ambassadors often attempted to draw her into a conversation upon public affairs, but she always avoided the subject with great propriety and good sense.

It was not in the saloons of Philadelphia, when heartless thousands were around her, that Mrs. Washington shone the most conspicuous. It was at her plain mansion house, at Mount Vernon that she was most truly great. There she appeared, with her keys at her side and gave directions for every thing, so that without any bustle or confusion, the most splendid dinner appeared as if there had been no effort in the whole affair. She met guests with the most hospital feelings, and they always departed from the place with regret. Her first husband, John Custis, died young and her son died still younger, leaving two children, a son and a daughter. A great part of her time was absorbed in assisting in the education of these children. They were the favorites of Mount Vernon. The place was one of general resort for all travelers: and every one, from every nation, who visited this country, thought that his American tour could not be finished unless he had been at Mount Vernon and had seen the Washington family and partaken of the cakes of the domestic hearth. Of course, no eastern caravansary was ever more crowded than the mansion house at Mount Vernon, in the summer months. Washington died in less than three years after his retirement from office. He was as great, if not a greater, object of curiosity in retirement than in public life: for it was almost miraculous to a foreigner, to see the head of a great nation calmly resigning power and office, and retiring to a rural residence to employ himself in agricultural pursuits. Seeing was to them the only method of believing; and they would see. Mrs. Washington did not long survive her husband; in eighteen months she followed him to his grave. She was an excellent parent, a good wife, an important member of society, and passed a long life without an enemy. It is to be regretted that an ample memoir of this excellent woman has not been written; but we must content ourselves at present with a scanty notice. The few letters that have been published that came from her, show that she wrote with good taste and pleasant style. Her ashes repose in the same vault with those of her august husband, a family tomb, built within the pale of the pleasure grounds around the house at Mount Vernon.

MISCELLANY.

A Sketch.

A MOTHER was kneeling in the deep hush of evening, at the couch of two infants, whose rosy arms were twined in a mutual embrace. A slumber, soft as the moonlight that fell through the lattice over them like a silvery veil, lay on their delicate lips—the soft bright curls that clustered on their pillow, were

slightly stirred by their gentle and healthful breathings, and that smile, which beams from the pure depths of the fresh glad spirit, yet rested on their red lips.—The mother looked upon their exceeding beauty with a momentary pride—and then, as she continued to gaze on the lovely slumberers, her dark eye desponded with an intense and unutterable fondness, and a cold shuddering fear came over her, lest those buds of life, so fair, so glowing, might be touched with sudden decay, and gathered back in their brightness to the dust. And she lifted her voice in prayer solemnly, passionately, earnestly, that the Giver of Life would still spare to her those blossoms of love, over whom her soul thus yearned. And as the low breathed accents rose on the still air, a deepened thought came over her, and her spirit went out with her loved and pure ones into the strange wild paths of life, and a strong horror chilled her frame as she beheld mildew and blight setting on the fair and lovely of the earth, and high and rich hearts scathed with desolating and guilty passions.—And the prayer she was breathing grew yet more fervent, even to agony, that He who was the fountain of all purity, would preserve these whom He had given her in their perfect innocence, permitting neither shame, nor crime, nor folly to cast a stain on the brightness with which she had received them invested from His hands as with a mantle.

As the prayer died away in the weakness of the spent spirit, a pale shadowy form stood beside the infant sleepers. 'I am Death,' said the specter, and I come for these thy babes—I am commissioned to bear them where the perils you deprecate are unknown; where neither stain, nor dust, nor shadow can reach the rejoicing spirit. It is only by yielding them to me you can preserve them forever from contamination and decay.' A wild conflict—a struggle as of the soul parting in strong agony, shook the mother's frame, but faith and the love which hath a purer fount than that of earthward passions, triumphed, and she yielded up her babes to the specter.

'Behold!' said Death, as he touched the fair forms, and the beauty of life gave place to a holier and yet deeper loveliness, 'behold the smile of innocence is now forever sealed. They will waken where there is neither blight nor tempest.' And the benign power, whom we call the spoiler, bore away the now perfected blossoms of immortality to the far-off sky.

Tendency of True Greatness.

Nor unfrequently do we hear imputed to wit, the very faults that proceed from the absence of it. Your half-hints, the mere shadows of ideas, darken the mind instead of enlightening it. Virtue is both an affection

of the soul and a demonstrable truth: it must be either felt or understood. If you derive from reasoning only what misleads instinct, without attaining to that which can supply its place, then it is not the qualities you possess that become destructive, but rather those in which you are deficient. Of all human calamities, the remedy should be looked for above. If we raise our eyes to heaven, our thoughts swell into a nobler nature; it is by soaring aloft that we breathe a purer air, and are cheered by a brighter light. Man should, in fine, be prompted to aspire to every kind of perfection and superiority; nothing can more contribute to improve and refine his morals. Superior talents excite an admiration, and win an affection, which disposes the mind of those who possess them to gentleness and lenity. Observe men of cruel dispositions; you will generally find they are deficient in intellectual endowments of the higher order: nature even seems to have given them a cast of countenance that disgusts and repels; and they would fain avenge themselves upon the social order for what nature has refused them. I would, without the smallest fear or suspicion, confide in those whom I find satisfied with their lot, and who, by some talent or other, can claim, and do really merit, the suffrage of mankind. But for the man who is incapable of obtaining from his fellow-men any pledge of voluntary approbation, what interest can he feel in the conversation of the human race? To him whom the world admires, the happiness of the world must be dear.—*Madame de Staël.*

Faith and Hope.

ONE morning, as the sun arose, two spirits went forth upon the earth.

And they were sisters. But Faith was of mature age, while Hope was yet a child.

They were both beautiful. Some loved to gaze on the countenance of Faith, for her eye was serene, and her beauty changed not; but Hope was the delight of every heart.

And the child sported in the freshness of the morning; and as she hovered over the gardens and dewy lawns, her wings glittered in the sunbeams like the rainbow.

'Come, my sister,' she cried, 'and chase with me this butterfly from flower to flower.'

But her sister was gazing at the lark as it arose from her low nest, and warbled among the clouds.

And when it was noon, the child said again, 'come my sister, and pluck with me the flowers of the garden, for they are beautiful, and their fragrance is sweet.'

But Faith replied, 'Nay, my sister, let the flowers be thine; for thou art young, and delightest thyself in their beauty. I will meditate in the shade, till the heat of the day is

past. Thou wilt find me beside the fountain in the forest. When thou art weary come and repose on my bosom.'

And she smiled and departed.

After a time, Hope sought her sister. The tear was in her eye, and her countenance was mournful.

Then Faith said, 'my sister, wherefore dost thou weep and why is thy countenance sad?'

And the child answered, 'because a cloud is in the sky, and the sunshine is overcast. See, the rain begins to fall.'

'It is but a shower,' Faith replied, 'and when it is over, the fields will be greener and the flowers brighter than before.'

Now the place where they sat was sheltered from the rain, as it had been from the noon-day heats. And Faith comforted the child, and showed her how the waters flowed with a fuller and clearer stream as the shower fell.

And presently the sun broke out again, and the woods resounded with song.

Then Hope was glad and went forth to her sports once more.

After a time the sky was again darkened. And the young spirit looked up, and beheld there was no cloud in the whole circle of the heavens.

Therefore Hope marvelled, for it was not yet night.

And she fled to her sister, and cast herself down at her feet, and trembled exceedingly.

Then Faith raised the child, and led her forth from the shade of the trees, and pointed to the sun and said.

'A shadow is passing over the face thereof, but no ray of his glory is extinguished. It still walketh in brightness, and thou shalt again delight thyself in its beams. See! even yet his face is not wholly hidden from us.'

But the child dare not look up, for the gloom struck upon her heart.

And when all was bright again, she feared to wander from her sister, and her sports were less gay than before.

When the eventide was come, Faith went forth from the forest shade, and sought the lawn, where she might watch the setting sun. Then said she to her young sister.

'Come and behold how far the glories of the sunset transcend the beauties of the morning. See how softly they melt away, and give place to the shadow of night.'

But Hope was now weary. Her eye was heavy, and her voice languid. She folded her radiant wings, and dropped on her sister's bosom and fell asleep.

But Faith watched through the night. She was never weary, nor did her eyelids need repose.

She laid the child on a bed of flowers, and

kissed her cheek. She also drew her mantle around the head of the sleeper, that she might sleep in peace.

Then Faith looked upwards, and beheld how the stars came forth. She traced them in their radiant courses, and listened to their harmonies which mortal ear hath not heard.

And as she listened, their music entranced her soul.

At length a light appeared in the east, and the sun burst forth from the portals of Heaven.

Then the spirit hastened to arouse the young sleeper:

'Awake, O my sister,' she cried. 'A new day hath dawned, and no cloud shall overshadow it. Awake! for the sun hath risen which shall set no more!'—*Miss Martineau*

From the Saturday Courier.

The Rich Man's Daughters.

BY A LADY.

It is often said that the times are strangely altered; and certain it is that the people are. It was thought honorable to labor, to be constantly engaged in some active and useful avocation—but now-a-days, it is thought honorable to be idle. There is much complaint of the high price of every necessary of human existence, and with much truth. But if the amount of idleness could be calculated with mathematical accuracy throughout our extended republic, allowing the drones only half price for services they might perform, which others are now paid for—it might not be an unsafe calculation to put it down at the whole amount now paid for provisions marketing in the United States. It is not a little inconsistent to hear parents whine about the price of provisions, while they bring up their daughters to walk the streets and expend money.

In one of our great commercial cities, there resides a gentleman worth from two to three millions of dollars. He had three daughters, and he required them alternately to go into the kitchen and superintend its domestic concerns. Health and happiness, he said, were thus promoted—besides he could not say, in the vicissitudes of fortune, that they might not, ere they should close their career, be compelled to rely upon their hands for a livelihood; and he could say that they never could become good wives and the proper heads of a family, until they knew with practical experience all the economy of the household affairs. One of these daughters is now the lady of a governor of one of the states—all are at the head of very respectable families—and they carry out the principles implanted by their worthy parent—winning and securing the esteem of all around them.

Let the fair daughters of our country draw

lessons from the industrious matrons of the past. The companions of the men who fought the battles of the Revolution were inured to hardships and accustomed to unceasing toil—and so did they educate their daughters. Health, contentment, happiness and plenty smiled around the family altar. The damsel who understood most thoroughly and economically the management of domestic matters, and who was not afraid to put her hands into the wash tub, for fear of destroying the elasticity and dimming their snowy whiteness, was sought by the prudent young men of those days as fit companions for life—but now-a-days, to learn the mysteries of the household would make our fair ones faint away, and to labor comes not in the code of modern gentility.

A Rogue Outwitted.

CAPTAIN MARRYAT, the popular author of 'Jacob Faithful,' and 'Japhet in search of a Father,' relates the following anecdote in a late number of the London Metropolitan. Talking about roguery, there was a curious incident occurred some time back, in which a rascal was completely outwitted. A bachelor gentleman, who was a very superior draftsman and caricaturist, was laid up in his apartments with the gout in both feet. He could not move, but sat in an easy chair, and was wheeled by his servants in and out of his chamber to his sitting room. Now a well known vagabond ascertained the fact, and watched until the servant was sent upon a message. The servant came out of the front door, but left the area door open, communicating with the kitchen. Down went the vagabond, entered the kitchen, walked up stairs, where as he anticipated, he found the gentleman quite alone and helpless. 'I am sorry, sir, to see you in this situation,' said the rogue; 'you cannot move; and your servant is out.' The gentleman started. 'It is excessively careless of you to leave yourself so exposed, for behold the consequences! I take the liberty of removing this watch and these seals off the table, and putting them into my own pocket; and as I perceive your keys are here, I shall now open these drawers and see what suits my purpose.' 'Oh! pray help yourself, I beg,' replied the gentleman, who was aware that he could do nothing to prevent him. The rogue did so accordingly; he found the plate in the side board drawer, and many other articles that suited him, and in about ten minutes, having made up his bundle, he made the gentleman a very low bow and decamped. But the gentleman had the use of his hands, and had not been idle; he had taken an exact likeness of the thief with his pencil, and on his servant's returning soon after he despatched him immediately to Bow street with the drawing, and an account of

what had happened. The likeness was so good, that the man was immediately identified by the runners, and he was captured before he had time to dispose of a single article. He was brought to the gentleman in two hours afterwards, identified, the property found on him sworn to, and in six weeks he was on his passage to Botany Bay.

True Friendship.

ALL the enduring associations which enhance our pleasure and console us under affliction are centered in the name of a Friend. When the stroke of adversity falls upon us, the sympathy of a true friend takes away half its heaviness. When the world misunderstands our meaning, and attributes bad motives to what are only ill judged actions, we think, (what satisfaction those who have experienced the feeling alone can tell) there is one who knows us better. When wounded, slighted, cast back into the distance by those whose fickle favor we had sought to win, we exclaim in the midst of our disappointment, 'there is one who loves me still?' And when wearied with the warfare of the world and sick of its harsh sounds and sights, we return to the communion of friendship, as we rest after a laborious journey in a soft sweet garden of refreshment and peace.—*Monument.*

Humility.

THEY who in reality know much, are the most easily satisfied that they know but little. The last sentence uttered by the distinguished La Place was, 'What we know, is little; what we are ignorant of, is immense.' Sir Isaac Newton, before his death expressed a similar sentiment—I do not know what I may appear to the world; but to myself I seem to have been only like a boy playing on the seashore, and diverting myself in now and then finding a smoother pebble or a prettier shell ordinary, while the vast ocean of truth lies still undiscovered before me.'

A SLEEPY HAT.—'Isn't your hat sleepy?' inquired a little urchin, of a gentleman with a shocking bad one. 'No—why?' inquired the gentleman. 'Why, because I think its a long time since it had a nap,' was the answer.

Letters Containing Remittances.

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of Postage paid.

J. S. T. Bilboa, N. Y. \$1.00; H. F. Causkill, N. Y. \$1.00; G. J. LeRoy, N. Y. \$4.00; D. S. R. Troy, N. Y. \$1.00; J. S. Causkill, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Milton, N. Y. \$1.00; J. S. Jr Nunda Valley, N. Y. \$1.00; W. K. Clockville, N. Y. \$1.00; J. M. R. Proctorsville, Vt. \$1.00.

DIED.

In this city, on the 11th inst. Henry Martin, infant son of Noah A. and Margaret Spaulding.

At New-Orleans, on the 27th ult. Mr. Sylvester G. Clark, late of this city.

At Hillsdale, on the 13th inst. Polly, daughter of Col. Jordan, in the 22d year of her age.

In Kinderhook, on the 13th inst. Miss Margaret Hoag.

In Watervliet, Albany County, on the 16th inst. Rev. Robert Bronk, late Pastor of the Dutch Reformed Church, in that place.



SELECT POETRY.

The Spartan Mother.

BY BULWER.

My son! not a tear shall be shed,
Thou' my heart be as dark as the grave;
To weep would dishonor the dead—
For Greece hath no tears for the brave.

In thy fall thou hast triumphed, my son!
And all Sparta has conquered with thee;
The race of thy glory is run—
But thy country, thy country is free!

When thy hand gave thy father his shield,
As he left his last kiss on thy brow,
He said, 'I go forth to the field—
And but for Greece for glory, like thou!'

'Yes, if Hellas our hero should claim,
Oh! remember thy breast is her wall!'
He said—and he went to his fame—
He fell—as a Spartan should fall!

And when years had brought strength to thine arm,
And I gave thee the sword of the slain.
I felt not a moment's alarm—
But I armed thee myself for the plain.

As I braced on thy helmet, I smiled
At the valor that flashed from thine eye,
I gave thee no lessons, my child—
I knew that thou never couldst fly.

Away with each whisper of wo!
Thou hast met with the fate thou hast braved,
But thy feet were not turned from the foe,
And thy Sparta, thy Sparta is saved.

From the New-York Mirror.

The Clouds.

BY GEORGE D. STRONG.

How beauteous o'er the blue expanse,
Pencilling their shadows on the evening sky,
The gathering clouds with gauze-like wings unfold
Their heaven-wove tapestry:
Veiling in mist the dim and wearied sun,
Ere yet the drapery of his couch is won!

Behold! behold them now!
Tossing their gold-edged tresses on the breeze!
Gliding like angels o'er the star-gemmed floor
To heavenly symphonies!
While distant, seen like Hope to Faith's clear view,
Sleeps in calm splendor the cerulean blue!

Ere yet imagination's wand
Has traced the vision on the teeming brain,
The fleeting pageant floats in mist away
Beyond the billowy main:
But forms more beauteous wing away their flight,
While eve reposes on the lap of night.

Yon castellated tower
As proudly cuts its turrets on the sky,
As if the portals of its airy halls
Blazoned with heraldry!
And who shall say, but in its chambers glide
Pale courtiers' shadows—disembodied pride?

The mimic ship unfolds
Her swelling canvass on the airy main;
And horsemen sweep in graceful circles, o'er
The ethereal plain:

While forms of light, unknown to mortals here,
People in myriads the celestial sphere!

And many-colored flowers,
Changing their hues with every passing breeze,
Crown the fair summits of the mountain-steeps:
The shadowy trees
Fling their gigantic branches wide and far,
Dimming the lustre of full many a star.

How oft in childhood's hour,
I've watched the cloudlets pale the evening beam,
While the bright day-god quenched his waning fires
In ocean, pool, and stream.
Oh then the clouds were ministers of joy
To the rapt spirit of the dreamy boy!

Mother and sister! Ye
Have passed from earth, like suns untimely set!
Do ye not look from yonder throne of clouds
Upon me yet,
Beckoning me now, with eager glance, to come
To the bright portals of your heavenly home?
Sceptic! whose chilling creed
Would chain the spirit to life's bounded span,
Learn from the clouds, that upward poise their wing
To value man!
Nor deem the soul divested of its shroud
Less glorious in its essence than a cloud!

True Friendship.

'Oh! 'tis not when the fairy breeze fans the green
ocean,
That the safety and strength of the barque can be
shown;
And 'tis not in prosperity's hour, the devotion,
The fervor and truth of a friend's to be known;
No, the barque must be proved when the tempest is
howling,
When dangers like mountain waves close on her
press,
The friend, when the sky of adversity's scowling,
Oh! the touchstone of friendship's the hour of distress.
When prosperity's day-star beams pure and uncloud-
ed,
Then thousands will mingle their shouts round its
throne;
But, Oh! let its lights for one moment be shrouded,
And the smiles of the faithless like shadows are gone;
Then comes the true friend who to guile is a stranger,
The heart of the lonely, to cheer and caress;
His smiles like the Beacon-light, BLAZING IN DAN-
GER,
Shed a beam o'er the gloom of the hour of distress.

Oh! 'tis sweet 'mid the horrors of black desolation,
While pleasure and hope seem externally flown;
When the heart is first lit by the dear consolation,
That a haven of happiness yet may be won:
Grief fades like the night clouds, bliss mingles with
sorrow,
When the first sunny rays through the darkness
appear;
And the rainbow of hope, beameth bright as it bor-
rows
All its splendor and light from a smile and a tear.

Oh! 'tis those whose life's path hath been cloudy
and cheerless,
Can feel the true burst of pure transport and bliss;
When the trusted and tried friend comes *boldly and*
fearless,
To share and relieve the dark hour of distress;
Past grief may yet cease to be thought on, but never
Can time make the feelings of gratitude less;
May the blessings of GOD rest forever and ever,
On him who forsakes not in the HOUR OF DISTRESS.'

From the Churchman.
Lines

Addressed to a Child Deaf and Dumb.

No speech upon thy lip—
No word upon thy tongue?
No fond emotions gushing forth,
Though thou art warm and young?
Hast thou ne'er lisped a prayer
Beside thy mother's knee?
And has thy lip not breathed the name
Most dear in infancy?

Upon thine eager ear
Do no kind voices fall?
Do tender tones disturb the air,
And thou still deaf to all?
Is there no power to break
The strange, mysterious spell,
Which in continued silence seals
The lips we love so well?

No, gentle child, thy doom
Must ever, ever be,
Mutely to watch each passing sign
From those more truly free;
To gaze on every change,
In summer and in spring;
But never hear the blithesome lay
Of wild birds on the wing.

Music—to thee, alas!
Its joys are all unknown;
Thou may'st see fingers touch the string,
But never learn its tone;
And nature strikes a lyre,
In fount, and stream, and tree;
Alas! alas! thou gentle child,
Its notes are not for thee.

Thy mother's soothing voice
Will never bless thine ear,
Calming thy wayward mood to rest,
In softened accents dear;
And the glad 'wild' ring laugh
Of thy little sister gay,
Must never reach thy bounding heart,
In all thine hours of play.

We need no words to tell
How dearly loved thou art;
For affection speaks from out the eye,
That index of the heart;
And thou hast read full oft,
In many a starting tear,
That sorrow for thy darkened lot
Hath made thee doubly dear.

Yet there will come an hour,
When death shall set thee free,
That thou in heaven shalt hear the lays
Of sweetest minstrelsy;
And thou, then, blessed child,
Wilt strike a seraph's lyre,
And the lips so long in silence held
To highest praise aspire. M. N. M.

THE RURAL REPOSITORY,

IS PUBLISHED EVERY OTHER SATURDAY, AT HUDSON, N. Y. BY
Wm. B. Stoddard.

It is printed in the Quarto form, and will contain
twenty-six numbers of eight pages each, with a title page
and index to the volume.

TERMS.—One Dollar per annum in advance, or *One
Dollar and Fifty Cents*, at the expiration of three months
from the time of subscribing. Any person, who will remit
as Five Dollars, free of postage, shall receive six copies,
and any person, who will remit us Ten Dollars, free of
postage, shall receive twelve copies, and one copy of either
of the previous volumes. *NOTE*—No subscriptions received
for less than one year. All the back numbers furnished
to new subscribers.

NOTE—All orders and Communications must be *post paid*,
to receive attention.



DEVOTED TO POLITE LITERATURE SUCH AS MORAL AND SENTIMENTAL TALES, ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS, BIOGRAPHY, TRAVELING SKETCHES, AMUSING MISCELLANY, HUMOROUS AND HISTORICAL ANECDOTES, SUMMARY, POETRY, &c.

VOL. XIII.—[IV. NEW SERIES.]

HUDSON, N. Y. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1837.

NO. 13.

SELECT TALES.

You can't Marry your Grand-mother.

BY T. HAYNES BAILEY, ESQ.

THE most wretched of children is the spoiled child—the pet who is under no subjection, and who gets all the trash for which his little mouth waters. 'Tis he who bumps his head, in the act of going somewhere he was forbidden to approach; and 'tis he whose little stomach aches considerably in consequence of eating too many sweet things, coaxed out of the cupboard of a fond but injudicious mother.

Spoil the boy, and what are we to expect of the man? Will the dog be well-behaved, which was let to go his own way when a puppy? Will the steed be steady in harness, if, when a colt, no care was taken of it? The spoiled boy inevitably becomes the wilful man, and with the wilfulness comes discontent. Unfortunately, those who have always been accustomed to find others yield to them, and to have their own way, become habitually selfish, and utterly regardless of the feelings and wishes of those about them. Self-gratification is naturally the first wish of the child; but it is the fault of the parents, if, by injudicious indulgence, the man is led to anticipate that, as everybody yielded to him in boyhood, everybody must yield in after life.

Frederick Fairleigh was the spoiled child of his family, the youngest of three children, and the only boy. He was the pet of both father and mother, and being lively, intelligent, and good-looking, he soon became a favorite. Spoiled in infancy, he was unmanageable in boyhood, and wilful, and self-sufficient in the early days of maturity.—Master Frederick having been used to his own way, it was not likely that Mr. Frederick would voluntarily relinquish so agreeable a privilege. At college, therefore, he continued and matured the habit of idleness, which had been censured, but never sufficiently corrected at school.

As for study, he never got further than 'stud,' and was much more frequently seen

in a scarlet hunting-coat, than in his sombre academic costume. The idle man at Oxford, during term time, is not likely to do much good at home during the vacation—Frederick Fairleigh did none. Ere he ceased to be in years a boy, he became what is termed a 'lady's man,' flirting with all the pretty girls he met, and encouraged to flirt by many a married dame old enough to be his mother. Petted and spoiled by everybody, Frederick became the especial favorite of his grandfather, Sir Peter Fairleigh, and spent much more of his time at Oakly Park than at his father's house.

Before young Fairleigh was one-and-twenty his father died, and being then the immediate heir to Sir Peter's baronetcy and estates, he naturally became a greater favorite than ever. One precept the old gentleman was perpetually preaching to his grandson: he advocated an early marriage, and the more evidently the youth flattered, butterfly fashion, from flower to flower, enjoying the present without a thought of the future, the more strenuously did old Sir Peter urge the point.

The spoiled child had no notion of relinquishing old privileges, he still had his own way, still flirted with all the pretty girls in the neighborhood, and thinking only of himself, and the enjoyment of the moment, never dreamt of the pain he might inflict on some, who viewing his attentions in a serious light, might keenly suffer in secret when they saw those attentions transferred to another.

He was five-and-twenty when he first met Maria Denman, the richest heiress and the prettiest girl of the country; and when the old Baronet saw the handsome pair rambling together all the morning, and sitting together in corners at night, he secretly exulted in the probable realization of one of his fondest hopes—the union of his pet grandson with his favorite, Maria. There could be no misunderstanding his attentions; there was indeed a tacit understanding between the young couple: but Frederick Fairleigh certainly never had in so many words distinctly said, 'Maria, will you marry me?' Months flew away, two years had already elapsed, and though Frederick certainly seemed attached

to Maria, yet, when other people came in his way, he still flirted in a manner not quite justifiable in one who had a serious attachment, nay almost an engagement elsewhere.

Poor Sir Peter did not manage matters well; indeed, with the best intentions in the world, he made them worse. It was not likely that one who had never been accustomed to opposition should all at once obey the dictation of a grandfather. Opposition to the match would immediately have brought matters to the desired point—for Frederick, though not quite aware of it himself, devotedly loved the fair Maria. But she, like the rest of the world, had assisted to spoil him; she had been too accessible, too easily won; and really loving him who had paid her such marked attention, Frederick had never seen a look or a word bestowed upon another which could give him the slightest uneasiness. A pang of jealousy would probably have at once opened his eyes to the state of his own heart. But always kindly received by Maria, and always happy in her society, the spoiled child saw in her kindness, and in her smiles, nothing beyond the voluntary and unsolicited preference which he had been but too well accustomed to receive from others. He was, therefore, never driven to doubt, or by solitude to pause and scrutinize the state of his own heart.

Instead of offering feigned opposition to the match, however, Sir Peter openly opposed the line of conduct pursued by his volatile heir, and, by continually harping on the subject, he at last really made the wilful young man believe that, of all disagreeable things in the world, a marriage with a woman who was really dearest to him of all beings on earth, would be the very worst.

'My dear sir,' he cried one morning at breakfast, after hearing a long lecture on the subject, 'how you do tease me about Miss Denman!'

'Tease you, Fred,' said Sir Peter, 'tease you! for shame: I am urging you to secure your own happiness.'

'Surely, sir,' he replied, 'there is plenty of time—I am still very young.'

'Young Sir!—you are a boy, Sir; a boy in judgment and discretion, a very child, Sir, and what's worse, a spoiled child.'

'Well,' said Frederick, laughing, 'don't be angry; if I am a spoiled child the fault is not mine.'

'Yes, it is Fred—I say it is, things that are really good of their kind are not so easily spoiled.'

'Indeed!' said Frederick, with a look of innocent surprise, and taking up Sir Peter's gold watch, which lay upon the table, he opened it, and pretended to poke about the wheels.

'I see what you mean, you satirical monkey,' cried Sir Peter, laughing; 'give me my watch, Sir, and let me now tell you that where there is real good sense and stability, the man will very soon learn to get rid of the selfishness—yes, Fred, I am sorry to repeat it, selfishness was my word—the selfishness and self-importance, resulting from over-indulgence in childhood.'

'I wonder then any one should care about a selfish, consequential fellow like myself,' said Frederick.

'You mean to insinuate that you have been and are a general favorite, popular with everybody, and well received wherever you go? I grant it, my dear boy, I grant it—and I should be the last person to say that I wonder at it; but then you have got into one or two scrapes lately.'

'How do you mean?' said his grandson; 'when and where?'

'Why, for instance, the Simmonses, with whom you were so intimate; did not Mr. Simmons ask you rather an awkward question the last time you were there?'

'He asked me my intentions,' said Frederick, 'my views with respect to his eldest daughter, Caroline—he inquired, in fact if I was serious.'

'A puzzler that, hey, Fred?' chuckled the baronet, who was not sorry the occurrence had happened.

'It was awkward, certainly,' said the youth. 'but how could I help it?' They invariably encouraged me to go to the house, and I positively never was more attentive to one daughter than to another.'

'Possibly not; but depend on it where there are unmarried daughters in a family, fathers and mothers never receive the constant visits of a young man without calculating probabilities, and looking to consequences. However, for Susan Simmons, I care not three straws; I am only anxious that a similar occurrence should not deprive you of Miss Denman's society.'

'That is a very different affair, Sir,' said Frederick; 'surely you would not compare Susan Simmons with Maria?'

'Ah!' said the old man, 'that delights me,

now you are coming to the point, the other was a mere flirtation—all your former fancies have been mere flirtations, but with Maria, (as you say,) it is different; you really love her, she is the woman you select for a wife.'

'I did not say any such thing; I have not thought of marriage, I am too young, too unsteady, if you will.'

'Unsteady enough, I admit,' said Sir Peter, shrugging his shoulders, 'but by no means too young; besides your father being dead, and your mother having made a second marriage, your home as a married man will be so desirable for your sisters.'

'I wonder you never married again, Sir,' said Frederick.

'You would not wonder,' said Sir Peter feelingly, 'had you witnessed my happiness with the woman I loved; never tell me that taking a second wife is complimentary to the first. It is a tacit eulogium on the marriage state I grant you: but I consider it anything rather than a compliment to the individual in whose place you put a successor. They who have loved and who have been beloved like myself, cannot imagine the possibility of meeting with similar happiness in a second union. Plead the passions if you will as an apology for second marriage, but never talk of the affections; at least never name the last and the happiness which you enjoyed in her society, as a reason why you lead a second bride by the tombstone of your first and vow at the altar to love and to cherish her.'

'Why, my dear Sir, can there be any harm in a man's marrying a second wife?'

'Not a bit of it; I am speaking of it as a matter of feeling, not of duty; in fact, I only give you my own individual feelings, without a notion of censuring others. But were I about to marry, Maria Denman is the woman I should choose.'

'I wish you would then, my dear Sir,' said Frederick, carelessly, 'for then I might enjoy her society without the dread of being talked into marriage.' With these words he left the room, and Sir Peter cogitated most uncomfortably over the unsatisfactory result of the conversation.

The next day Frederick Fairleigh was off to some races which were held in the neighborhood, and as if to show a laudable spirit, and to prove that he was master of his own actions, he avoided Maria Denman as much as possible, and flirted with a new acquaintance—the beautiful widow of an officer.

Sir Peter was in despair; Maria who was an orphan, and had been entrusted to his guardianship, was on a visit to Oakly Park, and in her pensive countenance and abstracted manner, he plainly saw that his ward was really attached to Frederick, and was hurt and distressed at his extraordinary conduct.

'I wish our Frederick would come home,' said Sir Peter, who had been watching his ward, while she diligently finished a cat's left whisker in a worsted work-stool which was fixed in her embroidery frame.

'Our Frederick!' said Maria, staring.

'Yes, my dear, our Frederick; did you not know he was in love with you?'

'I hope I am not apt to fancy young men are in love with me, Sir Peter, and certainly Mr. Fairleigh has never given me any reason to—'

'Stop, stop, no fibs,' said the Baronet.

'He has never told me that a——' Maria hesitated.

'He has never formally proposed for you, is that what you mean to say?'

'Decidedly.'

'And never will, if we don't make him; but do you mean to say that he has never given you reason to suppose that he loved you?'

'Pray, my dear guardian,' said Maria, evading a direct reply, 'look at your grandson; you must be aware that his attentions are lavished indiscriminately on every young lady he gets acquainted with. Words and looks that might be seriously interpreted with others, evidently mean nothing with him.—He—he gives it out that he is not a marrying man.'

'Not a marrying man! how I hate that phrase! No man's a marrying man till he meets with the woman he really wishes to marry. And if men are not marrying men, I'd be glad to know what they are?—a pack of reprobate rogues! As to Frederick I'm determined—'

'Pray make no rash resolves respecting your grandson, Sir Peter—especially in any matter in which you may think I am concerned.'

'I tell you what, Maria, I know you love him,' said Sir Peter. 'I see his attentions have won your heart. You have been, and are, quite right to endeavor to hide your feelings, but it is all in vain; I see as plain as possible that you are dying for the ungrateful, foolish, abominable fellow.'

'Oh Sir,' cried Maria, rising in confusion, but she again sank into her chair, and covering her face with her hands, burst into tears.

'Do not think me cruel and unkind, Maria,' said the old gentleman, seating himself by her side and taking her hand; 'you are very dear to me, you and my grandson are the two beings on earth who engross my affections; and believe me Frederick devotedly loves you.'

Maria shook her head, and continued weeping.

Many weeks had elapsed, and young Fairleigh was still absent from Oakly Park.—Maria had, however, resumed her cheerful-

ness, and Sir Peter seemed less annoyed than might have been expected at his grandson's evident determination not to follow his advice. To account for this change we must state, that Sir Peter having accidentally been obliged to search for some book in Frederick's apartment had discovered several matters that convinced him of his attachment to his ward, and those presumptive proofs having been made known to Maria, she had made a full confession of the state of her heart. A print, which when exhibited in a portfolio in the drawing-room had been pronounced a perfect resemblance of the then absent Maria, had been secretly taken from the portfolio, and was now discovered in Frederick's room. By its side was a withered nosegay, which Maria recognized as one that she had gathered and given to him; and in the same place was found a copy of verses addressed 'to Maria,' and breathing forth a lover's fondest vows.

All this amounted to nothing as proofs that Frederick Fairleigh was in duty bound to marry the said Maria Denman. In a court of Justice no jury would have adjudged damages, in a suit for breach of promise of marriage, on such trivial grounds as these; but they served to show Maria that he who had thus treasured up her resemblance could not be altogether indifferent to her, and she at last felt relieved from the humiliating idea that she loved one who had never for a moment thought seriously about her.

Sir Peter and his ward were now often closeted together, and one day after an unusually long discussion, she said,

'Well, Sir Peter, I can say no more; I consent.'

'There's a dear good girl!' cried the old man affectionately kissing her 'and now we'll be happy in spite of him. But now for my plans. It will never do to stay here at Oakly Park with all these servants to wonder and chatter; no, no. To-morrow you and I, and your maid and my confidential man, will go to Bognor, the quietest place in the world, and we'll have nice lodgings near the sea, and I'll write to that miserable boy to come and meet us.'

Maria looked rather grave, but Sir Peter, chuckling with delight, gave her another kiss, and then went to expedite their departure, and to write a letter to his grandson.

Fairleigh, who now began to get very tired of the fascinating widow, was yawning over a late breakfast when his grandfather's letter was laid before him.

'Ah,' thought he, 'more good advice I suppose, urging me to marry. One thing at all events I'm resolved on, never to marry a widow; if people would but let me alone, really Maria after all is—but what says the Baronet?'

MY DEAR GRANDSON,

Finding that all my good advice has been thrown away, and at length perceiving that you never intend to invite me to your wedding, I now write to announce my own, and request you with all speed to hasten to Bognor, where we are established at Beach Cottage, and where nothing but your presence is wanting to complete the happiness of your affectionate grandfather,

PETER FAIRLEIGH.

'Astonishing! of all men in the wide world the very last!' Well, there was no use in wondering; Frederick hastily packed up, and was very shortly on his way to Bognor to pay his respects to the new married couple. On inquiring for 'Beach Cottage,' he was directed to a picturesque abode, the very beau ideal of a house to 'honey moon' in; and he was immediately ushered into the presence of the Baronet, who was sitting alone in a charming apartment which looked upon the sea.

The meeting occasioned some little awkwardness on both sides, and it was a relief to Frederick when Sir Peter rose to leave the room, saying, 'there is a lady who will expect to be made acquainted with you.'

'Yes, Sir,' said Frederick, 'pray permit me to pay my respects—to—to ask her blessing; pray, Sir, present me to—my grandmother.'

Sir Peter left the room, and Frederick half inclined to view the marriage in a ridiculous light, sat wondering what sort of an old body could have been fool enough to enter the married state so late in life. He heard a footstep slowly approach, (rather decrepit, thought he;) a hand touched the lock of the door; it opened; and Maria stood before him clothed in white.

She advanced towards him with a smile, held out her hand, and welcomed him to Beach Cottage.

'Good Heaven!' cried Frederick, sinking on the sofa, and turning as pale as a sheet, 'is it possible! I—I deserve this—fool, idiot, madman that I have been; but oh! Maria, how could you consent to such a sacrifice? You must have known, you must have seen my attachment. Yet, no, no, I have no right to complain, I alone have been to blame!'

Sir Peter had followed the young lady into the room; she hastily retreated to the window, and the Baronet in apparent amazement addressed his grandson.

'What means this language addressed to that lady, Sir; a lady you avoided when I wished you to address her, and now that she is lost to you for ever, you insult her by a declaration of your attachment.'

'Sir Peter,' said the spoiled child, springing from the sofa, 'if you were not my father's father, I'd——'

'Well, what would you do young man?' 'But you are!' cried Frederick, 'you are, and what avails expostulation,' and he sank again on the sofa choking with agitation.

'Pray young man,' said Sir Peter, 'control your emotions, and as to rage, don't give way to it—were you to kill me, you could not marry my widow.'

'Not marry her—could not, were she free!' cried Frederick, as the utter hopelessness of of the case flashed upon him.

'No, my dear boy, no, not even if she were free.'

'I would!' shouted the youth.

'Impossible! If I were in my grave, you could not.'

'I could! I would! I will!' cried Frederick.

'What marry your grandmother!'

'Yes!' said Fairleigh, clenching his fists, and almost foaming at the mouth, 'yes, I repeat it, yes!'

It was impossible to hold out any longer. Sir Peter and Maria burst into immoderate laughter, which only increased the agitation of the sufferer, until Sir Peter wiping his eyes, said,

'Go to her boy, go to her; my plan has answered, as I thought it would, and you will be a happy fellow in spite of your folly.'

Maria earnestly impressed upon her lover's mind that she had most reluctantly yielded to the persuasions of her guardian; in suffering this little drama to be got up for his edification; and Frederick having experienced the anguish which he would have endured had he really lost Maria, proved by his steady devotion of the strength of his attachment. 'Beach Cottage' was retained as the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Fairleigh during the honey-moon, and Sir Peter danced at their wedding.

From the New-York Mirror.

Affection Strong as Death.

BY JOHN INMAN.

It has been said that the love of man 'is of man's life a thing apart'—that it never exists pure, fervent, undiminished, through the changes of time and circumstance, but either subsides and tempers down into a calm feeling of mingled esteem, gratitude and habit, in happy marriages, yields to indifference or absolute aversion in others or less felicitous destiny, or, if not eventuating in marriage, gives place, in time, to another emotion—that of friendship—which, however warm and kindly, is not less distinct from love than it is from pity, admiration, joy, or any other sentiment of which the human soul is capable. The assertion is not true; although it is not denied that evidences of its untruth are sufficiently rare to give much counte-

nance and show of right to its maintainers. One little history has fallen within my own knowledge, which exhibits a beautiful illustration of love—man's love—that faded not and faltered not, through a life of trial such as might well have excused its change, if it had changed. I will relate it, with as close adherence to the strictest line of actual occurrence as my memory enables me to give; for several years have elapsed since I became acquainted with the parties and the events that made up the story of their life; and it may be that circumstances of minor importance in the tale have passed from my recollection, although its principal features are not to be forgotten.

About forty years ago a marriage engagement subsisted between a gentleman, for whose real name I will substitute that of Lewis and a young lady of C——, in England. Mr. Lewis held an office under the government, which yielded him an income of some four or five hundred pounds; his betrothed was the daughter of a respectable tradesman, whose business enabled him to support his family in comfort, but had not given him the means to make any other than a very slender provision for his children after his decease. His family consisted of a wife and two daughters, the elder of whom, then about nineteen, was the betrothed of Mr. Lewis. They had known each other almost from infancy, and the attachment subsisting between them had grown up with themselves—gradually assuming its form and quality, as it were, in continuation and development of the childish preference they had manifested for each other, long before they knew that it was a peculiar feeling.

The day for their marriage was appointed—was near at hand. The banns had been published and the dresses made; and another week would have merged the name of Caroline R. in that of Mrs. Lewis, when the misfortune fell upon her which condemned her to a life, not of single blessedness, but of single pain and helplessness and sorrow—but which also gave room and opportunity for an exhibition of true-hearted love, generosity and nobleness of spirit, such as is not often made for the exaltation of man's nature.

A few days previous to that appointed for the wedding, it was arranged among several ladies and gentleman of the place, that an afternoon should be devoted to the enjoyment of a picnic: that is to say, a dinner, or rather, collation in the open air, at some pleasant spot remote enough to ensure the gaining of an appetite by the walk. It may be here observed, by the way-side, as it were, that such excursions are a favorite enjoyment with English women in the country, and harmonize well with their habits of exercise and indifference to fatigue, and what would be

called by our too delicate ladies, severity of weather. It would be well if pic-nics were more in fashion among us. Mr. Lewis and Miss R. were of the party, and enjoyed it probably, with a keener relish than any of their companions. But their pleasure was soon to cost them very dear.

In the evening, after their return home. Miss R. complained of feeling chilly and uncomfortable—went early to rest—and in the morning was found by her betrothed, when he called to inquire of her health, suffering terribly from a most violent attack of the rheumatism. This was attributed to dampness in the grass upon which she had seated the day before, and probably with truth, although I do not remember hearing that any others of the party were affected in like manner.

It is not necessary that I should describe the progress of her ailment; it is enough to say, that after months of dreadful suffering, and a whole round of medical experiments by eminent physicians, she remained a helpless, hopeless cripple; her limbs paralyzed and contracted, and her frame so enfeebled that she was not able to sit upright, and was assured that never again might she hope to rise from her bed by her own powers. Moreover, the violent, even desperate, remedies to which resort had been made, had dreadfully impaired her constitution, and continual illness was added to the misfortune of decrepitude. She became subject to a species of catalepsy, falling into frequent trances, as they were called by her friends, in which she lost all consciousness, and, but for a faint pulsation, might have passed for one in whom life was extinct forever. These trances, or cataleptic returns, were observed to be almost inevitably occasioned by the least excitement or surprise; even the sudden and loud closing of a door was sufficient to bring them on. Thus at the age of about twenty, this young lady found herself cast down, in a moment, it might be said, from the enjoyment of health, affection, hope and the brightest prospects of futurity, and left a bed-ridden, helpless and suffering wreck, to whom the kindest wish that could be given was a speedy rescue from her trials.

The conduct of Mr. Lewis through this prostration of his own hopes and those of his betrothed, was in the highest degree tender and noble. As much of his time as he could spare from his official duties was employed in attendance upon the unfortunate being whom he had chosen for his wife—in the performance of every kindness that affection could suggest to alleviate her sufferings or sustain her fortitude—and when the melancholy truth was at length declared, that her case was beyond the reach of medicine, he vowed to himself that henceforth his life

should be dedicated to her service; and well did he perform that vow.

So long as her father lived Mr. Lewis could only bestow upon her the attentions of a lover; but in the course of a few years her sister and herself were left parentless and poor; for, as I have said, Mr. R. had but little beyond the profits of his business, and even that little was almost consumed in the expenses of his daughter's protracted illness. Then it was that the generous devotion of Mr. Lewis had full scope. The dying anxieties of Mr. R. were relieved by a voluntary and solemn pledge from him who should have been his daughter's husband, that he would be to the friendless girls a friend and brother so long as he should live; and the pledge was redeemed. By the will of Mr. R. his whole property was entrusted to Mr. Lewis, for the use of the daughters; and, by prudent management, it was hoped that an income might be derived from it sufficient to keep them above actual want, although it could afford none of the luxuries, and scarcely even the conveniences of life. Mr. Lewis resolved that it should be augmented by the addition of his entire salary, reserving only what should be indispensable for his own maintenance, in the simplest style consistent with the requisitions of his office.

Immediately upon the death of Mr. R. he provided a small, but neat and convenient residence for his wards, in a village distant three or four miles from C——, where they dwelt for ten years in great comfort, as regarded the external appliances of enjoyment, although there was no improvement in the health of the unfortunate lady. On the contrary, her weakness gradually increased, and with it, her susceptibility to the cataleptic attacks, which formed so remarkable a feature in her affliction. It was only by the most rigid quiet and freedom from even the slightest causes of nervous excitement, that their recurrence was prevented. During these ten years Mr. Lewis never suffered himself to be prevented by any thing but illness from visiting them every evening, at the close of his duties; he appropriated to their support nearly two-thirds of his salary, and practiced in his own living the most rigid economy, appropriating all that he could save from the remaining third, to the expense of providing the only luxury it was in Miss R.'s power to enjoy—the luxury of books. He was more than once offered a promotion, as by length of service he became entitled to the more lucrative employments of the department in which he was engaged; and when the promotion did not require a change of residence, it was, of course, gladly accepted; but it was declared by physicians whom he consulted, that Miss R. could not sustain the excitement of another removal, and to every

offer that involved his own departure from C—, however tempting it might be in its increase of salary, he returned a firm denial—much to the surprise of his official superiors, as may well be imagined.

Opportunities of a different nature were not wanting, but they were equally disregarded. Mr. Lewis was a handsome man and his devotion to the afflicted Miss R. did not fail to invest him to the ladies of C. with a strong interest; they reasoned, perhaps, that so true a lover could not but make an admirable husband, and it was intimated to him, more than once, by friends who pretended to much discernment, that an offer of his hand would not be rejected by damsels, who would bring to him not beauty and love alone, but handsome fortunes also. If such were the case—and it is by no means improbable—the affection and fidelity of Mr. Lewis are presented in a yet stronger light, for desirable as fortune was to him, and fitted, as he was to appreciate the joys of married life, he never swerved for one moment from the path that he had marked out; he had taken upon himself the office of comforter to one most cruelly afflicted, and nothing should turn him from its fulfilment.

Thus ten years passed away, when circumstances of which I do not recollect the nature, compelled the removal of the sisters from the cottage in which they had resided since their father's death. This removal was a fearful undertaking of difficulty and danger to the bedridden Miss R. Her limbs had become totally contracted, and with every year she became more and more liable to those dreadful attacks of syncope; and it was apprehended that even the gentlest means of transportation would be fatal to one in whom life hung suspended on so mere a thread, and who had not, for ten years, experienced any other movement than that required for the daily arrangement of her couch. Nevertheless, it was necessary and must be undertaken.

Here again the zeal and affection of Mr. Lewis were called into successful action. He invented a machine, or rather apparatus, by which it was hoped she might be removed in safety, as she, confiding in his love and care, did not hesitate to encounter the pain and danger that must be undergone. Nor was her trust misplaced; the journey of some ten or fifteen miles was happily accomplished, not indeed without pain, but without any serious aggravation of her habitual sufferings, and better still, without the dreaded 'trance,' and soon they were comfortably established in their new habitation.

Here they remained, the long-afflicted cripple and her sister, for nearly twenty years; for aught I know to the contrary, they may be living still, although it is more

probable that in ten years that have elapsed since I was in that part of England, death has given his not unwelcome summons to the heroine of this simple narrative. During those twenty years, the conduct of Mr. Lewis was the same that it had been through the preceding ten; he was still the friend, comforter and benefactor of the sisters, and still denied himself almost every gratification save that which came reflected back from them. When I saw him, he was an elderly man, of a pleasant though serious aspect; universally respected for his upright deportment in all the relations of society, but above all for his noble fidelity to the afflicted woman from whom he had expected happiness, but whom it had been his life's employment to shield from want, and from aggravation of her suffering and sorrow. A striking exemplification of this was given by the church-wardens of the parish in which Miss R. and her sister lived. It has been already said that the susceptibility of the invalid to those cataleptic paroxysms, increased as she advanced in years: it was at last found that they were brought on even by distant noises, such as thunder, and the ringing of bells; and it is a fact, that at the simple request of Mr. Lewis, so anxious were all to do him kindness, the bell of the parish church had not been rung for nearly eleven years, when I was in the neighborhood and became acquainted with his history.

This was, indeed, 'affection strong as death.'

TRAVELING SKETCHES.

From Latrobe's Travels.

Women of the United States.

FOREIGNERS have affirmed that the women of the United States were of a superior race to the men, both in person, style of thought, and expression—I do not know if brother Jonathan would be gallant enough to smile at a sober compliment paid at his own expense to his wife or sister; but it is, I believe nevertheless true. There is a great charm about the females of good education; and they are justly celebrated for the solidity of those qualities which render them good wives and mothers, as well as such as catch the attention and command the respect of the stranger. Alas! that so many of the fair flowers of the West, may be compared to the beautiful ephemera of their country, which are born and glitter for a day, dying, as it might seem, before their time; sinking to the grave just as life reaches its season of greatest enjoyment. The number of lovely girls that gather together and crowd the gay winter saloons, or deck the summer fetes, is no less surprising than the proportion that die before their prime, whether from the effects of a

climate subject to the most sudden extremes, or an inappropriate style of dress, or both combined, it is difficult to determine. Again it has been said, and repeated, that the females are not respected as they ought to be in the United States. This, I believe, is founded in error. Still, I should be willing to allow that they are not appreciated as they should be, so far as their influence on society is not as much felt as it ought to be. It is contended that female education is as carefully tended in America as in Europe; if so they are hardly allowed to make the same use of it, as, from the time that either a lady marries or is supposed to be past the age of marriage, which is tolerably early, she either vanishes altogether from the circle of society, or is thrown into the back ground. 'Well,' ye may say, 'I suppose the mother is better at home caring for her children.' No—her children are launched out inconceivably early into the world, and if she will be with them she must follow them. And here I may mention one broad line of distinction between European and American society. In the former the prevailing tone is taken from the middle aged ladies, out of their teens, with mature judgment and that grace and polish which added years give, though they may impair beauty, and subdue sprightliness, give the tone of society. But in America—the paradise of youth unshackled by those forms and precautions which the corruptions of European society render indispensable, the land of confidence in the young—the tone of social assemblages is almost altogether under the control of the young. The married and unmarried look on and listen, but they hardly partake—far less dictate; and one thing which immediately indicates a foreigner is, that he pays attention to them.

I have been really astonished to see how the belle of last spring, then followed by all—sparkling like the fire-fly flitting over her hair—whose form was in every eye—whose words sounded sweet in every one's ear, would the next season be handed quietly into her seat among the sedative ladies of the back row, and hardly have occasion to open her lips during a whole evening's entertainment. It is true, she had married in the interval—yet there she was with a mind more matured, with beauty unimpaired, and added interest.

Delighted as the buoyant scene of youthful gayety, enjoyment and excitement is, all but the young become tired of bandinage after a while, and then there is nothing to supply its place.

The youth of both sexes are introduced into society too soon, and become too prominent on the theatre of life. The one sex starts up at once from children to puny men, and the other becomes surrounded at far too early an age with the cares of American fam-

ily life, which, owing to the difficulties in obtaining confidential, trust-worthy, and really attached servants, are unusually great. But no more of this—I am getting out of my province.

MISCELLANY.

Translated from the French for the Daily Times.

A Freak of Fortune.

BY BERTHOUD.

THERE is no one who does not know some work, or at least the name of Albert Durer, that admirable painter, of whom the Emperor Maximilian said, 'I can easily make a noble of a peasant, but I cannot change an ignorant into as skilful an artist as Albert Durer; I ought then to prize Albert Durer more than all the nobles of my court.' Besides, little as we are versed in the biography of celebrated artists, we know, even to its minutest detail, the agitated life of the German painter, and many have some anecdotes to relate upon the fretful disposition of his wife, and upon the continual bickerings with which she harassed the poor man. Avaricious, fretful, yielding herself up to the impetuosity of a capricious character, she was not disarmed by the lazy *bonhomie* of Durer, neither by his inexhaustible patience. In vain did he give himself up with unexampled assiduity, to the labors of his art, and every day produced one of those admirable engravings which are sought after so eagerly at the present day. she pursued him even into his study, and there, in the presence of his pupils, spared him neither, outcries, sarcasms or abuse.

She was in the habit of associating in her clamors the name of Samuel Duhobret, with the name of her husband.—Samuel Duhobret was one of the pupils of Durer, who through pity had admitted him into his study, notwithstanding his age and poverty. For Samuel could reckon forty years, and had no other resource for a living than that of painting signs, or the hangings of rooms, a sort of luxury much in vogue at that time in Germany. Small, hump-backed, ugly, and more than all stuttering so as not to be able to pronounce two syllables, you can easily understand that he found himself the sport of the other pupils of Durer, and that if any trick was played in the study, it was aimed constantly at Samuel. Buffeted by his comrades, tormented by Madame Durer, who could not forgive his being admitted gratis into the study, having for his repast only black bread whenever he had any at all, the poor fellow found no relaxation except on those days when he could escape into the country, and go to paint at his ease some one of the beautiful views so numerous in the environs of Nuremberg. Then he was no longer the same man. His countenance humble and chagrined, expanded and become

radiant, as a rose opens and becomes radiant in the sun. He ought to be seen seated upon the grass, his portefeuille upon his knee, endeavoring to seize some of those admirable effects of light which he particularly excelled in re-producing. After having passed the day in this manner, he returned to Nuremberg, and the next day avoided speaking in the study of his excursion and still more showing the sketches he had designed. Accustomed to be the object of un pitying raillery, he could not suppose that his works would excite other than contempt; so he resumed silently in the most neglected corner, the little place where he '*chanchait*' the engravings of his master, fulfilling relatively to these works the functions, the *practiciens* to sculptors.

Excepting on those rare rural excursions just mentioned, Samuel arrived at the study at the point of the day, and remained there until night. Then he entered into his garret and re-produced upon canvass the views he had sketched in the country. In order to procure pencils and colors he imposed upon himself the most rude privations; he went even many times, says the German historian from whom we borrow these details, he went even to rob from his comrades some bags of colors and some pencils, so passionately he loved his art above every thing else.

Three years rolled away without Samuel having revealed to the world, his master or his comrades, the results of his nocturnal labors. How did he support himself? That is a secret between God and himself.

One day he fell sick; a violent fever seized upon his '*chétive*' person, and for nearly a week he lay upon his bed of straw without any one coming to sympathise in his sufferings. His head on fire, and feeling that he was going to perish, abandoned by every body, he took a desperate resolution; he arose, put under his arm the last picture he had painted and directed his steps towards the residence of a broker, in order to sell his work, no matter at what price. Fortune willed that he should pass before a house where a great many people were assembled.—He approached; it was an auction of objects of art, collected by a connoisseur, during thirty years unheard of pains, and according to custom, dispersed without pity, and sold after the death of the *savant*, who had passed his life in adorning his precious collection.

Samuel approached one of the appraisers, and obtained from him, not without difficulty, by force of importunity, and after many prayers, that the picture he carried under his arm should be put up at auction. The appraiser valued it at three *thalers*. Good! thought Duhobret, I am sure of having something to eat for a whole week, if I can only find a purchaser. The picture made the tour of the circle and passed from hand to hand,

while the monotonous voice of the auctioneer repeated, 'Three thalers!' who will give it? At three thalers! Nobody answered.

'Oh! my God! my God!' murmured the poor Samuel, my picture will not be sold! what will become of me? And yet it is my best painting; I have never done better; the air circulates through the foliage of my trees, and they would say that the leaves move, tremble and murmur. The water appears limpid; it is the Pregnite, beautiful, pure, fruitful and luminous. How much life in the animals that come to quench their thirst! And then at the bottom what an admirable view: the Abbey of Neubourg with its spire transparent as lace, its elegant structure which a village surrounds with a belt of houses! The Abbey of Neubourg, from which they have just driven the monks, and which I am much afraid will be soon demolished by its new proprietor; for alas! what will he do with an Abbey and a steeple, the honest Lutheran?

'At twenty five thalers!' murmured a feeble and husky voice, which made Samuel, almost stupified, leap with joy.

He raised himself on tiptoe, and endeavored to see who it was that just pronounced those words, thrice blessed. Oh, surprise! it was the broker to whose house Samuel was going, when his good angel inspired him with the idea of stopping at the auction and exposing his picture there.

'At fifty thalers,' cried a ringing voice. Samuel would have willingly embraced the stout man clothed in black, who said that.

'At a hundred thalers—' coughed the croaking voice of the broker.

It was immediately drowned by these words, thundered forth with great eclat:

'At two hundred thalers!'

'At three hundred!'

'At four hundred!'

'At a thousand thalers!'

There was then a great silence among the persons present, who arranged themselves about the two rival bidders, who stepping forward into the circle, found themselves isolated there like two combatants. Samuel thought he was dreaming, and uttered some confused exclamations.

'At two thousand thalers—' said the broker with a dry and forced laugh.

'At ten thousand!' replied the stout man, his face purple with rage.

'Twenty thousand!' the broker pale with excitement, joined his hands, agitated by a convulsive movement.

The stout man, who was sweating and puffing, stammered forth rather than said: 'Forty thousand thalers!'

The broker hesitated. But a conquering and insolent look from his adversary made him murmur 'Fifty thousand thalers.'

The silence soon became profound, for in his turn the stout man now hesitated.

During that time what had become of poor Samuel? He was striving with all his might to awake himself, for, said he, after such a dream my misery will appear to me more horrible, and my hunger more insupportable.

Eh! well, a hundred thousand thalers!

'A hundred and twenty-five thousand—

'THE ORIGINAL FOR THE COPY!—and may the he devil take, you, d——d broker.

The broker went out in a state to be pitied, and the stout man was carrying away victoriously the picture, when he saw advancing towards him Samuel Duhobret, hump-backed, lame and in rags. The stout man wished to get rid of what he thought a beggar, throwing by him a little money. But the hump-back said to him,

'When shall I enter into possession of my abbey, my castle and my grounds? for I am the painter of the picture!'

And he thought to himself, oh! the beautiful dream—the beautiful dream, why must the least noise awaken me immediately from it!

The stout man, one of the richest lords of Germany the count of Dunkelsbach, drew from his pocket a portefeuille, tore out a leaf from it and wrote some lines:

'There my good friend, there are the necessary orders to put you in possession of your property—adieu.'

Samuel came at length to persuade himself that he was not dreaming: He took possession of his castle—sold it, and was proposing to become an honest bourgeois, painting only for his own gratification, when he died of an indigestion.

His picture remained a long time in the gallery of the Count Dunkelsbach, and is now in the possession of the king of Bavaria.

American Generals.

WASHINGTON was a surveyor, and in after life a farmer. Knox was a bookbinder and stationer. Morgan, (he of the Cowpens) was a drover. Tarleton got from him a sound lecture on that subject. Green was a blacksmith, and withal, a Quaker, albeit through all his southern campaigns and particularly at the Eutaw Springs, he put off the outward man. Arnold—(I ask your pardon for naming him in such company)—was a grocer and provision store keeper in New Haven, where his sign is still to be seen; the same that decorated his shop before the revolution. Gates, who opened Burgoyne's eyes to the fact that he could not march through the United States with 5000 men, was a regular built soldier, but, after the revolution, a farmer. Warren, the martyr of Bunker Hill, was a physician, and hesitated not to present to his countrymen, a splendid example of the manner in which American

physicians should practice when called upon by their country. Marion, the old 'Fox,' of the South, was a cow boy. Sumpter, the 'fighting cock' of South Carolina, was a shepherd's boy.

Equality.

AFTER all that has been said about the advantages one man has over another, there still is a wonderful equality in human fortunes. If the rich have wealth, the poor have health; if the heiress has booty for her dower, the penniless have beauty for theirs; if one man has cash the other has credit; if one man boasts of his income the other can of his influence. No one is so miserable but that his neighbors want something he possesses: and no one is so mighty, but he wants another's aid. There is no fortune so good but that it may be reversed; and none so bad but that it may be bettered. The sun that arises in clouds may set in splendor; and that which rises in splendor may set in gloom.

INDIAN HONESTY.—An Indian being among his white neighbors, asked for a little tobacco to smoke, and one of them, having some loose in his pocket, gave him a handful. The day following, the Indian came back, inquiring for the donor, saying he had found a quarter of a dollar among the tobacco; being told, that as it was given him he might as well keep it, he answered, pointing to his breast: 'I got a good man say, it is not mine, I must return it to the owner; the bad man say, why he gave it you, and it is your own now; the good man say, that's not right, the tobacco is yours, not the money: the bad man say, never mind, you got it, go buy some dram; the good man say, no, no, you must not do so; so I don't know what to do, and I think to go to sleep; but the good man and the bad keep talking all the night, and trouble me; and now I bring the money back I feel good.'

A LATE DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND.—After the fatal attack at Bunker's Hill in America, Earl Percy gave to the widow of every soldier in his regiment who fell in the battle, an immediate benefaction of seven dollars; he paid their passage home, and ordered five guineas to be given to each of them on their landing in Britain. His humanity to the sick and wounded, &c. and his generosity to their families during their long stay at Boston, were unparalleled. He had a large tent provided for every company at his own expense, to accommodate the women; and he made it a rule to receive no other servants into his family but soldiers or their wives. Though his regiment was distinguished for its admirable discipline, yet he never suffered his men to be struck; but won them to their du-

ty by generous treatment, by rewards, and by his own excellent example, requiring no service from the meanest sentinel which he was not ready to share with him, whether of hardship, fatigue, or danger.

WORD OF HONOR.—When Justice North, afterwards the Lord Keeper Guldforth, during one of his circuits visited the Duke of Bedford, at his princely seat at Badmington, the Lord Arthur, then a child about five years old, was very angry with the judge (he said) for hanging men. The judge replied, 'that if they were not hanged, they would kill and steal.' 'No,' said the little boy, 'you should make them promise upon their honor they would not do so, and then they would not.' How delicate must the noble principle have been in the breast of this infant noble; and how rich a soil wherein to plant and to cherish it.

TRUE HONESTY.—Some years ago, two aged men, near Marshulton, traded, or according to Virginia parlance, *swapped* horses, on this condition—that on that day week, the one who thought he had the best of the bargain, should pay to the other two bushels of wheat. The day came, and as luck would have it, they met about half way between their respective homes. 'Where art thou going?' said one. 'To thy house with the wheat,' answered the other. 'And whither art thou riding?' 'Truly,' replied the first, 'I was taking the wheat to thy house.' Each pleased with his bargain, had thought the wheat justly due to his neighbor, and was going to pay it.

Letters Containing Remittances.

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of Postage paid.

L. G. C. Woodstock, Vt. \$1.00; P. M. Scottsville, A. I. \$5.00; G. S. N. Kinderhook, N. Y. 1.00; J. C. Ghent, N. Y. \$1.00; G. V. V. Pleasant Plains, N. Y. \$2.00; W. A. D. Potsdam, N. Y. \$1.00; J. G. R. Castleton, N. Y. \$1.00; H. W. K. Ann Arbor, Mich. \$1.00; M. A. G. Lebanon, N. H. \$1.00; H. E. B. Bishopville, S. C. \$1.00.

MARRIED.

At St. George's Church, New-York, by the Rev. Dr. Milnor, Mr. P. F. Livingston, to Miss Sarah E. Bingham, all of that city.

At Hillsdale on the 25th ult. by the Rev. H. Spencer, Mr. David M. West, of Benton, Yates co. to Miss Sarah A. Goslin of the former place.

At Claverack, on the 28th ult. by Ambrose Root, Esq. Mr. Eli Blue to Miss Eve Maria Plass, both of Taghkanick.

In Canaan, on the 31st ult. by the Rev. Mr. Tracy, Mr. Charles Lovejoy, to Miss Tryphina, daughter of Eleazer Cady, Esq.

On the same evening, Mr. Nelson Tanner of New-Lebanon, to Miss Prudence, daughter of Ebenezer Cady, Esq. of Canaan.

DIED.

In this city, on the 24th ult. Louisa Brown, in the 62d year of her age.

On the 26th ult. Sarah Snyder, in her 94th year, from Columbiaville.

On the 27th ult. Hepzabeth Barnard, in her 82d year.

On the 23d ult. Mr. Thomas Clark, in his 46th year.

On the 5th inst. Mrs. Susan Heath, in her 43d year.

On Wednesday, the 1st inst. of pulmonary consumption, at the house of her son, Aaron Gilbert, in New-Lebanon, Mrs. Thankful Gilbert, in the 66th year of her age, late of Athens, N. Y.

At Middletown, Ct. Mr. Edward Hulbert, aged 60 years, formerly of this city.

At Manchester, Virginia, on Wednesday the 18th ult. Captain Uriah Jenkins, commander of the steamboat Potomac; brother of Gardner and James Jenkins, of this city, in the 53d year of his age.



SELECT POETRY.

Washington's Birth Day.

BY C. F. AMES.

In ancient Greece, when'er a Hero rose,
And bid defiance to his country's foes—
Who, mounted high on proud Bellona's car,
Led her armed legions to victorious war,
A grateful people costly temples raise
To tell his triumphs and to speak his praise—
Mausoleums, statues, rise on every hand
To publish wide his glories through the land;
Proud wreaths bedeck the conqueror's ruddy brow,
And millions subject to his thralldom, bow!
His chariot wheels are stained with human blood,
And servile minions make the *man* a God!!

We have a prouder, better task to-day—
We meet the heart's best tribute here to pay;
To yield our homage to exalted worth,
And mark our Country's Father's honored birth!
'Tis for no Cæsar, who, with Tyrant-hand,
Stretched the first scepter o'er his native land;
'Tis not above proud Alexander's grave,
Who died a monarch, but who lived a slave!
'Tis not for him, who, red with human gore,
Died a lone exile on a desert shore!
Cæsars and Alexanders you may find
In every wretch who scourges human kind,
Napoleons, too, in every rebel school
Where'er the sword usurps the civil rule,
But in the tide of Time there is but one—
One noble, great and glorious Washington!

Throughout the world to Earth's remotest bounds,
Dear to each freeman's heart, his name resounds;
It is the watch-word and the battle-cry
Where'er the flag of Freedom meets the eye;
The struggling Spaniards and the exiled Poles,
Alike have graven his virtues on their souls;
Alike his name a sacred influence yields
In Gallia's vineyards and in Britain's fields!
Alike we see it acting as a spell
In Emmet's isle, and in the land of Tell!
He needs no sculptured marble to proclaim
The deathless honors of his glorious name;
He needs no pyramid or costly pile,
His name from dark oblivion to beguile;
While proud Columbia stands as great and free,
Our glorious Union shall his Temple be!
His precepts shall their influence impart
His throne be fixed in ev'ry FREEMAN'S heart!

The Departed.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

Thou shalt lie down

With patriarchs of the infant world—with kings,
The powerful of the earth—the wise—the good,
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,
All in one mighty sepulchre.—BRYANT.

And shrink ye from the way
To the spirit's distant shore?—
Earth's mightiest men, in armed array,
Are thither gone before.

The warrior kings, whose banner
Flew far as eagles fly,
They are gone where swords avail them not,
From the feast of victory.

And the seers who sat of yore
By orient palm or wave,
They have passed with all their starry lore—
Can ye still fear the grave?
We fear! we fear!—the sunshine
Is joyous to behold,
And we reek not of the buried kings,
Nor the awful seers of old.

Ye shrink!—the bards whose lays
Have made your deep hearts burn,
They have left the sun, and the voice of praise,
For the land whence none return.
And the beautiful, whose record
Is the verse that cannot die,
They too are gone, with their glorious bloom,
From the love of human eye.

Would ye not join that throng
Of the earth's departed flowers,
And the masters of the mighty song
In their far and fadeless bowers?
Those songs are high and holy,
But they vanquish not our fear;
Not from our path those flowers are gone—
We fain would linger here!

Linger then yet awhile,
As the last leaves on the bough!—
Ye have loved the light of many a smile,
That is taken from you now.

There have been sweet singing voices
In your walks that now are still,
There are seats left void in your earthly homes,
Which none again may fill.

Soft eyes are seen no more,
That made spring-time in your heart;
Kindred and friends are gone before—
And ye still fear to part?

We fear not now, we fear not!
Though the way thro' darkness bends;
Our souls are strong to follow them,
Our own familiar friends!

From the Tioga Phoenix.

A Fragment.

BY MRS. SCOTT.

And she was seen no more. The low-roofed church,
Half hid by branching Elms and Locusts green,
Did echo'er again the buoyant tread
Of that young fairy creature—and the voice
That erst did kindle in each wondering heart,
A deep and burning fervor had gone out
From the pale sorrowing choir, even as doth
The song of a crushed bird, or the sweet tone
Of a torn harp-string touched by careless hands;
And she was seen no more.

What was her fate?

There is a mound beside that low-roofed church,
Unmarked by sculptured stone, but whose young grass
Is softer, greener, sunnier than the rest
Of the broad marbled yard, and there's a flower
Amid those velvet turfs, one frail white flower,
As pure and delicate as are the wreaths
Quivering upon the Andes' wintry heights,
Yet not more pure than was the heart who sleeps
Beneath its tearful gaze.

What was her fate?

They said the night dews touched her fragile form,
And she bowed down in silence like the rose,
Upon her grassy bed when evening's pearls
Cling to its tender petals—and as if
Death were too harsh a word, they said she slept,
And that they made her grave upon the spot
Which she herself desired.

They told not all—

She died as thousands die—could we but read
The heart's unwritten history, because
Earth can no longer minister unto
The wants of one untainted by its thoughts—
And she went back to heaven to taste the fruits
Which do not turn to ashes on the lip.
Towanda Pa. 1836.

Partings.

BY MRS. ADDY.

PARTINGS—Oh! who hath not felt their power?
Who hath not mourned o'er the parting hour?
Quickly we cherish affection's ties
For minds of congenial sympathies;
But our lots may in varied scenes be cast,
Our brief communion too soon is past,
And we sigh while the rushing tear-drops start,
'Alas! we have only met to part!'

Partings there are of more bitter ruth,
When we breathe farewell to the friends of youth;
They are linked with thoughts of our happiest hours,
Of birds and sunshine, of trees and flowers;
They were sharers in all the joy and mirth
Of the social board and the festive hearth.
Oh! little the world can glad the heart
Condemned from an early friend to part.

Yet are there partings more sad, more drear,
When the awful summons of death is near,
When we stand the couch of a sufferer by,
And gaze on the dim and languid eye,
Watch the last hues on the fading cheek,
Hear the last accents subdued and weak,
Then yield our loved one to Death's cold dart,
And feel that with more than life we part.

Partings! O is not their trial given
To lift the spirit from earth to heaven?
We might deem this world a place of rest,
Surrounded by all we love the best;
But when we the loss of friends deplore,
May our thoughts be turned to that blessed shore,
Where heart shall spring to its kindred heart,
And meet in glory—no more to part!

A. STODDARD,

Printer, Bookseller & Stationer,

No. 135, Cor. of Warren and Third Sts. Hudson,

Has constantly for sale, at his Bookstore, a general assortment of School Books now in use, which will be sold on the lowest terms; also, a great variety of Miscellaneous Books, Bibles of all sizes, Blank Books, Writing, Letter and Wrapping Paper, Lawyers and Justices' Blanks, Writing and Printing Ink, Shaker Garden Seeds, School Certificates, Toy Books, Pictures, Stationery, &c. &c. which will be sold as reasonable as at any other store in the city.

Cash paid for Clean Cotton and Linen Rags.

JOB PRINTING.

Executed with neatness, accuracy and despatch, at the office of the RURAL REPOSITORY, No. 135, Cor. of Warren and Third Streets, such as

Books, Pamphlets, Cards, Checks, Handbills
of every description, on the best of type, and on as reasonable terms, as at any office in the city.

THE RURAL REPOSITORY,

IS PUBLISHED EVERY OTHER SATURDAY, AT HUDSON, N. Y.

Wm. B. Stoddard.

It is printed in the Quarto form, and will contain twenty-six numbers of eight pages each, with a title page and index to the volume.

TERMS.—One Dollar per annum in advance, or One Dollar and Fifty Cents, at the expiration of three months from the time of subscribing. Any person, who will remit as Five Dollars, free of postage, shall receive six copies, and any person, who will remit us Ten Dollars, free of postage, shall receive twelve copies, and one copy of either of the previous volumes. No subscriptions received for less than one year. All the back numbers furnished to new subscribers.

All orders and Communications must be post paid, to receive attention.



DEVOTED TO POLITE LITERATURE SUCH AS MORAL AND SENTIMENTAL TALES, ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS, BIOGRAPHY, TRAVELING SKETCHES, AMUSING MISCELLANY, HUMOROUS AND HISTORICAL ANECDOTES, SUMMARY, POETRY, &c.

VOL. XIII.—[IV. NEW SERIES.]

HUDSON, N. Y. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1837.

NO. 19.

SELECT TALES.

Madame Firmiani.

IN TWO CHAPTERS—CHAPTER THE FIRST.

THERE are many narratives, so rich in incident, and so dramatic by the numberless turns of fortune they embrace, that they hurry the reader on by their own peculiar and intrinsic interest, and will bear to be told, all simply or elaborately, by any lip, without the subject losing the minutest of its graces. But there are some events in our existence whose vivid reality can only be represented by the accents of the heart; there are certain details of by-gone things, whose slender fibres, to speak anatomically, can only be demonstrated under the most delicate, and, at the same time, the most vigorous shades of thought; there are portraits which must be endowed with a soul, and which convey no fancy unless you can realize the finest features of their evanescent physiognomy; those things which cannot be done or told without a harmony of time, and place, a juncture of fate, a moral fitness, or predisposition of temper. Such an union of mysterious influences was absolutely necessary to recount this simple history, by which the author desires to interest those thoughtful and melancholy hearts, which live on soft and tender emotions. But if the writer, like a surgeon by the bedside of a dying friend, feels a respect for the subject on which he is engaged; in the same manner should the reader participate in this inexplicable sentiment, and be imbued with that vague and soothing sadness, which, without tangible cause, spreads its violet-colored tints around us; that weakness of the heart whose gentle sorrows are not disagreeable to us. If, perchance, you are dreaming of some dear friends lost to you for ever; if you are alone, at midnight, or the hour of closing day, you may go on with this story; but at any other time you would fling it aside at the first page. If your heart has never been softened by sorrow, if you have never buried some sister, or fair-browed girl, these pages will be incomprehen-

sible to you. To some hearts, they will be redolent of perfume; to others they will appear as vapid, prosing, and spiritless as those of Florian. In short, you must have enjoyed the rapture of tears; you must have felt the mute sorrow of a remembrance which passes away as lightly and involuntarily as it came, accompanied by a precious, but indistinct and distant phantom; and your heart should be full of those recollections which make us sigh for what the grave has robbed us of, and then smile while we conjure up the joys that were. Believe me, that I would not for the wealth of England, extort from poetry the slightest of its illusions to embellish this narrative. This is a true story, on which you can display the pearls of your sensibility—if you possess any.

A few years ago there was no person in Paris whose character and position was so mysterious as that of Madame Firmiani. That she was very rich, her style of living denoted, but no one knew from whence her wealth was derived; her name signified that she was married, but no one had ever seen her husband; in fact there were as many opinions about, as there were mouths that spoke of her. Like many women of noble, but proud spirits, which make a sanctuary of their own hearts, and despise the world, she incurred the danger of misconstruction by others, and more particularly by the Count de Valesnes, an old nobleman of Touraine, in 1830. He had just arrived from his country mansion, was a punctiliously honorable gentleman, and had an only nephew on whom he doted, whom he destined for his heir, and who bore the name of Octave de Champs. Country people have an awkward custom of stamping with their reprobation those young men who alienate their estates; now Octave de Champs, all at once, and without consulting his uncle, or any of his connexions, had disposed of his patrimony to some unknown person, who had put it in charge of a poor family in the neighborhood, and who would have demolished the old castle of Villaines, had it not been for the urgent instances which the old uncle made for delay. To augment the

wrath of the old gentleman against his nephew, a friend—in fact, a distant relative of Octave and his uncle—dropped in one day, quite by chance, of course, and informed him of his nephew's ruin. According to his statement, Monsieur Octave de Champs, after having dissipated his fortune on a certain Madame Firmiani, was reduced to become a teacher of mathematics, until the death of his uncle, whose fortune he expected, and to whom he dared not avow his indiscretions.

M. de Valesnes instantly posted off to Paris, without writing to Octave, in order to learn all the particulars respecting his intended heir's actual position. The old gentleman still kept up his connexions with the noble families of the Faubourg St. Germain, where in two days he heard so many truths, slanders, and falsehoods about Madame Firmiani, that he made up his mind to procure an introduction to her under the title of M. de Rouxellay, the name of one of his estates. He was formerly a *mousquetaire* of the guard, had moved in his youth among ladies of the highest rank, with whom he had been very successful; his address was polished and courteous in the extreme; his language was elegant and refined; but although he loved the Bourbons with a noble frankness, and believed in God, as all gentlemen do, he was by no means so absurd a specimen of the old school, as the radicals of his department represented him.

'Madame,' said he to the Countess de Frontenac, as he offered her his arm, as they entered Madame Firmiani's, 'how I pity my nephew, if this woman be really his mistress! How can she live in this exquisite luxury while she knows that he is languishing in a garret? She can have no soul! What a fool Octave must have been to have given the purchase-money of Villaines for the caresses of a heartless . . .'

'But suppose he lost his property at play,' observed the old lady.

'In that event, madame,' said the old soldier, 'he might at all events console himself with having had the pleasure and excitement of the game.'

'Do you think, then, that he has had no

enjoyment here?" asked the countess. "Stop; look at Madame Firmiani."

The most enchanting recollections of the sexagenarian uncle were eclipsed by the appearance of his nephew's mistress. His anger expired in the gracious compliment which the sight of Madame Firmiani drew involuntarily from him. By one of those chances, which only happen to lovely women, she was in an attitude and mood of mind, when every charm shone with an especial luster, owing, perhaps, to the soft gleam of the tapers, the exquisite simplicity of her toilette, or to some indescribable reflection of the elegant and tasteful luxury which surrounded her. One must have studied and analyzed all the imperceptible revolutions of a *soirée* in a Parisian saloon to appreciate the imperceptible colors which throw a shadow and a change upon a woman's features. There is a moment, in which, satisfied with the effect of her dress, with a wit and a fancy unusually brilliant and animated, happy in the knowledge of being the conspicuous object of admiration, and finding herself the queen of a circle filled with the choicest spirits of the age, she revels in the full consciousness of the influence of her beauty, grace, and wit; and then she enriches herself with the sparkle of each eye that gazes at her, but whose mute homage is only prized as a sacrifice to the superior claims of the one beloved being whose image is enshrined in her heart of hearts. In moments like these, a woman seems to be invested, like a magician, with a species of supernatural power. She is coquettish without being aware of it; and inspires love all around her, with which her heart is secretly intoxicated, while she throws an atmosphere of light and life about her, made up of smiles that enrapture, and glances that fascinate. If this splendid transfiguration, which is the work of the soul, can give such a charm even to the plain; with what a surpassing beauty must it not shine forth in a woman naturally elegant, with faultless, fair, and rosy limbs, and sparkling eyes; and above all, dressed with a taste which artists might admire and imitate, and which even the rivals of her own sex admitted!

Have you, to your delight, ever met with a being whose voice of melody imprinted that soft charm on her accent which was equally conspicuous in her manners, and who knew when and how to speak, and be silent; whose attentions were paid with that delicacy and tact which set you at once and for ever at ease; whose expressions were felicitously chosen, and whose language was a model of style? The raillery of such a woman is a curee, and her criticism does not wound; she does not preach any more than she argues; and although she laughingly joins a discussion, she knows when to pause; her

face is always affable and smiling; in her politeness there is no constraint; her anxiety to please is not servile or obsequious; never fatiguing you, and dismissing you satisfied with her and yourself. Her exquisite taste will be found impressed upon every thing that surrounds her; in her presence all flatters the sight; and you breathe an air like that of your own country. This woman is always natural; there is no effort, nothing forced in her, and no pretension about her; her sentiments are ever expressed in the simplest language, because they are true; she is frank, and yet never offends any one's self-love. She receives men as heaven has made them, pitying the vicious, pardoning faults, and sparing follies, humoring the foibles and fancies of all ages, and taking offence at nothing, because her womanly tact has enabled her beforehand to foresee everything; she obliges, before she attempts to console; she is tender in her gayety; you love her irresistibly; and if such an angel should err, you feel yourself compelled to justify her. Such was Madame Firmiani. When M. de Valesnes had conversed for a quarter of an hour with this woman, seated by her side, his nephew was absolved by him; and he perceived that whether true or false, the connexion of Octave and Madame Firmiani involved some mystery. Looking through the long vista of years, he returned to the illusions which gilded the early days of his youth, and judging of Madame Firmiani's heart by her beauty, he concluded that a woman, so conscious of her dignity as she appeared to be, was incapable of a disgraceful action. There was such a deep calm in her black eyes; the lines of her face were so nobly drawn, and her features so purely regular, while the passion of which she was accused appeared to have so little influence over her heart, that the count, admitting the promises made to love and virtue by her physiognomy, could not avoid drawing the conclusion that his nephew must have committed some egregious blunder.

Madame Firmiani owned to twenty-five years of age; but the busybodies averred that, as she was married in 1817 in her sixteenth year, she must be twenty-eight in 1830. Yet these precisians, at the same time, admitted, that at no period of her life had she ever looked so desirable, or so completely feminine. The problematical Monsieur, Firmiani, a very respectable octogenarian in 1817, could only endow her with his name and fortune. All acknowledge that her beauty was the most aristocratic in Paris. Still young, rich, an all-accomplished musician, witty, refined, and received in the most exalted hotels of the noble faubourg, from a regard for the Carignans, to which she belonged by her mother, she was sought after

by too many gentlemen not to be the victim of that polished Parisian scandal, and those consummate calumnies, which are so adroitly conveyed behind a fan, or in a whispered remark at the opera. If some of her own sex forgave her for her wealth, others could not pardon her for the correctness and decency of her life; and nothing is more awkward, particularly at Paris, than suspicions without grounds or details, precisely because it is impossible to disprove them.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

The old *mousquetaire* very impertinantly kept his place in Madame Firmiani's saloon, until every visitor had departed; and after she had paid her compliments to the last lingerer, she returned to her fire-place, when she found the old gentleman tranquilly seated in an arm chair, with the pertinacity of a fly, which you are compelled to crush to get rid of. The finger of the clock marked two hours after midnight.

"Madam," said the count, at the instant the lady rose, as if with the intention that her guest should take the hint that she wished his absence. "I am Octave de Champs' uncle."

Madame Firmiani hastily resumed her seat, and was evidently agitated. But, in spite of his perspicacity, the sagacious philosopher could not define the character of her paleness, whether it arose from embarrassment, or delight. There are pleasures whose thoughts we scarcely dare entertain without an involuntary blush; delicious emotions which the purest heart would veil in its recesses, and with which a stranger should not intermeddle. The more delicate and sensitive the heart of a woman, the more she would desire to hide the transports of her soul. There are many women, incomprehensible in their enchanting caprices, who delight to hear on the lips of all the world that cherished name which at other times they would desire to bury in the precious sanctuary of their heart of hearts. M. de Rouxellay did not interpret altogether in this manner the emotion of Madame Firmiani; but the old man was distrustful by nature.

"Well, sir?" rejoined Madame Firmiani, fixing upon him one of those clear and lucid glances by which we men are always baffled, because their scrutiny is too searching, and our respect for a woman prevents our returning it too sternly.

"Well, madame?" repeated the count, "are you aware of what they have taken the pains to come and tell me in the distant corner of the province in which I reside? That my nephew loves you, and has squandered his fortune upon you! The unfortunate is now shivering in a garret, while I see you surrounded with gold and silk. You will excuse my rustic frankness, for it may be of advantage to your character that you should know the calumnies—"

'Stop, sir,' said Madame Firmiani, interrupting the gentleman by a commanding gesture, 'I am apprized of every thing you would teach me; and you are too polite to continue a conversation on a subject painful to me. You are too gallant, (in the ancient acceptation of the term,' she added, throwing a slight accent of irony on the word,) 'not to admit that you have no right to question me, and that it would be unseemly in me to justify myself. I hope you have that good opinion of my character to conceive the supreme contempt I feel for money. I do not know whether your nephew be rich or poor, if I have admitted, or continue to receive him here, I looked upon him as worthy of being ranked among my friends, who all look with respect upon each other, as they know I do not push my philosophy so far as to permit the visits of those I do not esteem. Perhaps I am deficient in christian charity; but my guardian angel has inspired me hitherto with a profound disdain for malicious and mischievous tattling.'

The melody of her voice was slightly affected during the concluding sentence of her reply, and the last words were uttered with the satirical calmness with which *Celime* rallies the misanthrope in *Moliere's* play.

'Madame,' continued the count, with tremulous tones, 'I am an old man, and I look upon myself as Octave's father; I therefore ask your pardon, beforehand, for the sole question I shall take the liberty of proposing to you. I pledge you the word of an honorable questioner that your answer shall lie here,' he added, placing his hand upon his heart with an emphatically religious gesture—'do you love Octave? has scandal any grounds for that report?'

'Sir,' answered Madame Firmiani, 'I should answer any other person with one single look: but to you, and because you are the father of Monsieur de Champ, I will inquire of you, what you would think of a woman who answered—yes—to such a question? To acknowledge our love to him we worship, when he loves us, even when we are loved by him; believe me, sir, even this costs an effort, although it is a reward, and a rapture. But to any other person?—'

She did not finish her sentence but, rose from her seat, saluted the visitor and disappeared.

'Ah!' muttered the old man to himself, what a woman! she is either a sly one, or an angel!

Next morning, at eight o'clock, the old gentleman ascended the staircase of an humble looking dwelling in the remote and obscure street, where his nephew dwelt. If any one was ever surprised, it was the young professor at the sight of his uncle. The key was in the lock, and his lamp was burning; he had been up all night.

'Mr. Farceur,' said M. de Valesnes, (seating himself in the only spare chair in the room,) 'how long has it been the custom for nephews to play tricks upon uncles, whose heirs they are, more especially when these uncles have ten thousand dollars per annum? Do you know that these relatives, once upon a time, used to be respected. Let us see; have you any thing to reproach me? Have I neglected my business of uncle? Have I ever insisted upon your paying me an unreasonable degree of deference? Have I ever refused you money? Have I ever shut the door in your face, under the pretext that you only came to see how long I was likely to live? Have I not always demeaned myself as the most accomodating and least exacting uncle that there is in France; not to say Europe, for that would be too ambitious. You wrote to me or not, according to your convenience; and I lived on satisfied of your affection, and managed one of the prettiest estates in the province for you. It is true, that I wished you to enter into possession as late as possible; but that is no crime, and a very excusable frailty in an old man! And all this time, you sell your estate, lodge like a footman, and have no longer any equipage, or retinue!'

'My dear uncle—'

'I am not talking about uncles, but about nephews! I have a right to be in your confidence, so begin your confession immediately and fully; it is the easiest way, as I know by experience. Have you gambled?' Have you been taken in at the stock exchange? Come now, say to me: 'Uncle, I am a wretched, ruined man'—and we will kiss and be friends. But, if you tell me one bigger lie than I used to tell at your age, I will sell my property, put you out upon a weekly pension, and resume all my bad habits of youth—if I can.'

'My dear uncle—'

'Ah! I saw your Madame Firmiani last night.'

So saying, M. de Valesnes imitated the manners of a young man, and kissed the tip of his fingers as if he was blowing a kiss. 'She is a charming creature,' resumed he. 'You can have the king's approbation, and your uncle's permission, if you wish. As for the sanction of the church, you thought that useless, I fancy. The ceremony is too costly, of course! But tell me, now, did you ruin yourself for her?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Ah! the wicked one! I could have wagered it was so.'

'Uncle,' said Octave, with a saddened, yet enraptured countenance, 'you mistake me. Madame Firmiani deserves your esteem, and is worthy the adoration of all who behold her.'

'Youth is always the same,' said M. de Valesnes. 'But go on; have your own

way; cram me with the old story, if you please. Only, remember that I did not graduate in the school of gallantry for the first time yesterday.'

'My good uncle,' replied Octave, here is a letter which will acquaint you with everything. When you have read it, I will go on with my narrative and you will begin to understand a woman whose parallel has never yet trod the earth.'

'I have forgot my spectacles,' observed the old man; 'so do you read it.'

Octave commenced thus: 'My best beloved!—'

'This woman is yours, then?'

'Most assuredly, uncle.'

'And you have had no quarrel?'

'Quarrel!' repeated the young man with surprise, 'why, we have not yet been married three months.'

'Well,' inquired his uncle, 'Why do you dine every day for a shilling?'

'Let me go on with the letter, and you will learn.'

'That is true; go on.'

Octave resumed the letter, and it was not without the most agitated feelings that he read certain sentences of it.

'MY BEST BELOVED, AND DARLING HUSBAND—'

You asked me why I was melancholy? Has then a shadow passed from my soul upon my countenance; or have you only fancied it? Why should it not be so? for our hearts beat so in unison together. But I cannot lie, or conceal my emotions. Is it not a misfortune? One of the conditions of a woman who is loved, is to be always caressing and cheerful. I might, perhaps succeed in deceiving you; but I would not do so, even though it should preserve or enhance the bliss which you cause me, which I enjoy so rapturously, and by which my heart and soul are intoxicated. Dearest, how much gratitude there is in my love! Therefore, I would love you always, and boundlessly. Yes, I would desire to be always proud of you. A woman's glory is centered altogether in her lover. Esteem, consideration, and honor, all belong to him who has obtained every thing else of her. Well then: my dearest has been a delinquent in one thing; yes, your last confidence has tarnished all my former exultation and joy. Since that moment, I feel humiliated on your account; you whom I looked upon as the most faultless of men, as you are the most loving and tender. I know I ought to have the most implicit confidence in your young heart, to make you such an avowal: and you know not how much it costs me. What! your father acquired his fortune unjustly and by fraud! and you know it and yet retain it! And you told me this tale, worthy of a debased pettifogger, in a room full of the silent and conscious witnesses of our love! And

all this time you call yourself a gentleman and a noble! You are the master of my heart and hand! and you are twenty-two years old! How many dreadful inconsistencies! I have sought for excuses to justify you. I attribute your indifference to the thoughtlessness of careless youth. I know there is much of infantile openness in you. Perhaps you have not yet thought seriously of what fortune and honor consist of! Oh! what a pang your light laugh occasioned me! But reflect that there now exists a ruined family always in tears; that there are, probably, young women who curse you every day; or an old man, who repeats to himself—'I should not be without bread had not M. de Champ's father been a dishonest man!' My Octave, there is no power on earth with authority to change the plain and simple language of probity. Call your conscience to witness, and ask it by what name it would designate the action to which you owe your gold. I will not tell you all the thoughts which oppress my heart; they can be reduced to one, and it is this—I cannot esteem a person who sullies himself, knowingly, for money, however large may be the amount. A hundred cents cheated at cards, or ten times a hundred thousand dollars acquired by legal injustice, are equally dishonorable to a man. I will and must tell you all! I consider myself stained by those carcases which were once my only happiness. From the bottom of my soul there rises a still small voice which I cannot silence, and which calls incessantly. Oh! how I have wept to think that my conscience was stronger than my love. You might commit a crime, and I would shudder you from human justice in my bosom, if I could; but my devotion could go no farther. Love in a woman's soul, my darling, is composed of the most unbounded confidence, united with an indefinable necessity of venerating and worshipping the object to which it belongs. I have never thought of love but as a sacred flame, by which the noblest sentiments were refined; a fire which separated, purified and developed them all. I have but one word more to add. Come to me poor and destitute; and then my love for you will be doubted, if such a thing were possible; but if you dissent, renounce me altogether. If I never see you more, my course is decided. But understand me; I do not desire you to make restitution on account of my advising it. Consult your conscience rather. This mere act of justice should not be looked upon as a sacrifice offered to love. I am your wife; and it is not so important to please and pacify me, as to inspire me with a profound esteem for you. But if I am mistaken—if I have misunderstood your father's conduct—and even if you should think you have the least claim to your fortune, (and, oh! how I long to per-

sue myself that you are blameless,) decide by listening to the accents of your conscience; and act by your own impulse. A man who loves sincerely, as you love me, has too great a respect for the holy confidence reposed in him by his wife, to be dishonorable. I begin to blame myself for all that I have written. One word perhaps, would be enough! My instinctive scrupulosity may have carried me too far. Then scold me, not too severely, but a little. Have you not, dearest, the authority? You only ought to perceive your faults. Now, adored master, can you say that your scholar is ignorant of subtle distinctions.

'What say you now, uncle?' asked Octave, while his eyes were swimming with tears.

'But there is some more writing. Continue, and read all.'

'Oh! the rest is nothing but what lovers write, and which lovers only should read.'

'Good,' said M. de Vuesnes, 'very good, my child. I have had a good deal of intercourse with the sex; and I would have you know that I have loved in my time. *Et ego in Arcadia*. But I cannot understand what drove you to give lessons in the mathematics.'

'My dear uncle, I am your nephew. Is not this enough to tell you that I had encroached a little upon the capital which my father left me. When I had finished that letter, an entire revolution took place in me. It is not possible to describe the state of mind I was in. When I drove my cabriolet, a voice whispered to me; 'is that horse yours?' When I dined, it repeated; 'is not that dinner a stolen meal?' I was ashamed of myself; and the younger my probity was, the more was it ardent and earnest. I flew to Madame Firmiani; and oh! dear uncle, what a day of heartfelt pleasure, of that transport of soul which millions could not purchase! We calculated together the amount I owed to the unknown, but suffering family. Contrary to the opinion of Madame Firmiani, I condemned myself to pay three *per cent* interest since my father's death. But my entire fortune did not suffice to defray the sum. Then, we were both of us loving enough, she to offer, and I to accept her savings. What an hour of rapture!'

'What!' exclaimed the uncle, 'besides her other virtues, is this adorable creature an economist also!'

'Do not laugh at us, uncle,' said the young man. 'Her position compels her to exercise much caution and management. Her husband left her, some years ago, for Greece, where he died three years back. Until this day, it has been impracticable to obtain legal proof of his decease, and to get possession of the will which he must have made in favor of his wife, which was either destroyed, or lost by his Albanian servants. Not knowing

whether she may not be called upon to account with ill-natured heirs-at-law, she is obliged to observe a most rigid economy. Should the necessity happen, she wishes to leave her wealth in the same manner as Chateaubriand relinquished the ministry. Therefore, I want to gain a fortune which should be *mine*, the work of mine own hands, to endow my wife with, should things turn out unfavorably.'

'And you never informed me of this; and never applied to me? Nephew, you should have known that I love you well enough to pay all your honorable debts, which a gentleman may contract. I will be revenged of you.'

'I know the vengeance you have in store for me, but let me enrich myself by my own industry. At this moment I am so happy, that my only care is how to subsist. You understand that if I give lessons, it is to avoid being a burden to any one. If you could but realize the pleasure with which I made the restitution! After much trouble, I succeeded in discovering the ruined and impoverished family; destitute of everything. They lived at St. Germain's, in a dilapidated cottage, where the old father had a little lottery-office; his two daughters took care of the household, and kept the accounts; the mother was bedridden. The daughters were exquisitely beautiful; but they had learned the bitter lesson, what little value the world attaches to beauty when without fortune or portion. What a picture I witnessed! but if I entered as an accomplice in guilt, I retired an honest man. My adventure is a true drama! To have come upon them like Providence; to have realized one of those vague and half-formed wishes—'Oh! that ten thousand dollars a-year would fall down from heaven!—that wish which we form with a bitter smile; language fails to describe the scene that ensued. My rigorous justice appeared unjust even to the parties who profited by it. If there is a paradise, my father ought to be supremely happy in it. As for me, I am loved as never mortal was. Madame Firmiani has given me more than happiness; she has endowed me with an exquisite delicacy of thought and feeling, in which, perhaps, I was deficient. Therefore, I call her, *my dear conscience*; one of those names of love, which respond to certain secret harmonies of the soul. Honesty is the best policy; and I expect to get rich speedily by my own exertions. I am now employed upon a problem in mechanics; if I succeed, I shall gain millions by the application of it.'

At this moment, notwithstanding the distance from the pavement to the garret of M. Octave de Champ's, both uncle and nephew distinctly heard the rumbling of a carriage, which stopped at the gate.

'It is her,' said the young man; 'I know

it by the sound of her horses' feet, which I have studied.'

Madame Firmiani soon made her appearance, and at first seemed chagrined at seeing M. de Valesnes. 'But our uncle can never be one too many at any scene,' said she smiling. 'I am come to kneel humbly to my husband, and to conjure him to bless me by accepting my fortune. The Russian ambassador at Constantinople has just sent me a certificate of M. Firmiani's death, with the long-sought will. Octave, you can now accept it safely. But go; you are richer than I am; for you have treasures *there*,' added she, striking him gently on the heart, 'to which the Deity only can add.'

Then unable to conceal her rapture, she flung herself into her husband's arms, and hid her face in his bosom.

'My niece,' said M. de Valesnes, 'in my youth, we used to make love; but now-a-days, you feel it; in your sex, is all that is good and noble in human nature; and you should not be accountable for your errors, which are always the result of ours.'

BIOGRAPHY.

John Jacob Astor.

THE Philadelphia Saturday Courier furnishes the following sketch of the life of this remarkable man, whose name is so familiar in every part of this country. The biography of this individual illustrates the import of *enterprise, prudence and industry*. When combined they cannot but lead on to fortune.

'It appears that he was born in the German village of Waldorf, on the banks of the Rhine. He was bred in the simplicity of rural life, but when quite a stripling, he quit the scenes of his youth, and made his debut amid the business and bustle of London, having had, from his very boyhood, a singular presentiment that he would ultimately arrive at great fortune.'

An elder brother had resided in the United States for several years, and about the close of the revolutionary struggle, Mr. Astor determined to follow. He had accumulated a small sum of money which he invested in merchandize suited to the American market. He arrived in Hampton Roads in the winter of 1783, and the ship was detained for some months by the ice. The passengers used frequently to visit the shore, and mingle with those from other vessels detained there. It was thus that he became acquainted with a gentleman who had considerable knowledge of the fur trade. He went to New-York, and by the advice of his new acquaintance, he invested the proceeds of his merchandize in furs, and sailed for London the next year. He sold his furs advantageously, and returned to the United States the next year, determin-

ed to devote himself entirely to the branch of commerce, with which he had thus casually been made acquainted.

His means were limited at first, but his industry and perseverance were stayed by no common obstacles.—There was no regular trade in peltries at this period. Hunters and traders occasionally brought out lots of furs and skins, but the main supply was from Canada.

He at length commenced business in the United States on his own account, on a very extensive scale; but soon found the Mackinaw Company a powerful competitor. He therefore devised the plan of 'turning the whole' of the fur trade within the boundaries of the American government into American channels.—In 1809, he obtained a charter from the state of New-York, incorporating 'The American Fur Company,' with a capital of one million, which was furnished by himself, and he was in fact *the Company*, although, from sagacious motives, he chose to have a board of directors, and do business under the 'formidable aspect of a corporation.' In 1811, in conjunction with certain partners of the North West Company, he bought out the Mackinaw Company, and merged both into a new association called 'The South West Company.'

After the exploration of Lewis and Clark, showing the practicability of a line of communication across the continent from the Atlantic to the Pacific, Mr. Astor conceived the great idea of establishing a line of trading posts along the Missouri and the Columbia, to the mouth of the latter, where was to be located the chief trading house or mart. Inferior posts were to be established to trade with the Indians. In conjunction with the several persons who had been engaged in the North West Company, this enterprise had been set on foot. They were to go out as active partners, and Astor was to furnish capital. In September, 1810, The *Tonquin*, the vessel sent out to establish the 'embryo metropolis' sailed from New-York. She proceeded to her destination, and in April following, the adventurers fixed upon Point George, on the Columbia river, as the site of the trading house for the contemplated establishment, and in compliment to Mr. Astor, it was named Astoria. The immense sum of money was invested in this great enterprise, but it was mainly unsuccessful, from various causes. The unfortunate fate of the *Tonquin* was the first blow of despondency, and produced a shock from which the establishment at Astoria never recovered. The agents proved to be incompetent or alien of purpose. The great features marked out by Mr. Astor were not adhered to, and in fact, the *Tonquin* would not probably have been lost, if his express instructions had been complied with;

but the enterprise was pursued with a boldness of purpose that seemed to defy all reverses until the breaking out of the war between the United States and Great Britain, which 'multiplied the hazards and embarrassments of the enterprise,' and the fate of the 'embryo metropolis,' was finally consummated by Capt. Black's rearing the English flag, and taking possession of Astoria in the name of his Britannic Majesty.

It is well known that Mr. Astor has been engaged in numerous other enterprises, which contributed to make him one of the wealthiest individuals in our country. He has reared his monument on Broadway, in New-York, (the Astor House,) on the very street where he so sanguinely predicted years ago, he would ultimately erect a larger house than any that was then the pride and ornament of that famous street.

MISCELLANY.

Decisive Integrity.

The man who is so conscious of the rectitude of his intentions, as to be willing to open his bosom to the inspection of the world, is in possession of one of the strongest pillars of a decided character. The course of such a man will be firm and steady, because he has nothing to fear from the world, and is sure of the approbation and support of Heaven.—While he who is conscious of secret and dark designs, which, if known, would blast him, is perpetually shrinking and dodging from public observation, and is afraid of all around, and much more of all above him.

Such a man may, indeed, pursue his iniquitous plans, steadily; he may waste himself to a skeleton in the guilty pursuit, but it is impossible that he can pursue them with the same health-inspiring confidence and exulting alacrity, with him who feels, at every step, that he is in the pursuit of honest ends by honest means.

The clear, unclouded brow, the open countenance, the brilliant eye which can look an honest man steadfastly, yet courteously in the face, the healthy beating heart, and the firm, elastic step, belonging to him whose bosom is free from guile, and who knows that all his motives and purposes are pure and right. Why should such a man falter in his course? He may be slandered; he may be deserted by the world; but he has that within which will keep him erect, and enable him to move onward in his course with his face fixed on Heaven, which he knows will not desert him.

Let your first step, then be in that discipline which is to give you decision of character, by the heroic determination to be honest men, and to preserve this character through every vicissitude of fortune, and in every relation which connects you with society. I do not

use this phrase, 'honest men,' in the narrow sense, merely, of meeting your pecuniary engagements, and paying your debts, for this, the common pride of a gentleman will constrain you to do.

I use it in its large sense of discharging all your duties, both public and private, both open and secret, with the most scrupulous, Heaven-attesting integrity; in that sense, further, which drives from the bosom all little, dark, crooked, sordid, debasing considerations of self, and substitutes in their place a bolder, loftier, and nobler spirit; one that will dispose you to consider yourselves, as born, not so much for yourselves, as for your country and your fellow creatures, and which will lead you to act on every occasion sincerely, justly, generously, magnanimously.

There is a morality on a large scale, perfectly consistent with a just attention to your own affairs, which it would be the height of folly to neglect; a generous expansion, a proud elevation, and conscious-greatness of character, which is the best preparation for a decided course, in every situation into which you can be thrown; and it is to this high and noble tone of character that I would have you to aspire.

I would not have you to resemble those weak and meager streamlets, which lose their direction at every petty impediment that presents itself, and stop and turn back and creep around, and search out every little channel through which they may wind their feeble and sickly course. Nor yet would I have you to resemble the headlong torrent that carries havoc in its mad career.

But I would have you like the ocean, that noblest emblem of majestic decision, which in the calmest hour, still heaves its irresistible might of waters to the shore, filling the heavens, day and night with the echoes of its sublime declarations of Independence, and tossing and sporting, on its bed, with an imperial consciousness of strength that laughs at opposition. It is the depth, and weight and power, and purity of character, that I would have you to resemble; and I would have you, like the waters of the ocean, to become the purer by your own action.—*Wirt.*

Lord Nelson.

A LATE English writer, an eye witness to the scene gives, the following description of the amputation of this hero's arm, and his subsequent death, after the glorious affair of Trafalgar. It makes one's blood run quicker to read it.

'No sooner had Nelson been examined by the surgeon than immediate amputation was recommended. I undressed him myself, and laid him down on the cabin table, making him as comfortable as possible, but the wound was one which must have been dreadfully,

painful for the bone was shattered to pieces, and I never remember to have seen such a fracture before. 'I'm ready,' said Nelson 'so doctor despatch. You know business too well for me to fear, or you to cause useless pain.' I thought I should have dropped when I saw the first cut. Nelson's face never moved. His lips, it is true, were closely pressed together, but that I have been told, is a strong sign of determination. His cheeks were pale from the loss of blood, and he appeared faint from the exertion of rescuing some of the men whom he saved from the Fox. Oh, how I felt when I saw the long knife, bright as the binnacle lamp, dazzling all around. Nelson looked at it, and in a moment it was down to the bone right round and round the arm. He did not flinch from this; but just before, when the surgeon drew the skin back he looked up. Then came the saw, and I'm blessed if the carpenter sawing off the heel of a studding sail boom could have set to work with more coolness than the doctor. Off fell the limb—Nelson's good right arm; one that in the attack not a month previous with the Spanish gunboats had defended its owner, and saved his life, as well perhaps as John Sykes's skull. No sooner was the limb dressed, the knives removed, the assistant surgeon despatched to look for others, than up gets the admiral, and—'Brace,' says he, 'get some paper, and write down the despatch as I tell you.' And its as true as the Gospel, he told every word, and held the paper, and read it himself, to see that it was all correct, although it was 11 o'clock at night before it was finished.'

Eulogy on William Penn.

DU PONCEAU.

WILLIAM PENN stands the first among the lawgivers, whose names and deeds are recorded in history. Shall we compare him with Lycurgus, Solon, Romulus, those founders of military commonwealths, who organized their citizens in dreadful array against the rest of their species, taught them to consider their fellow-men as barbarians, and themselves as alone worthy to rule over the earth? What benefit did mankind derive from their boasted institutions? Interrogate the shades of those who fell in the mighty contests between Athens and Lacedæmon, between Carthage and Rome, and between Rome and the rest of the universe. But see William Penn, with weaponless hand, sitting down peaceably with his followers in the midst of savage nations, whose only occupation was shedding the blood of their fellow-men, disarming them by his justice, and teaching them, for the first time, to view a stranger without distrust. See them bury their tomahawks, in his presence, so deep that man shall never be able to find them again. See them under

the shade of the thick groves of Coaquannock, extend the bright chain of friendship, and solemnly promise to preserve it as long as the sun and moon shall endure. See him then, with his companions, establishing his commonwealth on the sole basis of religion, morality and universal love, and adopting, as the fundamental maxim of his government, the rule handed down to us from heaven, *Glory to God on high, and on earth peace and good will to men.* Here was a spectacle for the potentates of the earth to look upon—an example for them to imitate. But the potentates of the earth did not see, or, if they saw, they turned away their eyes, from the sight; they did not hear, or, if they heard, they shut their ears against the voice which called out to them from the wilderness,

'Discite justitiam moniti, et non temere Divos.'

The character of William Penn alone sheds a never-failing luster on our history.

The Dead of 1836.

WE are indebted to the New-Yorker for the following summary of the great dead of the past year:

Since the opening of the present year, our country has lost the following from her long roll of illustrious citizens: Feb. 6, at Cincinnati, Ohio, Gen. Edward King, for many years an eminent Member of the Legislature of that State, and Speaker; March 6, at the storming of Bexar in Texas, Col. David Crockett, long a noted eccentric Member of Congress; March 22, at Chester, N. H. John Bell, Member of Congress from and subsequently Governor of that State; March 7, at New Haven, Conn. William Bristol, U. States District Judge since 1828; April 21, in Lincoln county, N. C. Hutchins, G. Burton, late Governor of that state and formerly M. C.; March 19, in this city, Samuel A. Talcott, formerly Attorney General of the State of New-York; Jan. 7, at Philadelphia, Robert Vaux, a distinguished philanthropist of the Society of Friends; Jan. 24, at Philadelphia, Robert Wain, an eminent merchant, formerly M. C.; May 23, at Redhook, N. Y. Edward Livingston, a celebrated jurist and statesman—successively M. C. from this city, District Attorney, Mayor, Representative and Senator from Louisiana, Secretary of State, and Ambassador plenipotentiary to France; at Philadelphia, May 1, Richard J. Manning, M. C. from S. C. and once Governor of that State; April 24, at Philadelphia, Wm. Rawls, a distinguished lawyer and commentator on the constitution.

At Montpelier, Va. June 28, James Madison, fourth President of the United States, (from 1809 to 1817.) He distinguished himself in the early stages of the revolutionary contest in the General Assembly of Virginia, passing thence to the Continental

Congress, in which he remained till 1783. He was the last survivor of the framers of our Federal Constitution, and took a leading part in the Convention in favor of its adoption. He was Secretary of State throughout the whole period of Jefferson's administration. He was remarkable for a placid and philosophic temperament, and in private life was universally esteemed and beloved.

In Philadelphia, July 17, Rev. William White, D. D. Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church of Pennsylvania, and for many years senior and presiding Bishop of that church in the United States.—July 9, at Greenland, N. H. John F. Parrott, U. S. Senator, from 1819 to 1825. July 9, at Little Rock, Arkansas, David Dickson, Member of the present Congress from Mississippi; In Georgia, Oct 1, Gen. John Coffee, Member of the present Congress from that State; Oct. 10, at Ekton, Md. Robert H. Goldsborough, U. S. Senator. Dec. 1, at Cincinnati, Ohio, Geo. L. Kinnard, M. C. from Indiana; his death was caused by injuries received from the bursting of the boiler of a steamboat in which he was traveling toward Washington. On Staten Island, in Oct. Aaron Burr, formerly Vice President of the United States. In New-York, Dec. 8, Jacob Morton, Major General of the State Artillery, probably the oldest military officer in the country.

DISBANDING OF THE REVOLUTIONARY ARMY.

—When has the sun, in all his course since time began, shone upon a scene like the disbanding of the revolutionary army? Where is the history that can shew its parallel, or the people who can boast its equal? An army, flushed with victory, that had just achieved the independence of its country, and given it a name and place among the nations; an army that, with indescribable toil and hardship, the high purpose of its enlistment, and that had large and just claims upon the treasury, as well as gratitude of the nation, is summoned on parade for the last time; their arrears are unpaid, they are without a single day's rations in their knapsacks, hundreds of miles from home, which home may have been desolated in their absence, by savage violence, many of them enfeebled by sickness and protracted sufferings, and all of them goaded to extreme sensitiveness by a most eloquent exhibition of their deserts, and an exciting portraiture of their grievances by a talented and ingenious faction. Will their love of country overcome the promptings of selfishness, and the keen and bitter stings of disappointment? Will they refuse to listen to the song of the syren, that justifies and urges self-remuneration? Will these careworn and neglected veterans pile their arms, and literally beg their passage home-

ward? Will they quickly surrender the means of redress in their hands, and trust cold charity for bread, and the tardy justice of their country for remuneration? Oh, it is more than human, it is God-like. The drum beats—the line is formed—the flag of independence is advanced to their front—the officers, with uncovered heads, bid their men a silent farewell: filing off, they piled up their arms in solemn silence, and with clasped hands and averted eyes, are dismissed, each one to his own way. Is there aught in Grecian or Roman story, in ancient or modern revolutions, that can equal this last act of our veteran fathers, in magnanimity and patriotism.—*Lawrence's Oration.*

Autumnal Musings.

Extract of an article in the Token for 1800, written by the Rev. John Pierpont.

'How eloquent, how impressive is the preaching of nature. How valuable the lessons it inculcates upon the mind of him who meditates at eventide upon what he sees. He looks upon the lofty elm which the frost has touched. Its leafy honors have faded, and are fallen away; but the grass beneath it is still green. Why then should he envy the proud or despise him who is of low estate? For the pitiless blast of adversity shall sweep over the one, and bear away all but the faded remnant of his glories, and the proud one shall sigh when he feels that remnant must soon be resigned, and that too in the evening of his life, while the other though humble, is bright and cheerful to the last, and patiently waits till the white robe of death is spread over him.

PUBLIC HOUSE IN THE MOON.—A rustic having gone to the Calton-hill Observatory to get a sight of the moon, and after having got a glance of it, he drew away his head to wipe his eyes, and in the interval the end of the telescope noiselessly fell down, so as, instead of pointing to the heavens, to point down upon the earth. The rustic's surprise was unutterable when he again looked through, and beheld the sign of a public house at a short distance, with the customary declaration, 'Edinburgh Ale!' &c. With a look more easily conceived than described, he started back and exclaimed, 'Edinburgh Ale in the moon! Gude preserve us, that beats a'!'—*Edinburgh Eve. Post.*

THE INSOLVENT NEGRO.—A negro of one of the kingdoms on the African coast, who had become insolvent, surrendered himself to his creditor; who, according to the established custom of the country sold him to the Danes. This affected his son so much, that he came and reproached his father for not rather selling his children to pay his debts;

and after much entreaty, he prevailed on the captain to accept him and liberate his father. The son was put in chains, and on the point of sailing to the West Indies; when the circumstance coming to the knowledge of the governor, through the means of Isert, he sent for the owner of the slaves, paid the money that he had given for the old man, and restored the son to his father.

BROTHERLY LOVE.—A little boy seeing two nestling birds pecking at each other, inquired of his elder brother what they were doing. 'They are quarreling,' was the answer. 'No,' replied the child, 'that cannot be; they are brothers.'

A Scotch nobleman one day visited his lawyer at his office, in which, at the time, there was a blazing fire, which led him to exclaim, 'Mr. — your office is as hot as an oven.'—'So should it be, my lord,' replied the lawyer, 'as it is here I make my bread.'

Letters Containing Remittances.

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of Postage paid.

P. M. Climax Prairie, Mich. \$5.00; J. G. R. Jericho, Vt. \$1.00; J. O. Stockport, N. Y. \$1.00; T. C. Cairo, N. Y. \$1.00; W. S. W. Fitchburg, Ma. \$8.00; S. S. Madison, O. \$1.00; W. C. Acra, N. Y. \$1.00; T. H. D. Phelps, N. Y. \$0.81; T. M. B. Hallowell, U. C. \$1.00; B. E. Jr. Malden Bridge, N. Y. \$1.00.

Hudson Lunatic Asylum.

S. & G. H. White, M. D. Proprietors.

From the annual report of the proprietors of this institution, it appears that ninety-three patients have been treated during the past year, of whom fifty-eight have been admitted during the year; thirty five were remaining January 1, 1836.

The whole number of recent cases	20
" Chronic do.	69
" Intemperate	4
	93
Of the recent cases 13 recovered	
" 4 convalescent	
" 3 improved	
	20
Of the chronic cases 12 recovered	
" 8 convalescent	
" 9 much improved	
" 27 improved	
" 9 stationary	
" 4 died	
	69
Intemperate	3 reformed
" 1 unreformed	
" "	
Total	93

Remaining January 1, 1837, forty-two patients, to wit; chronic cases thirty-two, recent ten. Three of the latter have recovered; the remainder are convalescing, or much improved with a prospect of recovery.

Since the opening of this institution, a period of six years and a half, two hundred and ninety seven patients have been admitted.

Although it is satisfactorily ascertained that nine-tenths may be restored if placed early in an asylum under judicious treatment, yet the friends of those who have been for a longer time deprived of reason may be encouraged by the above report, which shows nearly one-third of chronic cases restored during the past year.

MARRIED,

At Great Barrington, on the 9th inst. by the Rev. Sturges, Gilbert, Mr. Henry Warner, of Waterloo, Seneca co. to Miss Jane Rosseter, of the former place.

At Smoky Hollow, by the Rev. Richard Shuyter, Mr. George Van Deusen, of Copake, to Miss Alvira Richmond, of Lee, Mass.

DIED,

At Hillsdale, on the 28th ult. Sarah Bathsheba, daughter of James W. and Catherine E. White, aged 14 months. At the residence of her uncle, at Stockport, on the 14th inst. Mary Ann Lucy Brown, aged 23 years.



SELECT POETRY.

The Rose in Winter.

BY MISS R. F. GOULD.

O, WHY do I hold thee, my fair, only rose,
My bright little treasure—so dear;
And love thee a thousand times better than those,
In thousands, that lately were here?

Because, like a friend, when the many depart,
As fortune's cold storms gather round,
Till all from without chills the desolate heart,
My sweet winter flower thou art found!

Because, that for me thou hast budbed and blown,
I look with much fondness on thee—
That while I've no other, I call thee my own,
And feel, thou art living for me.

I know thee. I've studied thy delicate form,
Till reared from the root to the flower
That opens to-day, in a season of storm,
To brighten so dreary an hour.

How could I so lavishly scatter my sight
On those that the gay summer sun
Hast nursed with his beams, when I find such delight
From having and loving but one.

And while thou dost modestly blush at the praise,
That thus I in secret bestow,
It heightens thy beauty, and only can raise
The strain, high and higher to flow.

Although thou must droop as our dearest ones will,
I'll tenderly watch thy decline—
And, in the sad moments, I'll cherish thee still,
Because thou hast cheered me in mine.

Then, hallowed like dust of a friend in the tomb,
I'll lay thy pale leaves safe away,
Where memory often shall give them the bloom
That brightened my dark winter day.

From the Lycoming Free Press.

My Spirit's Lyre.

BY MRS. PIERSON.

My Spirit's Lyre has lost the tone
That rang so proud and high,
And answers with a deep low moan
Even to the touch of joy.

The sweetest of its tuneful strings
Dark Fate has torn away,
And all its faithful murmurings
Mourn the lost melody.

Young Friendship poured her holiest lay
In childhood's happiest home,
Before a long life's pilgrim way
My feet had learned to roam.

But some young hands that woke the string
To this high holy lay,
Lie on the still breast mouldering,
And some are far away.

It had a chord attuned to Fame,
That Mercy snatched away;
She sought to save a woman's name
From envious calumny.

Young Hope no longer crowns the Lyre
With wreaths of brilliant flowers,
And bide the trembling soul aspire
To sweet and sunny hours:

For cold Experience stole her wreaths
And hung them o'er a tomb,
And now this only lay she breathes
'Peace in a life to come.'

But Sympathy's elastic strings
Their full deep tones retain;
And drooping Sorrow often brings
Her wild and sobbing strain.

Woe to the wrecked and shivering Lyre,
Whose joyous chords are riven:
Till it awakes to ecstasy—
Strung and attuned in Heaven.

Mother's Love.

BY MRS. SARAH J. HALE.

THERE is no human love so pure,
So constant and so kind;
There is no love that doth endure
Like this within the mind.

Lightly a soft cheek presses hers,
The first and fond caress,
And through her thrilling bosom stirs
The mother's tenderness.

Now pile your gold as Andes high,
Unveil Golconda's mine,
But not for wealth that thrones might buy
Would she her child resign.

And in his dearer life she lives,
His smiles her cares beguile—
Ah! earth but few such pleasures gives
As the first conscious smile.

How still she sits beside his bed
And watches o'er his rest!
And oft his little helpless head
She pillows on her breast.

Hark! comes the sound of danger nigh,—
She shrieks for him alone—
To pierce his heart the steel gleams high—
She sheathes it in her own!

In weal or woe, life, death, the same—
Borne in her arms, or far away;
She guards his cradle or his fame—
Her kiss will ne'er betray.

For with her kisses mingle prayers—
A mother's heart must pray!
None but her God can know her cares,
And none but he repay.

Past and Present.

I saw a little merry maiden,
With laughing eye and sunny hair,
And foot as free as mountain fairy,
And heart and spirit light as air;

And hand and fancy active ever,
Devising, doing, striving still;
Defeated oft—despairing never—
Up-springing strong in hope and will.

I saw her bounding in her gladness,
On a wild heath at dewy morn,
Weaving a glistening wild-rose garland,
With clusters from the scented thorn.

I saw her singing at her needle,
And fast and well the work went on,
Till song and fingers stopt together—
Not for sad thoughts of fair days gone;

But that of fairer still, a vision
Rose to the happy creature's sight,
And to a fairy world of fancy
The mind was gone, more swift than light.

I saw her smiling in her slumber,
The blissful day-dream had gone by;
I saw her weep: but bosom sunshine
Broke out before the tear was dry.

I saw her, 'troops of friends' encircling,
Read kind-will in many a face—
With a bright glance, that seemed exulting,
'Oh happy world! oh pleasant place!'

* * * * *

I saw a dim-eyed, dark-browed woman
Declining in the vale of years;
Pale streaks among the dull locks gleaming,
That shaded cheeks deep worn with tears.

I saw her wandering in her loneliness
Among the tombs at eventide,
When Autumn's winds with hollow murmurs,
Among funeral branches sighed.

I saw the sere leaves falling round her,
When o'er the dead these dark boughs wave;
I heard a voice—I caught a murmur,
'O weary world! Oh peaceful grave!'

I thought upon that merry maiden—
I looked upon that woman lone;
THAT form so buoyant—this so drooping—
(O time! O change!)—were one—my own.

Ballad.

BY MISS JULIA S. H. PARDON.

Oh! give me back my heart again,
You cannot prize it now;
You've looked into a brighter eye,
And on a fairer brow.
If still you loved, you would not let
Another's image reign,
One instant in your spirit's depths—
Oh! give it back again.

Oh! give me back my heart again,
If it has loved you well;
Do it in silence—'tis no tale
For lips like yours to tell.
I read it in your languid smile,
Which strives to cheat in vain;
The wandering glance, the altered tone—
Oh! give it back again.

Oh! give me back my heart again,
You do not know its pride;
It does not ask a single thought
Another may divide.
Fear not reproach—on happier days
Though it may dwell with pain,
Believe me, it will never seek
To beat with yours again.

Business and Address Cards
BEAUTIFULLY PRINTED
WITH DIFFERENT COLORED, OR BLACK INK,
AT THIS OFFICE.

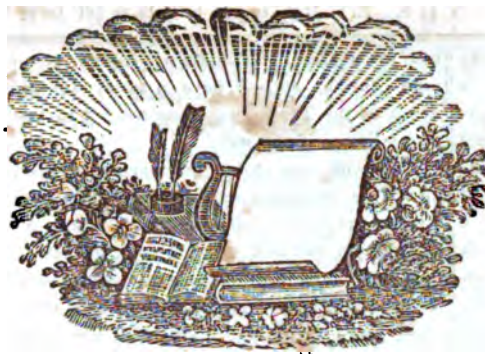
THE RURAL REPOSITORY,

IS PUBLISHED EVERY OTHER SATURDAY, AT HUDSON, N. Y.
By Wm. B. Stoddard.

It is printed in the Quarto form, and will contain twenty-six numbers of eight pages each, with a title page and index to the volume.

TERMS.—One Dollar per annum in advance, or One Dollar and Fifty Cents, at the expiration of three months from the time of subscribing. Any person, who will remit us Five Dollars, free of postage, shall receive six copies, and any person, who will remit us Ten Dollars, free of postage, shall receive twelve copies, and one copy of either of the previous volumes. No subscriptions received for less than one year. All the back numbers furnished to new subscribers.

All orders and Communications must be post paid, to receive attention.



DEVOTED TO POLITE LITERATURE, SUCH AS MORAL AND SENTIMENTAL TALES, ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS, BIOGRAPHY, TRAVELING SKETCHES, AMUSING MISCELLANY, HUMOROUS AND HISTORICAL ANECDOTES, SUMMARY, POETRY, &c.

VOL. XIII.—[IV. NEW SERIES.]

HUDSON, N. Y. SATURDAY, MARCH 11, 1837.

NO. 20.

SUBJECT TALES.

Love and Diplomacy.

'Pray pardon me,

For I am like a boy that hath found money—
Afraid I dream still.'

It was on a fine September evening, within my time, (and I am not, I trust, too old to be loved,) that Count Anatole L——, of the impertinent and particularly useless profession of *attache*, walked up and down before the glass in his rooms at the 'Archduke Charles,' the first hotel, as you know, if you have traveled, in the green-belted and fair city of Vienna. The brass ring was still swinging on the end of the bell-rope, and, in a respectful attitude at the door, stood the just summoned Signor Attilio, valet and privy councillor to one of the handsomest cock-combs errant through the world. Signor Attilio was a Tyrolese, and, like his master, was very handsome.

Count Anatole had been idling away three golden summer months in the Tyrol, for the sole purpose, as far as mortal eyes could see, of disguising his fine Phidian features, in a callow moustache and whiskers. The crines ridentes (as Eneas Sylvius has it) being now in a condition beyond improvement, Signor Attilio had for some days been rather curious to know what course of events would next occupy the diplomatic talents of his master.

After a turn or two more, taken in silence, Count Anatole stopped in the middle of the floor, and eyeing the well known Tyrolese from head to foot, begged to know if he wore at the present moment his most becoming breeches, jacket, and beaver.

Attilio was never astonished at any thing his master did or said. He simply answered, 'Si Signore.'

'Be so kind as to strip immediately and dress yourself in that traveling suit lying on the sofa.'

As the green, gold-corded jacket, knee-breeches, buckles, and stockings, were laid aside, Count Anatole threw off his dressing gown, and commenced encasing his handsome proportions in the cast-off habiliments—

He then put on the conical, slouch-rimmed hat, with a tall eagle's feather stuck jauntily on the side, and the two rich tassels pendant over his left eye, and the toilet of the valet being completed at the same moment, they stood looking at one another with perfect gravity—rather transformed, but each apparently quite at home in his new character.

'You look like a gentleman, Attilio,' said the count.

'Your excellency has caught to admiration, *l'aria del paese*,' complimented back again the sometime Tyrolese.

'Attilio!'

'Signore?'

'Do you remember the lady in the forest of Friuli?'

Attilio began to have a glimmering of things. Some three months before, the count was dashing on at a rapid postpace, through a deep wood in the mountains which head in the Adriatic. A sudden pull-up at a turning in the road nearly threw him from his britska, and looking out at the '*anima di porco*!' of the postillation, he found his way impeded by an overset carriage, from which three or four servants were endeavoring to extract the body of an old man, killed by the accident.

There was more attractive metal for the traveler, however, in the shape of a young and beautiful woman, leaning, pale and faint, against a tree, apparently about to sink to the ground, unassisted. To bring a hat full of water from the nearest brook, and receive her falling head on his shoulder, was the work of a thought. She had fainted quite away, and taking her, like a child, into his arms, he placed her on a bank by the road side, bathed her forehead and lips, and chafed her small white hands, till his heart, with all the distress of the scene, was quite mad with her perfect beauty.

Animation at last began to return, and as the flush was stealing into her lips, another carriage drove up with servants in the same livery, and Count Anatole, thoroughly bewildered in his new dream, mechanically assisted them in getting their living mistress and dead master into it, and until they were fairly

out of sight, it had never occurred to him that he might possibly wish to know the name and condition of the fairest piece of work he had ever seen from the hands of his Maker.

An hour before, he had doubled his '*bonomano*' to the postillion, and was driving on to Vienna as if to sit at a new Congress. Now, he stood leaning against the tree at the foot of which the grass and wild flowers showed the print of a new-made pressure, and the postillion cracked his whip, and Attilio reminded him of the hour he was losing, in vain.

He remounted after a while; but the order was to go back to the last post-house.

Three or four months at a solitary albergo in the neighborhood of this adventure, passed by the count in scouring the country on horseback in every direction, and by his servant in very particular ennui, brings up the story nearly to where the scene opens.

'I have seen her!' said the count.

Attilio only lifted up his eye brows.

'She is here in Vienna!'

'Felice lei!' murmured Attilio.

'She is the Princess Leichst enfels, and, by the death of that old man, a widow.'

'Vermante?' responded the valet, with a rising inflexion; for he knew his master and French morals too well not to foresee a damper in the possibility of matrimony.

'Vermante?' gravely echoed the count. And now, listen. The princess lives in a close retirement. An old friend or two, and a tried servant, are the only persons who see her. You are to contrive to see this servant to-morrow, corrupt him to leave her, and recommend me in his place, and then you are to take him as your courier to Paris; whence, if I calculate well, you will return to me before long, with important despatches. Do you understand me?'

'Signor, si!'

In the small boudoir of a mansion de plaisance, belonging to the noble family of Leichst enfels, sat the widowed mistress of one of the oldest titles and finest estates of Austria. The light from a single long window opening down to the floor and leading out upon a ter-

race of flowers, was shaded by a heavy crimson curtain, looped partially away, a pastille lamp was sending up from its porphyry pedestal a thin and just perceptible curl of smoke, through which the lady musingly passed backwards and forwards one of her slender fingers, and on a table near, lay a sheet of blackedged paper, crossed by a small silver pen, and, scrawled over irregularly with devices and disconnected words, the work evidently of a fit of the most absolute and listless idleness.

The door opened, and a servant in mourning livery stood before the lady,

'I have thought over your request Wilhelm,' she said. 'I have become accustomed to your services, and regret to lose you; but I should more to stand in the way of your interests. You have my permission.'

Wilhelm expressed his thanks with an effort that showed he had not obeyed the call of mammon without regret, and requested leave to introduce his successor.

'Of what country is he?'

'Tyrolese, your excellency.'

'And why does he leave the gentleman with whom he came to Vienna?'

'Il est amoureux d'une Viennoise, madame,' answered the ex-valet, resorting to French to express what he considered a delicate circumstance.

'Pauvre enfant!' said the princess, with a sigh that partook as much of envy as of pity; 'let him come in!'

And the Count Anatole, as the sweet accents reached his ear, stepped over the threshold, and in the coarse but gay dress of the Tyrol, stood in the presence of her whose dewy temples he had bathed in the forest, whose lips he had almost, 'pried into for breath,' whose snowy hands he had chafed and kissed when the senses had deserted their celestial organs—the angel of his perpetual dream, the lady of his wild and uncontrollable, but respectful and honorable love.

The princess looked carelessly up as he approached, but her eyes seemed arrested in passing over his features.—It was but momentary. She resumed her occupation of winding her taper fingers in the smoke curls of the incense-lamp, and with half a sigh, as if she had repelled a pleasing thought, she leaned back in the silken fauteuil, and asked the new comer, his name.

'Anatole, your excellency.'

The voice again seemed to stir something in her memory. She passed her hand over her eyes, and was for a moment lost in thought.

'Anatole,' she said, (Oh, how the sound of his own name, murmured in that voice of music, thrilled through the fiery veins of the disguised lover!) 'Anatole, I receive you

into my service. Wilhelm will inform you of your duties, and—I have a fancy for the dress of the Tyrol—you may wear it instead of my livery, if you will.'

And with one stolen and warm gaze from under his drooping eyelids, and heart and lips on fire, as he thanked her for her condescension, the new retainer took his leave.

Month after month passed on—to Count Anatole in a bewildering dream of ever deepening passion. It was upon a soft and balmy morning of April, that a dashing equipage stood at the door of the proud palace of Leichtenfels. The arms of E—— blazed on the panels, and the insouciant-chasseurs leaned against the marble columns of the portico, waiting for their master, and speculating on the gaiety likely to ensue from the suit he was prosecuting within. How could a Prince of E—— be supposed to sue in vain?

The disguised footman had ushered the gay and handsome nobleman to his mistress's presence. After re-arranging a family of very well-arranged flower-pots, shutting the window to open it again, changing the folds of the curtains not at all for the better, and looking a stolen and fierce look at the unconscious visiter, he could find no longer an apology for remaining in the room. He shut the door after him in a tempest of jealousy.

'Did your excellency ring?' said he, opening the door again, after a few minutes of intolerable torture.

The Prince was on his knees at her feet.

'No, Anatole, but you may bring me a glass of water.'

As he entered with the silver tray trembling in his hand, the prince was rising to go. His face expressed delight, hope, and triumph—every thing that could madden the soul of the irritated lover. After waiting on his rival to his carriage, he returned to his mistress, and receiving the glass upon a tray, was about leaving the room in silence, when the princess called to him.

In all this lapse of time it is not to be supposed that Count Anatole played merely his footman's part. His respectful and elegant demeanor, the propriety of his language, and that deep devotedness of manner which wins a woman more than all things else, soon gained upon the confidence of the princess; and before a week was past, she found that she was happier when he stood behind her chair, and gave him, with some self-denial those frequent permissions of absence from the palace which she supposed he asked to prosecute the amour disclosed to her on his introduction to her service. As time flew on she attributed his earnestness, and occasional warmth of manner to gratitude; and, without reasoning much on feelings, gave herself up

to the indulgence of a degree of interest in him, which would have alarmed a woman more skilled in the knowledge of the heart. Married from a convent, however, to an old man who had secluded her from the world, the voice of the passionate count in the forest of Friuli was the first sound of love that had ever entered her ears. She knew not why it was that the tones of her new footman, and now and then a look of his eyes, as he leaned over to assist her at table, troubled her memory like a trace of a long lost dream.

But, oh, what moments had been his in these fleeting months! Admitted to her presence in her most unguarded hours—seeing her at morning, at noon, at night, in all her unstudied and surpassing loveliness—for ever near her, and with the world shut out—her rich hair blowing with the lightest breeze across his fingers in his assiduous service—her dark full eyes, unconscious of an observer, filling with unrepressed tears or glowing with pleasure over some tale of love—her exquisite form flung upon a couch, or bending over flowers or moving about the room in all its native and untrammelled grace—and her voice, tender, most tender to him, though she knew it not, and her eyes, herself unaware, ever following him in his loitering attendance—and he, the while losing never a glance or a motion, but treasuring up all in his heart with the avarice of a miser—what, in common life, though it were the life of fortune's most favored child, could compare with it for bliss?

Pale and agitated, the count turned back at the call of his mistress, and stood waiting her pleasure.

'Anatole!'

'Madame!'

The answer was so low and deep it startled even himself.

She motioned him to come nearer.—She had sunk upon the sofa, and as he stood at her feet she leaned forward, buried her hands and arms in the long curls which, in her retirement she allowed to float luxuriantly over her shoulder, and sobbed aloud. Overcome, and forgetful of all but the distress of the lovely creature before him, the count dropped upon the cushion on which rested the small foot in its mourning slipper, and taking her hand, pressed it suddenly and fervently to his lips.

The reality broke upon her! She was beloved—but by whom? A menial! and the appalling answer drove all the blood of her proud race in a torrent upon her heart, sweeping away all affection as if her nature had never known its name. She sprang to her feet, and laid her hand upon the bell.

'Madame!' said Anatole, in a cold proud tone.

She stayed her arm to listen.

'I leave you forever.'

And again, with the quick revulsion of youth and passion, her woman's heart rose within her, and she buried her face in her hands and dropped her head in utter abandonment on her bosom.

It was the birth day of the emperor; and the courtly nobles of Austria were rolling out from the capital to offer their congratulations at the royal palace of Schoenbrunn. In addition to the usual attractions of the scene, the drawing room was to be graced by the first public appearance of a new ambassador, whose reputed personal beauty, and the talents he had displayed in a late secret negotiation, had set the whole court, from the queen of Hungary to the youngest dame d'honneur, in a flame of curiosity.

To the Prince E—— there was another reason for writing the day in red letters. The princess Leichstefels, by an express message from the empress, was to throw aside her widow's weeds and appear once more to the admiring world. She had yielded to the summons, but it was to be her last day of splendor. Her heart and hand were plighted to her Tyrolese menial, and the brightest and loveliest ornament of the court of Austria, when the ceremonies of the day were over, was to lay aside the costly bauble from her shoulder and the glistening tiara from her brow, and forget rank and fortune as the wife of his bosom.

The dazzling hours flew on. The plain and kind old emperor welcomed and smiled upon all. The wily Metternich, in the prime of his successful manhood, cool, polite, handsome, and winning, gathered golden opinions by every word and look; the young Duke of Reichstadt, the mild and gentle son of the struck eagle of St. Helena, surrounded and caressed by a continual cordon of admiring women, seemed forgetful that opportunity and expectation awaited him, like two angels with their wings outspread; and haughty nobles and their haughtier dames, statesmen, scholars, soldiers and priests, crowded on each other's heels, and mixed in that doubtful podrida, which goes by the name of pleasure. I could moralize here, had I time!*

The princess of Leichstefels had gone through the ceremony of presentation, and had heard the murmur of admiration, drawn by her beauty from all lips. Dizzy with the scene, and with a bosom full of painful and conflicting emotions, she had accepted the proffered arm of prince E—— to breathe a fresher air upon the terrace. They stood near a window, and he was pointing out to his fair but inattentive companion the various characters as they passed within.

'I must contrive,' said the prince, 'to show you the new envoy. Oh! you have not heard of him. Beautiful as Narcissus, modest as Pastor Corydon, clever as the prime minister himself, this paragon of diplomatists

has been here in disguise these three months, negotiating about—Metternich and the devil knows what—but rewarded at last with an ambassador's star, and—but here he is; Princess Leichstefels, permit me to present—'

She heard no more. A glance from the diamond star on his breast, to the Hephæstion mouth and keen dark eye of Count Anatole, revealed to her the mystery of months. And as she leaned against the window for support, the hand that supported her in the forest of Friuli, and the same thrilling voice, in almost the same never-forgotten cadence, offered his impassioned sympathy and aid, and she recognized and remembered all.

I must go back so far as to inform you, that Count Anatole, on the morning of that memorable day, had sacrificed a silky, but prurient moustache, and a pair of the very sauciest dark whiskers out of Coventry.

Whether the Prince E—— recognized in the new envoy, the lady's gentleman who so in opportunely broke in upon his tender avowal, I am not prepared to say. I only know (for I was there) that the princess Leichstefels was wedded to the new ambassador in the 'leafy month of June,' and the Prince E—— unfortunately prevented by illness from attending the nuptials, lost a very handsome opportunity of singing with effect,

'If she be not fair for me,'

supposing it translated into German.

Whether the enamored embassadress prefers her husband in his new character, I am equally uncertain; though, for much knowledge of German courts and a little of human nature, I think she will be happy if at some future day she would not willingly exchange her proud envoy for the devoted Tyrolese, and does not sigh that she can no more bring him to her feet with a pull of a silken string.

Valuable Water Privileges.

How much real comfort every one might enjoy, if he would be contented with the lot in which heaven has cast him, and how much trouble would be avoided if people would only 'let well alone.' A moderate independence, quietly and honestly procured, is certainly every way preferable even to immense possessions acquired by the wear and tear of mind and body so necessary to procure them. Yet there are few individuals, let them be doing ever so well in the world, who are not always straining every nerve to do better, and this is one of the many causes why failures in business so frequently occur among us. The present generation seem unwilling to 'realize' by slow and sure degrees; but choose rather to set their whole hopes upon a single cast, which either makes or mars them for ever.

Gentle reader, do you remember Monsieur Popoo? He used to keep a small toy-store

in Chatham-street, near the corner of Pearl-street. You must recollect him of course. He lived there for many years, and was one of the most polite and accommodating of shop-keepers. When a juvenile, you have bought tops and marbles from him a thousand times. To be sure you have; and seen his vinegar visage lighted up with a smile as you paid him the coppers; and you have laughed at his little straight queue and his dainty breeches, and all the other oddities that made up the every day apparel of my little Frenchman. Ah, I perceive you recollect him now.

Well, then, there lived Monsieur Popoo, ever since he came from 'dear, delighted Paris,' as he used to call the city of his nativity—there he took in the pennies for his kickshaws—there he laid aside five thousand dollars against a rainy day—there he was as happy as a lark—and there, in all human probability, he would have been to this very day, a respected and substantial citizen, had he been willing to 'let well alone.'

But Monsieur Popoo had heard strange stories about the prodigious rise in real estate and having understood that most of his neighbors had become suddenly rich by speculating in lots, he instantly became dissatisfied with his own lot, forthwith determined to shut up shop, turn every thing into cash, and set about making money in earnest.—No sooner said than done! and our quondam storekeeper, a few days afterward, attended a most extensive sale of real estate at the Merchants' Exchange.

There was the auctioneer, with his beautiful and inviting lithographic maps—all the lots as smooth and square and enticingly laid out as possible; and there were the speculators—and there, in the midst of them, stood Monsieur Popoo.

'Here they are, gentlemen,' said he of the hammer, 'the most valuable lots ever offered for sale. Give me a bid for them?'

'One hundred each,' said a by-stander.

'One hundred!' said the auctioneer; 'Scarcely enough to pry for the inaps. One hundred—going—fifty—gone!—Mr. H. they are yours. A noble purchase. You'll sell those same lots in less than a fortnight for fifty thousand dollars profit.'

Monsieur Popoo pricked up his ears at this, and was lost in astonishment.—This is a much easier way of accumulating riches, than selling toys in Chatham-street, and he determined to buy and mend his fortunes without delay.

The auctioneer proceeded in his sale. Other parcels were offered and disposed of, and all the purchasers were promised immense advantages for their enterprise. At last came a more valuable parcel than all the rest. The company pressed around the stand, and Monsieur Popoo did the same.

'I now offer you, gentleman, these magnificent lots, delightfully situated on Long Island, with valuable water privileges. Property in fee—title unexceptionable—terms of sale, cash. Deeds ready for delivery immediately after the sale. How much for them? Give them a start at something. How much? The auctioneer looked around; there were no bidders. At last he caught the eye of Monsieur Popoo. 'Did you say one hundred, sir?—Beautiful lots—valuable water privileges—shall I say one hundred for you?'

'*Oui, Monsieur*; I will give you von hundred dollar a piece, for de lot vid de valuable vatare privilege; *c'est ca*.'

'Only one hundred a piece for these sixty valuable lots—only one hundred—going—going—gone!'

Monsieur Popoo was the fortunate possessor. The auctioneer congratulated him—the sale closed—and the company dispersed.

'*Pardonnez moi, Monsieur*,' said Popoo, as the auctioneer descended his pedestal, 'you shall *excusez moi*, if I go to *votre bureau*, your counting-house, ver quick to make every ting sure wid respect de lot vid de valuable vatare privilege. Von leetle bird in de hand he vorth two in de tree, *c'est vrai*—eh?'

'Certainly, sir.'

'Vell den, *allons*.'

And the gentlemen repaired to the counting-house, where the six thousand dollars were paid, and the deeds of the property delivered. Monsieur Popoo put these carefully into his pocket, and as he was about taking his leave, the auctioneer made him a present of the lithographic outline of the lots, which was a very liberal thing on his part, considering the map was a beautiful specimen of that glorious art. Popoo could not admire it sufficiently. There were his sixty lots, as uniform as possible, and his little gray eyes sparkled like diamonds as they wandered from one end of the spacious sheet to the other.

Popoo's heart was light as a feather, and he snapped his fingers in the very wantonness of joy as he repaired to Delmonico's, and ordered the first good French dinner that had gladdened his senses since his arrival in America.

After having discussed his repast, and washed it down with a bottle of choice old claret, he resolved upon a visit to Long Island to view his purchase. He consequently immediately hired a horse and gig, crossed the Brooklyn ferry, and drove along the margin of the river to the Wallabout, the location in question.

Our friend, however, was not a little perplexed to find his property. Every thing on the map was as fair and even as possible, while all the grounds about him were as un-

dulated as they could well be imagined, and there was an arm of the East river running quite into the land, which seemed to have no business there. This puzzled the Frenchman exceedingly; and being a stranger in those parts, he called to a farmer in an adjacent field.

'*Mon ami*, are you acquaint vid dis part of the country—eh?'

'Yes, I was born here, and know every inch of it.'

'Ah, *c'est bien*, dat vill do,' and the Frenchman got out of the gig, tied the horse, and produced his lithographic map.

'Den may be you vill have de kindness to show me de sixty lot vich I have bought, vid de valuable vatare privilege?'

The farmer glanced his eye over the paper.

'Yes, sir, with pleasure; if you will be good enough to *get into my boat I will row you out to them*!'

'Vat you say, sare!'

'My friend,' said the farmer, 'this section of Long Island has recently been bought up by the speculators of New-York, and laid out for a great city; but the principal street is only visible *at low tide*. When this part of the East river is filled up, it will be just there. Your lots, as you will perceive, are beyond it; *and are now all under water*.'

At first the Frenchman was incredulous. He could not believe his senses. As the facts, however, gradually broke upon him, he looked at the sky—the river—the farmer—and then he turned away and gazed at them all over again! There was his ground, sure enough; but then it could not be perceived, for there was a river flowing over it! He drew a box from his waistcoat pocket, opened it, with an emphatic knock upon the lid, took a pinch of snuff, and restored it to the waistcoat pocket as before.—Popoo was evidently in trouble, having 'thoughts which often lie too deep for tears;' and, as his grief was also too big for words, he untied his horse, jumped into his gig, and returned to the auctioneer in all possible haste.

It was near night when he arrived at the auction room—his horse in a foam and himself in a fury. The auctioneer was leaning back in his chair, with his legs stuck out of a low window, quietly smoking a cigar after the labors of the day, and humming the music from the last new opera.

'Monsieur, I have much plaisir to find you, *chez vous*, at home.'

'Ah, Popoo! glad to see you. Take a seat, old boy.'

'But I shall not take de seat, sare.'

'No—why, what's the matter?'

'Oh, *beaucoup* de matter. I have been to see de gran lots vot you sell me to-day.'

'Well, sir, I hope you like your purchase?'

'No, monsieur, but I do not like it at all.'

'I'm sorry for it; but there is no ground for your complaint.'

'No sare; dare is no *ground* at all—de ground is all vatare.'

'You joke.'

'I do not joke. I nevere joke. Sare have de kindness to give me back de money vot I pay?'

'Certainly not.'

'Den vill you be so good as to take de East River off de top of my lot?'

'That's your business, sir, not mine.'

'Den I make von *mauvaise affaire*—von gran mistake!'

'I hope not. I don't think you have thrown away your money in the land.'

'No, sare; but I have thrown it away in de *rivatre*!'

'That's not my fault.'

'Yes, sare, but it is your fault. You are von ver gran rascal to swindle me out of de *l'argent*!'

'Hollo, old Popoo, you grow personal; and if you can't keep a civil tongue in your head, you must go out of my office.'

'Vare shall I go to, eh?'

'To the devil, for aught I care, you foolish old Frenchman!' said the auctioneer, waxing warm.

'But, sare, I vill not go to de devil to oblige you!' replied the Frenchman, waxing warmer. 'You cheat me out of all de dollar vot I make in Chatham-st; but I vill not go to de devil for all dat. I vish you may go to de devil yourself, you dem Yankee Doodel, and I vell go and drown myself *tout de suite*, right away.'

'You couldn't make a better use of your water privileges, old boy!'

'Ah, *misericorde*! Ah, *mon dieu*! *je suis abime*. I am ruin! I am done up! I am break all into ten sousan leetle pieces! I am von lame duck, and I shall vaddle across the gran ocean for Paris, vish is de only valuable vatare privilege dat is left me *a present*!'

Poor Popoo was as good as his word. He sailed in the next packet, and arrived in Paris almost as penniless as the day he left it.

Should any one feel disposed to doubt the veritable circumstances here recorded, let him cross the East river to the Wallabout, and farmer J——, will row him out to the very place where the poor Frenchman's lots still remain *under water*!

A person complaining to Dr. Parr, 'I believe I am inoculated with dullness to-day,' Parr replied—'Indeed! I always thought you had it the natural way.' Another thinks to flatter the doctor, by saying—'It would require many volumes to contain all you know'—'It would require many more to contain all you do not,' was Parr's uncourteous answer.

BIOGRAPHY.

Lucretia Maria Davidson.

BY MRS. HALE.

Miss Davidson, second daughter of Dr. Oliver and Margaret Davidson, was born at Plattsburg, on Lake Ontario, September 27, 1808. Her parents were then in indigent circumstances, and to add to their troubles, her mother was often sickly. Under such circumstances, the little Lucretia would not be likely to owe her precocity to a forced education. The manifestations of intellectual activity were apparent in the infant, we may say; for, at the age of four years, she would retire by herself to pore over her books, and draw pictures of animals; and soon she began to illustrate these imperfect, but curious drawings, by poetry. Her first specimens of writing were imitations of printed letters but she was very much distressed when these were discovered, and immediately destroyed them.

The first poem of her's which has been preserved, was written when she was nine years old.* It was an 'Elegy on a Robin,' killed in the attempt to rear it. This piece was not inserted in her works. The earliest of her poems which has been printed was written at eleven years old. Her parents were much gratified by her talents, and gave her all the indulgence in their power, which was only time for reading such books as she could obtain by borrowing; as they could afford no money to buy books, or to pay for her instruction. Before she was twelve years old, she had read most of the standard and English poets; much of history—both sacred and profane; Shakspeare's, Kotzebue's, and Goldsmith's dramatic works, and many of the popular novels and romances of the day. Of the latter, however, she was not an indiscriminate reader; many of those weak and worthless productions, which are the elite of the circulating libraries, this child, after reading a few pages, would throw aside in disgust. Would that all young ladies possessed her delicate taste and discriminating judgment.

When Lucretia was about twelve years old, a gentleman, who had heard of her genius, and seen some of her verses, sent her a complimentary note, enclosing twenty dollars. Her first exclamation was, 'Oh, now I shall buy me some books!' But her dear mother was lying ill; the little girl looked toward the sick-bed—tears gushed to her eyes, and putting the bill into her father's hand, she said, 'Take it father, it will buy many comforts for mother; I can do without books.'

It is no wonder that her parents should

feel the deepest affection for such a good and gifted child. Yet there will always be found officious, meddling persons, narrow-minded, if not envious, who are always prophesying evil on any pursuits in which they or theirs cannot compete. These meddlers advised that she should be deprived of pen, ink, and paper, and rigorously confined to domestic pursuits. Her parents were too kind and wise to follow this counsel; but Lucretia, by some means, learned that such had been given. Without a murmur she resolved to submit to the trial; and she faithfully adhered to this resolution. She told no one of her intention or feeling, but gave up her writing and reading, and for several months devoted herself entirely to household business. Her mother was ill at the time, and did not notice the change in Lucretia's pursuits, till she saw the poor girl was growing emaciated, and a deep dejection was settled on her countenance. She said to her one day, 'Lucretia, it is a long time since you have written any thing.' The sweet child burst into tears, and replied, 'Oh, mother, I have given that up long ago.'

Her mother then drew from her the reasons which had influenced her to relinquish writing—namely the opinion she had heard expressed, that it was wrong for her to indulge in mental pursuits, and the feeling that she ought to do all in her power to lighten the cares of her parents. Mrs. Davidson was a good sensible woman; with equal discretion and tenderness she counselled her daughter to take a middle course, resume her studies, but divide her time between these darling pursuits and the duties of household. Lucretia from thenceforth occasionally resumed her pen, and soon regained her quiet serenity and usual health.

Her love of knowledge grew with her growth and strengthened by every accession of thought, 'Oh!' said she, one day to her mother, 'Oh! that I only possessed half the means for improvement which I see others slighting. I should be the happiest of the happy!' At another time she exclaimed, 'How much there is yet to learn! If I could only grasp it at once!'

This passionate desire for instruction was at length gratified. When she was about sixteen, a gentleman, a stranger at Plattsburg, saw, by accident, some of her poems, and learned her history. With the prompt and warm generosity of a noble mind, he immediately proposed to place her at school, and give her every advantage for which she had so ardently longed. Her joy, on learning this good fortune, was almost overwhelming. She was as soon as possible, placed at the Troy Female Seminary, then as now, under the care of Mrs. Emma Willard. She was there at the fountain for which she had so

long thirsted, and her spiritual eagerness could not be restrained.

'On her entering the Seminary,' says the Principal, 'she at once surprised us by the brilliancy and pathos of her compositions; she evinced a most exquisite sense of the beautiful in the productions of her pencil—always giving to whatever she attempted to copy certain peculiar and original touches which marked the liveliness of her conceptions, and the powers of her genius to embody those conceptions. But from studies which required calm and steady investigation, efforts of memory, judgment, and consecutive thinking, her mind seemed to shrink. She had no confidence in herself, and appeared to regard with dismay any requisitions of this nature.' In truth, she had so long indulged in solitary musings, and her sensibility had become so exquisite, heightened and refined as it had been by her vivid imagination, that she was dismayed, agonized even with the new feeling of responsibility which the public examination involved. She was greatly beloved and tenderly cherished by the teachers; but it is probable that the excitement of the new situation in which she was placed, and the new studies she had to pursue, operated materially to undermine her health.

During the vacation, she was attacked by a severe illness, which left her feeble and very nervous. When she recovered, she was placed at Albany, at the school of Miss Gilbert; but there disease soon assailed her. She recovered sufficiently to be removed to her home, and to the arms of her tender mother; but her life, it was soon seen, was passing away. She lingered a few weeks—for the greater part of her time in a sweet serenity of mind. When she could no longer read her favorite books, she still wanted them laid beside her, on her pillow—thus showing the ruling passion strong in death.

Lucretia expired, August 27th, 1825, before she had completed her seventeenth year. She was resigned to die; and gave up her spirit in full reliance on the Lord Jesus for pardon and eternal life.

In person, she was exceedingly beautiful. Her forehead was high, open, and fair as infancy; her eyes large, dark, and of that soft beaming expression, which shows the soul in the glance. Her features were fine, and her complexion singularly fair and brilliant, especially when the least excitement moved her feelings. But the prevailing character of her face was melancholy. Her beauty, as well as her mental endowments, made her an object of much regard; but she always shrunk from this observation—any particular attention seeming to give her pain—so exquisite was her sensibility. In truth her soul was too delicate for this cold world of storms and

* A selection from her manuscripts was made after her disease, and a volume published—'Amir Khan, and other Poems,'—with a 'Biographical Sketch.' By Samuel F. B. Morse.

clouds. Her imagination never reveled in the 'garishness of joy.' A pensive meditative mood was the natural tone of her mind.

The adverse circumstances by which she was surrounded, no doubt, deepened this seriousness, till it became almost morbid melancholy; but no external advantages would ever have given to her disposition that buoyant cheerfulness which marks the *L'Allegro* muse. She was naturally *Il Penseroso* in thought.

The writings of Miss Davidson were astonishingly voluminous for one of her age. She had destroyed many of her poems; her mother says 'at least one third;' yet those remaining, amount to *two hundred and seventy-eight* articles. There are among them five regular poems, of several cantos each; twenty school exercises; three unfinished romances; a complete tragedy, written at thirteen years of age; and about forty letters to her mother. Her poetry is marked by strong and vivid imagination, deep feeling and sad forebodings. Mr. Southey, who reviewed her '*Remains*,' &c. in the '*London Quarterly*,' conceded that, with the exception of '*Henry Kirk White*,' no English poet had manifested such early power and perfection of genius, as this amiable and lovely girl. Her premature death is another warning to those who are rejoicing in the bright promise of early genius, how soon the frost may wither their hopes. Like the 'flower of an hour,' was her brief blossoming, and though the memorials of her extraordinary talents remain, yet we feel that these are very inadequate to convey the impression which her living presence must have inspired. Who can imagine truly what the fruit would have been by merely examining a petal from the half-opened bud?

It is however, a sweet relief to know that she died calmly; that those dark visions which tinged all her earthly horizon, were not permitted to cloud her hope of heaven. And then how good, how grateful was her heart. The last word she spoke was the name of the benefactor who had so kindly assisted her. And if his name were known, often would it be spoken; for his generosity to this humble, but highly gifted daughter of song, will make his deed of charity a sacred remembrance to all who love genius, and sympathize with the suffering.

MISCELLANY.

The Mind of Man.

How little is the mind known or considered! That all, of which man permanently is—the inward being, the divine energy, the immortal thought, the boundless capacity, the infinite aspiration—how few value this, this wonderful mind, for what it is worth! How

few see it—that brother mind—in others; see it in all the forms of splendor and wretchedness alike; see it, though fenced around with all the artificial distinctions of society; see it, through the rags with which poverty has clothed it, beneath the crushing burdens of life, amidst the close pressure of worldly troubles, wants and sorrows: see it, and acknowledge and cheer it in that humble lot, and feel that the nobility of the earth, that the commencing glory of heaven is there! Nor is this the worst, nor the strongest view of the case. Men do not feel the worth of their own minds. They are very proud, perhaps; they are proud of their possessions; they are proud of their *minds*, it may be, as distinguishing them; but the intrinsic, the inward, the infinite worth of their own minds they do not perceive. How many a man is there who would feel, if he were introduced into some magnificent palace, and were led through a succession of splendid apartments, filled with rich and gorgeous furniture—would feel, I say, as if he, lofty, immortal being as he is, were but an ordinary thing amidst the tinsel show around him; or would feel as if he were a mere ordinary being, for the perishing glare of things, amidst which he walked! How many a man, who, as he passed along the wayside, saw the chariot of wealth rolling by him, would forget the intrinsic and eternal dignity of his own mind, in a poor, degrading envy of that vain pageant—would feel himself to be an humble creature, because, not in mind, but in mensuration, he was not quite so high! And so long as this is the case, do you believe that men understand their own minds, that they know what they possess within them? How many, in fact, feel as if that inward being, that mind were respectable, chiefly because their bodies lean on silken couches, and are fed with costly luxuries! How many respect themselves, and look for respect from others, in proportion as they grow more rich, and live more splendidly, not more wisely, and fare more sumptuously every day! Surely it is not strange, while all this is true, that men should be more attracted by objects of sense and appetite, than by miracles of wisdom and love. And it is not strange that the spiritual riches which man is exhorted to seek, are represented in scripture as 'hid treasures;' for they are indeed hidden in the depths of the soul—hidden, covered up, with worldly gains, and pomps, and vanities. It is not strange that the kingdom of heaven, that kingdom which is within, is represented as a treasure buried in a field: the flowers bloom and the long grass waves there, and men pass by and say it is beautiful; but this very beauty, this very luxuriance conceals the treasure. And so it is in this life, that luxury and show, fashion and outward beauty,

worldly pursuits and possessions, attract the eyes of men, and they know not the treasure that is hidden in every human soul.

Yes, the treasure—and the treasure that is in every soul. The difference that exists among men is not so much in their nature, not so much in their intrinsic power, as in the power of communication. To some it is given to embody and embody their thoughts; but all men, more or less, feel those thoughts. The very glory of genius, the very rapture of piety, when rightly revealed, are diffused and spread abroad, and shared among unnumbered minds. When eloquence, and poetry speak; when the glorious arts, statuary and painting and music; when patriotism, charity, virtue, speak to us, with all their thrilling power, do not the hearts of thousands glow with a kindred joy and ecstasy? Who's here so humble, who so poor in thought, or in affection, as not to feel this? Who's here so low, so degraded, I had almost said, as not sometimes to be touched with the beauty of goodness? Who's here with a heart made of such base materials, as not sometimes to respond through every chord of it, to the call of honor, patriotism, generosity, virtue? What a glorious capacity is this—a power to commune with God and angels! a reflection of the brightness of heaven; a mirror that collects and concentrates within itself all the moral splendors of the universe; a light kindled from heaven, that is to shine brighter and brighter until the end of time. What circumstances of outward splendor can lend such imposing dignity to any being, as the throne of inward light and power, where the spirit reigns forever? What work of man shall be brought into comparison with this work of God? I will speak of it in its simplest character: I say, a thought, a bare thought; and yet I say, what is it; and what is its power and mystery? Breathed from the inspiration of the Almighty; partaking of infinite attributes; comprehending, analyzing, and with its own beauty clothing all things; and bringing all things and all themes—earth, heaven, eternity—within the possession of its momentary being; what is there that man can form; what scepter or throne: what structure of ages; what empire of wide-spread dominion, can compare with the wonders and grandeurs of a single thought? It is that alone of all things that are made; it is that alone that comprehends the Maker of all. That alone is the key which unlocks all the treasures of the universe. That alone is the power that reigns over space, time, eternity. That, under God, is the sovereign dispenser to man of all the blessings and glories, that lie within the compass of possession, or within the range of possibility. Virtue, piety, heaven, immortality, exists not, and never will exist

for us, but as they exist, and will exist in the perception, feeling, *thought*—of the glorious mind.

Death preferred to Dishonor.

Duane the Irish 'Reign of Terror,' in 1798, a circumstance occurred, which in the days of Sparta would have immortalized the heroine; it is almost unknown, no pen has ever traced the story. We pause not to inquire into the principles that influenced her; suffice it that, in common with most of her stamp she beheld the struggle as one in which liberty warred with tyranny. Her only son had been taken in the act of rebellion, and was condemned by martial law, to death; she followed the officer, on whose word his life depended, to the place of execution, and besought him to spare the widow's stay; she knelt in the agony of her soul, and clasped his knees, while her eye, with the glare of a maniac, fell on her child beside him. The judge was inexorable, the transgressor must die. But, taking advantage of the occasion, he offered life to the culprit, on condition of his discovering the members of the association with whom he was connected. The son wavered—the mother rose from the position of humiliation, and exclaimed—'My child, my child, if you do, the heaviest curse of your mother shall be poison in your veins.' He was executed—the pride of her soul enabled her to behold it without a tear—she returned to her home—the support of her declining years had fallen—the tie that bound her to life had given way—and the evening of that day that saw her lonely and forsaken, left her at rest for ever. Her heart had broken in the struggle.—*New Monthly BeHe Assemblée.*

To Young Ladies.

BY SARAH E. SEAMAN.

In the formation of our habits, there are certain requisites which please every one, such as good humor, kindness, benevolence and sympathy; but if we are desirous to please certain individuals, we must endeavor to assimilate all our views and customs to theirs; and as it seldom happens that we have much care to make ourselves agreeable to those who are totally unlike ourselves, the task is not a difficult one, for those who agree in sentiment soon learn to love each other.

We must take our persons as nature formed them. If we have beauty, it is necessary to have goodness, in order to keep up the admiration that it excites, but we must never suppose that beauty is improved by ornament. If we have ugliness of person, superfluity of dress only renders that ugliness more conspicuous; whereas true goodness banishes the disagreeable impression of it altogether. But every form, whether beautiful or other-

wise, is endowed with a mind susceptible of vast improvement. It expands and flourishes by cultivation; it becomes admirable by the development of its capacities, and secures for its possessor love and esteem.—But the uncultivated understanding, when age robs it of the vivacity which once made it supportable, becomes insipid and despicable.

I will not insult your taste by mentioning neatness of person, as I am very sure no young lady for whom I write will ever be deficient in that particular.

Cultivate feelings of kindness towards others. Be constant in your attention to those about you, and let that attention be respectful, even to children and servants. Do not get angry when you express your disapprobation, let it pass, that no enmity be harbored towards you.

I have always observed that young ladies bear prosperity with less dignity and consideration than any class of people. In their 'whirl of folly and fashion,' they forget that they are liable to all the 'ills that flesh is heir to;' and often, enveloped in a superabundance of gaudy attire, flutter like the butterflies of summer, unconscious that the show which it attracts is transient as the rainbow.

If you should be rich, do not think yourself any better for it, for fortune does not always choose the most meritorious for her favorites; and if you should be poor, never feel degraded on that account, for poverty has its advantages; it brings some moments of leisure, (being underlooked after by the world) and in leisure we improve our minds—while the relaxation that riches give us are only hours of idleness, and idleness debases the very soul.

ANECDOTE OF WILLIAM IV.—The king some time ago accosted an old workman who had been many years employed about the palace? 'How long have you worked here, old man, eh?'—Why, sir, a matter of five-and-thirty years,' replied the old man pretending ignorance of the person of the king. 'Five-and-thirty years, eh! Why you must have known the king then?' 'Yes, sir,' (returned the man) 'and his blessed father too; ah, sir, he was a king; Many time when he saw me his blessed majesty used to say, 'Ah! Brown, what, at work still—there's a crown for you, Brown.' 'Those were good times, sir, then.' 'You do not know the present king then, eh?' asked his Majesty—'No your honor,' replied the wily old workman, 'I never saw him: but they do say he is as much like his blessed old parent as peas—open and generous like, sir, you know.'—'Should you like to see the king?'—'Ay, that I should, sir.' 'Then take this, said his Majesty, throwing him a sovereign, 'and if any body asks where you

got it, say the King gave it you;' and off went the good-hearted monarch, chuckling at the idea of having stolen a march upon the old soldier.

The Soul.

WHEN the soul is at rest, all the features of the visage seem settled in a state of profound tranquillity. Their proportion, their union, and their harmony, seem to mark the sweet serenity of the mind, and give a true information of what passes within. But, when the soul is excited, the human visage becomes a living picture; where the passions are expressed with as much delicacy as energy, where motion is designated by some correspondent feature, where every impression anticipates the will, and betrays those hidden agitations, that he would often wish to conceal.

It is particularly in the eyes that the passions are painted; and in which we may most readily discover their beginning. The eye seems to belong to the soul more than any other organ: it seems soft and tender, as the most tumultuous and forceful. It not only receives, but transmits them by sympathy; the observing eye of one catches the secret fire from another, and the passion thus often becomes general.

A MIRACLE OF HONESTY.—At a party the other evening, several gentlemen contested the honor of having done the most extraordinary things; a certain gentleman was appointed to be the sole judge. One produced his tailor's bill, with a receipt attached to it—a buzz went through the room that could not be outdone; when the second proved that he had arrested his tailor for money lent to him. 'The palm is his,' was the universal cry; when a third observed, 'Gentleman, I cannot boasts of the feats of either of my predecessors, but I have returned to the owners two umbrellas that they have left at my house' 'I'll hear no more,' cried the arbiter—'This is the very *ne plus ultra* of honesty and unheard of deeds: the prize is yours.'

Letters Containing Remittances.

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of Postage paid.

S. G. J. West Point, N. Y. \$2.00; D. K. Westport, Ct. \$1.00; T. H. D. Phelps, N. Y. \$1.00; B. H. C. West Bridge, N. Y. \$1.00; H. B. Richmond, Ms. \$1.00; W. & J. B. New-London, Ct. \$3.00; L. M. S. Winstield, Ms. \$1.00; F. H. Egremont, Ms. \$1.00; J. J. E. Westerly, R. I. \$2.00; L. W. Aneram, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Cherry Valley, N. Y. \$5.00; A. K. Galena, Ill. \$1.00.

MARRIED.

At Claverack, on the 22d ult. by the Rev. H. Spencer, Mr. Ira Palmer, of Hillsdale, to Miss Leah Green, of Catskill.

DIED.

At Buffalo, on the 20th ult. Mrs. Eleanor M'Clanan, in the 67th year of her age, formerly of this city.

At Rondout, on the 19th ult. of Scarlet Fever, Henry W. only son of Mr. Walter and Eliza Crane, aged 2 years and 4 months.

On Wednesday the 15th ult. Sarah, daughter of Charles McArthur, Esq. in the 10th year of her age.



ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Rural Repository.

A Parody.

Oh! that to me the dove's light wing
And trackless speed were given,
That thus my soul might upward spring
And seek its rest in Heaven.

For, Oh! though fair earth's landscape glows
Beneath the tints of even,
Yet, all is nought to Sharon's rose,
That blooms so bright in Heaven!

How oft, when heart to heart is bound,
The cords apart are riven!
Then, Oh! how sweet, to feel no wound—
To fear no blight in Heaven.

Oft, too, with doubt and secret sin
The contrite soul has striven,
Transporting prospect, to begin
A cloudless course in Heaven!

Then hush, my soul, the waves are dark,
On which thou art onward driven;
Yet every surge which strikes thy bark
But wafts thee nearer Heaven.
Milledgeville, 1837.

From the New-York Evening Star.

The Loss of the Mexico.

BY J. B. PHILLIPS.

Away, away, the father-land
Is fading from their sight,
Fair is the breeze which fills their sails,
The sky is clear and bright.

Their hearts with joyous hopes beat high:
They seek the happy land
Where freedom smiles and plenty yields
Her gifts with liberal hand.

Onward, still onward glides the barque,
It gallantly doth ride,
And like a sea bird, lightly skims
The foam-encrested tide.

The tempest hangs his murky robe
Across the boundless skies,
Loud roars the blast—the angry seas
In mountain billows rise.

And many a mother clasps her babe
In terror to her breast;
And many an anxious heartfelt prayer
To Heaven is then addressed.

Wives to their husbands cling in fear;
And many a trembling maid
Weeps on her lover's breast—as there
No terrors could invade.

Still madly onward flies the barque;
Like an affrighted steed:

May Heaven preserve her hapless crew!
And safely give her speed.

Yes she has triumphed o'er the gale
Their peril now is o'er;
And after many weary days,
They hail the wished for shore.

The haven is within their sight,
Now every heart beats high;

'Tis cloudless, calm, and clear and bright
The sleeping waters lie.

'Tis chilling cold—the vessel rides
Close on a dangerous reef;
And thro' the night the booming guns
Give signals for relief.

The infant on its mother's breast,
Sleeps in that fearful hour;
Yet even on its parent stem,
The cold wind blights the flower.

All night—no Pilot yet to guide
The frail and fated barque,
Now in the hearts—Hope lately cheered,
Fears gather quick and dark.

Cold—piercing cold—the slippery decks
No footing safe afford—
The spars are gemmed with icicles—
God help the souls on board!

She strikes—she strikes—Ah! Heaven be kind,
The surf breaks o'er her decks;
In sight of land—in reach of aid—
That gallant vessel—wrecks.

The waters gain upon her fast,
She cannot longer hold;
Some are engulfed beneath the waves;
Some perish with the cold.

A mother—fear has rendered wild,
Appalled by such alarms—
Calls, madly calls, upon her child—
'Tis frozen in her arms!

She sinks, she sinks—one hundred souls
And more, have found their graves,
Beneath the very water which,
The shore they sighed for, lavas.

Peace to their souls! Oh, ne'er again
May destiny renew,
The story of that fated barque,
THE MEXICO AND CREW!

The Link of Nature.

THERE is a kindred tie which knits,
The mightiest tree that grows,
To each unheeded leafy gem
That near it buds or blows.

The same First Cause created both,
Nor deemed the transient flower
Was less unworthy of His care,
And all sustaining power.

The same bright sun is felt by each,
The same soft whispering breeze;
The light and nurturing dews of heaven,
They share alike in these.

But though united thus they seem,
Equal they cannot be;
We look for beauty in the flower,
And shelter from the tree.

What would it boot the fragrant buds,
To be upraised and share
The dazzling honors of the great,
The storms they could not bear.

The might, too, of the lofty trees,
If it were once laid low,
What would preserve the lowly flowers,
When chilling blasts should blow?

'Tis thus in nature and in life,
Each has a separate lot!

To some is given a gilded dome,
To some a peaceful cot.

March.

BY WILLIAM C. BRYANT.

THE stormy March is come at last,
With wind, and cloud, and changing skies;
I hear the rustling of the blast,
That through the snowy valley flies.
Ah! passing few are they who speak,
Wild, stormy month, in praise of thee;
Yet, though thy winds are loud and bleak,
Thou art a welcome month to me.
For thou to northern lands again,
The glad and glorious sun dost bring,
And thou hast joined the gentle train,
And wear'st the gentle name of Spring—
And, in thy reign of blast and storm,
Smiles many a long, bright, sunny day,
When the changed winds are soft and warm,
And heaven puts on the blue of May.
Thou bring'st the hope of those calm skies,
And that soft time of sunny showers,
When the wide bloom, on earth that lies,
Seems of a brighter world than ours.

From the Monument.

Other Days.

It makes me sad to sit and think
Of other, happier hours,
When life was light, and care was not
And all I culled was flowers.

The hours of youth and youthful glee,
On golden wings they flew,
And left gray hairs and age with me,
I wish I had flown too.

For I am weary of the world
I'm weary of its care;
If there's a better one than this,
I'll try and travel there.

The flow'rs of this, are only sweet,
When they are in their bloom
And that's not long, for some cold wind
Soon sweeps them to the tomb.

A. STODDARD.

Printer, Bookseller & Stationer,

No. 135, Cor. of Warren and Third Sts. Hudson,
Has constantly for sale, at his Bookstore, a general assort-
ment of School Books now in use, which will be sold on
the lowest terms; also, a great variety of Miscellaneous
Books, Bibles of all sizes, Blank Books, Writing, Letter and
Wrapping Paper, Lawyers and Justices' Blanks, Writing
and Printing Ink, Shaker Garden Seeds, School Certificates,
Toy Books, Pictures, Stationery, &c. &c. which will be
sold on reasonable terms.

☞ Cash paid for Clean Cotton and Linen Rags.

JOB PRINTING.

Executed with neatness, accuracy and despatch, at the
office of the RURAL REPOSITORY, No. 135, Cor. of Warren
and Third Streets, such as

Books, Pamphlets, Cards, Checks, Handbills
of every description, on the best of type, and on as reason-
able terms, as at any office in the city.

THE RURAL REPOSITORY,

IS PUBLISHED EVERY OTHER SATURDAY, AT HUDSON, N. Y. BY
Wm. B. Stoddard.

It is printed in the Quarto form, and will contain
twenty-six numbers of eight pages each, with a title page
and index to the volume.

TERMS.—One Dollar per annum in advance, or One
Dollar and Fifty Cents, at the expiration of three months
from the time of subscribing. Any person, who will remit
us Five Dollars, free of postage, shall receive six copies,
and any person, who will remit us Ten Dollars, free of
postage, shall receive twelve copies, and one copy of either
of the previous volumes. ☞ No subscription received
for less than one year. All the back numbers furnished
to new subscribers.

☞ All orders and Communications must be post paid,
to receive attention.



DEVOTED TO POLITE LITERATURE SUCH AS MORAL AND SENTIMENTAL TALES, ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS, BIOGRAPHY, TRAVELING SKETCHES, AMUSING MISCELLANY, HUMOROUS AND HISTORICAL ANECDOTES, SUMMARY, POETRY, &c.

VOL. XII.—[IV. NEW SERIES.]

HUDSON, N. Y. SATURDAY, MARCH 25, 1837.

NO. 21.

SELECT TALES.

From the Saturday Courier.

Isabel, the Orphan.

A NARRATIVE OF TRUTH.

CHAPTER I.

'They live, and live without extorted alms
From grudging hands; but other boast have none
To soothe their honest pride, that scorns to beg.'

'It is scandalous—it is outrageous,' said the kind-hearted Dick Bellepont—and as he pronounced the last word, he brought his hand down upon the table beside him with all the energy of indignation—it was his way.

I had been telling him a sad tale, and yet, alas! for human nature, perhaps a common tale—the history of Isabel Mantou and her excellent mother.

'They were reputed wealthy once,' said I; 'indeed, by far the wealthiest of any of our villagers. This was in the days of Isabel's father, Mr. Mantou. He was a man, perhaps, too high spirited, and haughty in disposition and manners to be popular. He had some aristocratic notions about him, which were calculated to make his neighbors feel their inferiority too much. And yet he was an excellent man in the main—a kind husband, an affectionate father, a gentleman and a scholar. He devoted himself assiduously to the education of his children, sparing for the purpose neither pains nor expense. But Providence saw fit to deprive him at once of the greater part of his ample fortune, and of his promising and idolized son. He never held up his head after this. It was thought that grief originated and aided the disorder which occasioned his death. However this was, he left his disconsolate widow and lovely and sorrowing daughter to the evils of poverty and the unfeeling world's neglect.'

'They could not have lacked the sympathy of friends at an hour like this,' said Bellepont.

'Alas! you cannot judge of the world by your own heart. The world—at least the vulgar illiberal, and envious part of it, and that is its greater portion—too often triumphs in the misfortunes of those to whom they feel themselves inferior.'

'I fear it is too true,' said Dick, with a sigh.

'And Isabel,' I continued, 'and her mother are emphatically of the better class of God's creation—intelligent, refined, accomplished. But you must see them.'

'That I will,' said Dick.

'They exchanged their splendid mansion for yonder little cottage, where, deprived of the luxuries with which wealth made them familiar, they manage to support themselves the best way they can, on the scanty wreck of their former fortune.'

'And there friends and neighbors?'—

'Have all fallen from them,' I replied.

'They are forsaken by those who formerly professed to love them, and deserted by those who courted them. Still they might be happy were it not that scandal is making itself busy with their names.—Cold, malicious and devilish defamation drags them forth from the fireside, where neglect hath left them to pine over their misfortunes. But you have already heard the idle tales that have been circulated at their expense?'

'And these are without foundation—false?'

'I would pledge my life on it,' I replied.

'It is outrageous—it is infamous?' said Bellepont—and he started up and paced across the floor, as if revolving upon what he heard.

Warm-hearted Dick Bellepont!—well it is that thy princely fortune bears some proportion to thine ample soul—well for the unfortunate whom thy ready hand relieves—well for the poor, friendless and sick, to whom thy presence is like the angel of healing and peace. He was an entire stranger in out little village of S. Pleased with its appearance, as he was passing through it, he had resolved to make it his residence for a few months, and for this purpose had taken rooms at the hotel.

It was Sunday, and the bell ringing, we made the best of our way (as every Christian ought, and many hypocrites do,) to church. On the way, Dick made many minute inquiries as to the situation of Mrs. Mantou and her daughter. I could only inform him that

the cottage which they occupied was the property of Mr. Deacon Styles, who exacted (as it was said) a very orthodox rent for it; and that the frugality of their mode of living had been thought a rare subject of ridicule by some of the scandal mongers in the neighborhood; in fine, that there was no doubt that their means were extremely narrow.

Upon our entering the sanctuary, what a bevy of fine damsels made their attacks upon the heart of my friend, and conspired to draw his attention from parson Proser's discourse! First, Miss Seraphina Nonsuch, the village belle, came flaunting up the aisle, with the air of one who is sure of admiration. Then came Miss Albina Macklin, looking for all the world like some of the representations, labeled 'latest fashions,' in some of our ladies magazines. And then Miss Rose, and Jane and Ophelia Acet, all with their rosy cheeks and bright glances, challenging the homage of the handsome and genteel young stranger.

And there came also two ladies—an elder and a younger—both neatly and elegantly, though not expensively dressed, in deep mourning. The elder had been beautiful, and there still lingered around her the fading traces of former loveliness. She had that fascinating, amiable, and pensive expression of countenance which wakes an involuntary interest, and makes the gazer's heart thrill within him. It was a face which one who had seen would dream of for years, in those moods of despondence and meditation which come over the soul—a face touching and saddening in its subdued beauty, the very *beau ideal* of bereaved affection and widowed love. And her young companion, with her raven ringlets, and dark flashing eye, and cheek, as some one has expressed it, where the rose once strove with the lily, now too pale for health. Alas! poor Dick—thy heart is not made of stone—take care of thyself. They came, as I have said, and walking quietly and humbly up the aisle, took one of the lower seats of the sanctuary. For even here doth enter precedence—even here wealth and pride draw around them their lines of distinction, and poverty is pushed to the wall.

Service began and ended, and the edified congregation broke up to retire to their respective abodes. Greetings were exchanged, invitations were passed, hands were shaken, and bows made; but I observed that Bellepont only saw the widow and her beautiful daughter passing through the throng, ungreeted and unnoticed, to their humble abode.

'God bless her,' soliloquized he, as his eye followed the passing form of the young Isabel. 'She has the sweetest face I ever looked on.'

Some evenings after this, as Mrs. Mantou and her daughter were sitting at their solitary fireside, they were astonished at receiving a call from a stranger. He informed them, to their great surprise, that he had purchased the cottage of their landlord, and had taken the liberty to call for the purpose of inspecting it, and begged their pardon for his intrusion.

'It will then become necessary for us to seek another abode,' said Mrs. Mantou, with an expression of embarrassment upon her face, which she was unable to conceal. The beautiful visage of Isabel became still sadder at the mention of this new misfortune.

'Nay, madam, that does not necessarily follow,' said their stranger, in a kind and gentle tone, taking the seat to which he was invited. 'I hope you will not find me a more unreasonable landlord than my predecessor. But I have been thinking that, in its present state, my new purchase will prove a somewhat uncomfortable winter residence to those—and ladies too—who have evidently been accustomed to better times. It needs repairs. And it was principally for the purpose of arranging this matter that I have ventured to intrude upon you to-night.'

The mother and daughter both gazed upon the stranger in some surprise. He was young, apparently not more than four-and-twenty, and bore about him the air, with the easy politeness, of a gentleman. His frank, open and handsome face, and the gentle tones of his voice, seemed to indicate a noble and sympathizing heart. Mrs. Mantou settled in her mind, that if the worst came to the worst, it would not be a hazardous experiment to make an appeal to his pity, for she knew that at this season of the year it would be next to impossible for her to find another abode. Moreover her afflictions were wearing upon her gentle frame, and sickness threatened to add itself to sorrow.

'Our means, sir,' said she, are narrow; and although some repairs might be desirable, I will not conceal from you our inability to defray the requisite expense, and perhaps,' added she, sadly, to discharge even the increased rent to which such an outlay might render us liable.'

'Allow me to observe, madam, that I think the rent, which your former landlord informed

me, is at present paid by you, is much too high for a residence of this description. I will freely myself, advance the sum necessary for the projected repairs. But in the meanwhile, perhaps, it may be necessary for you to seek another abode for a week or two, until we have made this one more habitable. Have you no neighbors who would give you a shelter during that period?'

Mrs. Mantou shook her head. 'Our friends, I fear, are few among our neighbors.'

'So much the worse for them,' said the gentleman, warmly. 'But, Madam, your health, I fear, is not the best, if I may judge from you looks.—Do not, for the world, give yourself the least trouble about it. I have at present nothing else to do, and will willingly take it upon me to make all the necessary arrangements, and that without giving you any additional expense.'

'You are very kind, sir,' said Isabel, while the tears glistened in her eyes, for she was touched with his gentle and considerate manner. 'Pardon me, sir; but it is not usual to find so much sympathy in a stranger. I trust you will find us not ungrateful. We have had of late but few occasions for the exercise of gratitude, except to Him who has thus far given us grace and strength to bear our afflictions.'

'You have the heart of an angel,' thought Bellepont, (for it was he) and his eyes in their turn began to exhibit a kindred moisture. And he warmly assured her that it should be his care that this last sad cause of gratitude should not increase.

'Forgive me,' he rejoined, observing the blush which the warmth of his expression, and his admiring gaze, had called into her cheek. 'I confess myself, from this short interview, strongly interested in your welfare; and nothing would afford me sincerer happiness than to chase from this fair cheek all tears except those of joy.'

He rose, bade them good evening, and left them to mingle feelings of surprise and pleasure.

The morrow found them provided with temporary lodgings, by the care and at the expense of their unknown friend, who superintended every thing himself. Workmen were employed, and at the end of a fortnight, the little cottage wore a very comfortable and even elegant aspect. A tasteful fence was erected around it, green blinds were attached to the windows, and the village painter gave to the whole the highest benefit of his art.

When Mrs. Mantou and Isabel again visited the cottage, they found, to their surprise, the rooms carpeted and furnished with the well known furniture of their better days; and they were still more astonished when they beheld their old piano, which had been sold, standing in their little parlor, and a

book case filled with books of various kinds. They both turned to our hero, as if to inquire the meaning of all this.

'You will there find the terms upon which you are to enjoy these premises; and while I remain in town, will you allow me the pleasure of ranking myself among your visitors and acquaintance? I could hope also that time may give me a claim to the dearer title of friend.'

He left them, and Mrs. Mantou, on opening the parchment which he had given her, found it an absolute conveyance, in legal form, from Deacon Styles, to her and her heirs, of the cottage, and some acres of land annexed to it.

CHAPTER II.

In the meantime these movements were not made without exciting various conjectures among the male and female quidnuncs of the village. The wisest of them were for a while puzzled to expound them. But the prevailing opinion was, that Mr. Bellepont had purchased the cottage for his own use, and that he merely suffered Mrs. Mantou to occupy it through the winter out of pity.

'He will undoubtedly occupy it himself in the spring,' said they, 'and then who will be the mistress of it?'

A very important question—so thought the sagacious mothers and marriageable daughters of S.

The Miss Blakelys made a large party in direct reference to this very question, to which Mr. Bellepont was very particularly invited. All the beauty and aristocracy of the village were gathered together, and among the rest, somewhat to the surprise of the fair exulters over her misfortunes, was Isabel Mantou. Poor Isabel! She had heretofore, in her days of prosperity, seen but one side of human life and human nature, it was her fate now to turn the leaf, and read a severer lesson. The sarcastic sneer—the half-suppressed titter—the look of contempt, and the cutting neglect of those who had once fawned upon her, and sued for her favor—all these were bitter, very bitter, and all were hers.

'I wish that I had not come,' thought she to herself, 'I am sorry that I came. But then the Miss Blakelys were so very pressing—and I did not wish to offend them;'—and she hushed her unpleasant thoughts, and strove to recall her mind to that which was passing around her.

Nothing was talked of but Mr. Bellepont—the handsome, genteel, accomplished Mr. Bellepont.

'He carries a most splendid gold watch,' says one.

'And plays on the flute to admiration,' says another.

'He writes beautiful poetry; have you seen the piece he wrote in my album?' says a third.

'And is worth a hundred thousand dollars,' says a fourth.

'I wonder if some people wont begin to think that he is rich enough for them,' said Patty Lovett, casting a contemptuous glance at Isabel. This allusion to a rejection by Isabel of one of her admirers, during her father's life, was well understood, and received with a general smile.

'Oh, circumstances sometimes alter opinions, as well as cases,' observed Miss Simper, with a sneer.

'Surely this is unkind,' thought Isabel, as she strove to suppress the tears which were ready to burst forth. 'I do not know that I have injured them; I have not deserved this.'

No, no—if thou hadst deserved it, thou mightst have escaped it.

Her reflections were cut short by the entrance of the talked of, admired, and expected Richard Bellepont. He made a bow particular to some, and a bow general to the rest of the company, and after passing the usual salutations sat down. Like one who had seen much of the *beau monde*, and that to advantage, his first effort was to set the company around him at ease.

'Let me not interrupt your conversation, ladies; you were observing, Miss Blakely—'

And having set some dozen of tongues in motion, he himself seemed to sit absent and abstracted. It was in vain that Miss Seraphina, Ophelia, &c. all bored him with question after question, and filled his ears with pretty nonsense, they could not extract from him a simple monosyllable, or provoke a faint smile. At length Miss Blakely, whispering, observed.

'I think you are acquainted with Isabel Mantou?'

'Isabel Mantou! where is she?' said our hero eagerly.

'Why aunt Katharine is giving her a lecture on pride and poverty in the corner yonder,' she replied laughing.

Bellepont started up, and walked towards the designated corner.

'Miss Mantou,' said he, 'I am glad to see you.' (She had just risen up, as if for the purpose of departure.) 'You are well I trust.'

But he was surprised to see by her eyes that she had been weeping. He cast upon Aunt Katharine and her coterie a glance of inquiry. They said nothing. He understood it all.

'Good evening Mr. Bellepont,' said Isabel.

'You are not going?'

'Yes.'

'Allow me the pleasure of escorting you home,' and assisting Isabel in finding her bonnet and wrapping her cloak around her, he bade the silent and conscience-stricken party good night, and left them.

'Miss Mantou, my dear friend—suffer me to call you so,' said Bellepont, tenderly.

Isabel burst into tears. She wept long and bitterly.

'It is very foolish, I know,' said she at length, drying her tears, and I am very childish, I fear. But I have been treated so very rudely and insultingly, and you have been so kind—so very kind—indeed I could not help it.'

'I see it all,' said he indignantly. 'those mean and malicious minds which once fawned on you, have taken advantage of your misfortunes, for the purpose of insult. Vile and contemptible souls! May heaven reward them for every tear they have caused you to shed. I have heard of your afflictions Miss Mantou, and sincerely do I sympathize with you. You have been tried—sorely tried. But there are advantages even in adversity. It calls forth the energies of the mind. It proves its fortitude; but more than all, it shows who are one's genuine friends.'

'And yet it is unpleasant to feel that we have lost the favor of those who once seemed to love us. I know not how it is, but many of my former associates appear to take pleasure in rendering me miserable.'

'Summer friends, my dear Miss Mantou, who flee like passage-birds, at the first approach of winter.'

'But I have given them no cause to hate me,' said Isabel.

'But you have to envy you—and envy is near allied to hate.'

Mrs. Mantou was surprised at the early return of her daughter, but Isabel, besought her to ask no questions; and sitting down, the trio were soon engaged in a cheerful conversation. Mrs. Mantou was very retiring in her disposition, and had a kind of reserve in her manners, which many construed into pride. But that she was in fact far removed from any such feelings, could be read in her mild, gentle and amiable countenance, where sorrows and reverses had left their trace. The truth is, she found no congenial minds among her neighbors, and shrunk from their intercourse more through distaste than pride. She had sought in the society of a husband whom she loved to idolatry, and of a daughter on whom she doated, amusement and happiness, and spent her leisure hours in adding to the treasures of a mind of uncommon strength and refinement.

This evening Bellepont appeared extremely agreeable, Isabel in good spirits, and Mrs. Mantou happy. Both contributed their share to keep the shifting shuttle-cock of conversation in motion, and gave themselves up with undisguised interest to the striking observations and spirited sketches of their accomplished guest. The mother listened with fondness and pride to the artless and lovely outpourings of her daughter's well stored

mind, and heard, for the first time since his death, the silver tones of her voice gushing forth in unrestrained laughter. Bellepont outdid himself—in his piquant descriptions of the world and the society in which he had moved—in his sketches of the characters and peculiarities of the distinguished men to whose acquaintance his wealth, as well as his rare literary genius, had introduced him; and in his critical remarks upon the books which they had all read and admired—his delighted listeners discovered an acute and discriminating mind, as well as a fund of extraordinary attainments. And our hero, on the other hand, was not less surprised to find in those with whom he conversed, a degree of learning and refinement seldom met with even in the highest circles of the city. He found Isabel not only well versed in the current literature of the day, but a proficient in the Latin, French, and Italian, languages, and familiar with the best productions of each. In addition to this, she sang and played like an angel, at least so thought Bellepont.

It was a late hour before he could tear himself away from their charming society, and he did it at length, with the assurance that he would call again on the morrow, an assurance which both mother and daughter received with equal pleasure. After his departure, Isabel gave her mother the history of the evening—the neglect, innuendos, and sneers, by which she had been wounded to the heart, and the coarse, unfeeling remarks of Aunt Katharine, which had drawn tears from her eyes, and caused her to leave a party, one of whose principal objects was, apparently, to mortify her. And then she spoke of Mr. Bellepont's conduct.

'It was very kind in him dear mamma, was it not?'

'Very kind indeed,' said Mrs. Mantou, 'and I will thank him to-morrow, in my own name as well as yours.'

[Concluded in our next.]

BIOGRAPHY.

From the Lady's Book.

Letitia Elizabeth Landon.

BY MRS. HALE.

Miss Landon began to write at a very early period. 'Improvisatrice,' her first work, was published in 1824, when, as it is now reported, she was only fourteen years of age. This volume contains some of her brightest gems. Here are those exquisite stanzas, commencing—

'Of all the months that fill the year,
Give April's month to me,
For earth and sky are then so filled
With sweet variety!'

A madrigal, this, which, among the countless strains the spring calls forth, has never

been surpassed. The 'Violet' is another beautiful poem; and 'The Eve of St. John' is one of those fanciful, fascinating legends, in which this poetess is inimitable. The principal poem is a story of passionate genius and disappointed love—themes in which Miss Landon seemed to find the inspiration of her muse. The scope of the poem allowed the introduction of many episodes; and it is in the variety of these, and the profusion of imagery thrown over the scenes, as though the young mind which created them could not rest till every beautiful fancy had been invoked, and every flower had been heaped on its first offering to the public, that we detect the youth of the writer. Still there are in this poem, and throughout the volume, touches of nature, and revelations of feeling and imagination, combined with a judgment and taste which are truly wonderful, and which at once established the reputation of the authoress for genius of a high order. How true and exquisitely described are the feelings and fancies of warm-hearted youth in the following lines:—

'There are a thousand fanciful things
Linked round the young heart's imaginings,
In its first love-dream; a leaf or a flower,
Is gifted then with a spell and a power:
A shade is an omen, a dream is a sign,
From which the maiden can well divine
Passion's whole history. Those only can tell
Who have loved as young hearts can love so well,
How the pulse will beat, and the cheek will be dyed,
When they have some love-augury tried.
Oh! it is not for those whose feelings are cold,
Withered by care, or blunted by gold;
Whose brows have darkened with many years,
To feel again youth's hopes and fears—
What they owe might blush to confess,
Yet what made their spring day's happiness.'

We do not, however, think these love-strains worthy of all praise. It is true, that Miss Landon has painted her pictures to the mind's eye with great delicacy of truth, and many of them possess exquisite grace and beauty; still we wish she had not so frequently made choice of 'love as the source of song.' She somewhere remarks, as an apology of the amatory character of her early writings, that 'for a woman, whose influence and sphere is the affections, love is the peculiar province.' And so it is; but then she should, like Mrs. Hemans, have extended the sphere of *love* to the conjugal, parental, filial, and fraternal feelings. Yes! the true-love, which glows with the holiest, brightest, loveliest light in the garland of poesy, twined by a female hand, is that which she will find in the dear domestic circle—the household affections, rather than the *tender passion*, should furnish her themes.

In her later productions, Miss Landon has greatly improved in the philosophy of her art. She addresses other feelings besides *love*; her style has more simplicity and strength, and the sentiment becomes elevated and wo-

manly—for we hold that the loftiest, purest, and best qualities of our nature, the *moral feelings*, are peculiarly suitable for their development and description, to the genius of woman. 'The Lost Pleiad' and 'The History of the Lyre,' have many passages of true and simple feeling, united with an elevated moral sentiment, and that accurate knowledge of life, which shows the observing and reasoning mind in rapid progress. Such are the following passages:—

'Can that man be dead
Whose spiritual influence is upon his kind?
He lives in glory; and such speaking dust
Has more of life than half its breathing moulds.
Welcome a grave, with memories such as these,
Making the sunshine of our moral world.'

'Love mine, I know my weakness and I know,
How far I fall short of the glorious goal
I purpose to myself; yet if one line
Has stolen from the eye unconscious tears,
Recalled one lover to fidelity,
Which is the holiness of love—or bade
One maiden sicken at cold vanity,
When dreaming o'er affection's tenderness,
The deep, the true, the honored of my song—
If but one worldly soul has been effaced,
That song has not been utterly in vain.
One true, deep feeling purifies the heart.'

As Miss Landon is still young, and possesses such fervidness and activity of genius, and the power of judgment, which can control the exuberance which such a fancy as her's is inclined to indulge, there is every reason to hope better and richer treasures from her muse than any yet given to the world.

In prose she has succeeded well, though we do not place her in the first rank of the popular novelists of the day. Her 'Romance and Reality' is an interesting story, and many of her short sketches and tales, which are gracing the periodicals of the day, are written with a charming naivete and sprightliness. But the originality, pathos, and deep feeling, which characterize much of her poetry, are seldom found in her prose. Nature has gifted her for the lyre, and we hope that she will only practice prose writing sufficiently to correct, by its requisite common sense and naturalness, some of the eccentricities and conceits which a vivid imagination always searching for the wonderful, the beautiful, and the exciting, is so apt to indulge.

Though Miss Landon has written so much pathetic poetry, depicting the woes of despairing and forsaken lovers, she is not describing her own case. It is said that she is very fond of society, and shines among the fair, fashionable and fascinating of the London world, as a 'bright particular star'—and that never has a disappointment of the heart occurred to cloud her vivacity. So, no gentle reader of the 'Improvisatrice'—'Venetian Bracelet'—'Lost Pleiad,' &c. &c. must identify the suffering heroines of those poems

with the accomplished writer.* But there are many strains in her later poems, which bear the impress of individual and real feeling. Such are 'Lines of Life,' and 'New-Year's Eve.' In both of these the poetess has, we think, embodied the sentiments of her own heart and experience; and the sincerity and simplicity of the expression which always attends real feeling, give to these poems a strong and abiding interest, which her fancies and fictions, surpassingly beautiful as they are, can never create. She has lived in the sunshine of the world too much, and the 'Eastern Tulip' may be the emblem of her poetical temperament; but that she prizes the 'little deep blue violet' so much, shows that her heart and soul are fraught with the love of simple nature, and with those warm and pure emotions which will when called forth, 'make the loveliness of home.'

In truth, we think that England wants no living poetess superior to Miss Landon. Her's is the true inspiration ascribed by the ancients to Phœbus, by us to Nature, which can

Give to airy nothing
A local habitation, and a name.

She possesses in an eminent degree that loftiest attribute of genius, creative power—her imagination is vivid, varied and fertile, her taste delicate and refined by the study of the beautiful in art and nature, and we may add, that her knowledge of the human heart and of social life appears varied, just, and often profound.

There are several volumes of her poetical works which we have not named. 'The Troubadour,'—'The Golden Violet'—and 'The Vow of the Peacock'—and a countless number of fugitive pieces in the Annuals and Periodicals constantly appearing. These volumes, with the exception of 'The Vow of the Peacock,' have been republished in America, and, with the exception of Mrs. Hemans, no modern English writer of poetry is now more popularly known among us than L. E. L. Her lyrical effusions find a place in our newspapers from Maine to Florida, and her beautiful 'Poem on the death of Mrs. Hemans' has given her a warm place in the heart of

* The following intelligence appeared in a late number of the 'Metropolitan.'—We give it as London gossip—which, as the papers say, yet waits confirmation.

It is said that Miss Landon, better known as L. E. L. is soon to be married to Macclise, the celebrated Croquis of Fraser's Magazine.

We are half sorry, where we ought to be glad, at this announcement; but L. E. L. by the fascination of her song has so wedded herself to every heart, that we had forgotten she was aught but the pure and beautiful spirit of that ideal world of loveliness and interest she has created in every mind. Are we selfish? No: yet we are afraid we can never love her so well as 'Mrs. Macclise,' as we and every one else have done, as the spirituelle and gentle L. E. L.

Macclise, however, is one of the few men from all that we read of him, whom one would suppose worthy of Miss Landon. High-souled, gifted, and enthusiastic, full of genius himself, and of admirable felicity in its application. He is a young Irishman, known as a painter of extraordinary promise, and whose reputation was instantly established by the very first public exhibition of his powers—a large picture from the veiled prophet of Khorsassan, representing Mokanna, disclosing himself to his beautiful devotee, Zelica.

many a devoted admirer of that sweet songstress. Thus kind and affectionate should be the feeling of each sister of the lyre towards the accomplished, the gifted L. E. L.

MISCELLANY.

The Road to Happiness.

AN ALLEGORY.

ON returning from a visit to the city, at a season when it is most gay, I sat myself down under an ancient, and I may properly term it an hereditary, oak-tree, whose broad and hoary branches seemed to expand to afford me a shade and a solitude. In a few moments I fell into a state of insensibility, when I had the following vision :

Methought a spirit, arrayed in light, stood before me ; the expression of whose countenance was meek as the rainbow, and whose features were mild, beautiful, and fair. With an eye radiant with sympathy, he paused, looked steadfastly upon me, and gently taking my hand, bade me not fear. 'Fear not,' he said, 'young man, offspring of heaven, pilgrim on earth, arise and follow me.'

With a throbbing heart, I obeyed—and, tremblingly, pursued the angel. He walked close by my side, and, as he moved along, frequently shed upon me a smile, which was truly celestial. Methought we journeyed on, until we arrived at the divarication of two roads, which suddenly stretched from each other in an opposite direction. The one on the left, as far as the eye could reach, seemed narrow and covered with thorns. That on the right was green, fragrant, and teeming with all the voluptuousness of spring : there bloomed the rose and every other flower, and zephyr sported amid the odors. Dazzled by the prospect, my eye fixed itself on that beautiful path, and I should have pursued it, had not the angel warned me to beware.

'That path,' he said, 'leads the heart astray, my son : it conducts to the abode of GUILT, in which dwell, also, ANGUISH and REMORSE. The pageant view that opens to the vices, and the luxurious prospect it contains is the path of sorrow—the avenue to woe ! Turn thine eye to that narrow path on the left : though the prospect there be barren and solitary, depart not from it ; for that is the road to HAPPINESS. At first, it will not afford any solace : thou wilt rather experience much pain and uneasiness : but be thou courageous, my son, and thy bosom shall be calmed by the joys of a good conscience, and the peace of VIRTUE.'

'Thanks,' I returned, 'fair messenger, for cautioning my unwary heart against that flowery way, that brilliant snarl. None, save the favored being enlightened by a spirit from heaven, would avoid that path, where every thing is tinged with the hue of bliss, and all

conspires to lure the pilgrim to destruction. Regardless, now, of the pain which thou sayest I must at first experience, I shall, according to thy counsel, pursue the narrow path.'

I ceased ; my breast still heaved, and my eyes streamed with tears. Unable to continue, I looked feelingly at the angel, who wiped my eyes ; and again taking my hand, 'My son,' he said, 'as thou advancest with me, mark every object that shall present itself to thy view. How doth the road now appear ?'

'Ah !' I sighed, 'everything looks waste and melancholy.'

'Why looketh it thus my child ? Alas ! because there are so few who dare have courage to pursue this path. Many there be who follow it awhile, but growing impatient of the monotonous view, and perceiving naught to cheer them on their journey, return, and rush into the path on the right ! Then over the green they trip, with their brows bound with flowers, dancing, as they go, to the sound of music ; they reel on till they find themselves on the brink of Wo. Then the spell melteth away. Every shrub is blighted—every flower fadeth ; and they are unable to proceed or to return. In this desperate situation they pause awhile, racked with the pangs of conscience, and are finally swept by the angel of death into the gulf of PERDITION. Not so the narrow path which thou pursuest. Though, in the beginning, it is dark and painful, still lose not courage : thou mayest, at times, discover amid this solitude the tracks of some who have gone before thee. And bear this truth in memory, that thou canst do what other men have done. And soon shall the prospect be changed. For, as thou advancest toward the end of thy career, a place like Eden will brighten before thy vision : there thou shalt repose thy wearied limbs—and wake in heaven ! Say then, young pilgrim, wilt thou persevere ?'

'I will,' I exclaimed with emotion, and wept ; When a large leaf, falling from the tree upon my face, caused me to awake, instructed and encouraged from my slumber.

Confessions of a Gambler.

I REMEMBER the first game of cards that I ever played. I was sixteen years old and my partners were aged men—men who were old enough to be my father, and who should have cuffed my ears and sent me home. But no—they praised my dexterity in handling the cards—flattered my judgment, and taught me to glory in my skill. Thus while they made rich my vanity they made poor my pockets. Greater men than myself may with equal truth advance this same sentiment. It is true I did not play for much ; we only staked a small sum just to make the game in-

teresting ; we scorned to cast a thought on the loss and gain ; we played for amusement, not for the purpose of making money. This was the language we used to ourself. But should an uninterested observer have looked over the table at which we were playing, and watched the eagerness with which the stake was seized when won, and the working of the countenance of the losers, perhaps he would have put a different construction, than mere amusement, on the deep and intense interest each individual manifested. The truth is, *profit and loss*, are the ruling spirits of a game of cards, or a throw of dice. I know not which of the two has the most influence to keep a young man at the gambling table. If we are fortunate, the desire is awakened for more, and the hope encouraged that luck is on our side ; perchance we pride ourselves on our skill in the game, and so we resolve to try again, and if we are unfortunate, we try again to repair our loss—'luck was against us ;' 'we may be more fortunate the next time,' and a thousand reasons the devotee of play can make to himself for *trying again*.

I was then a clerk in a store, and as my funds failed me, I had recourse to my master's drawer. Dollar after dollar of his money went in that way without his knowledge. In a short time I could toss my glass of spirit and whiff my cigar, with as much grace as the most finished gentleman : and I was perfect in an oath. I became an adept in play ; and soon played deeper games. Yet, with all my cunning and judgment many a midnight has seen me hurrying home with a heart terrible heavy, in consequence of a pocket proportionably *light*.

I was the only son of a widowed mother ; and on me her future hopes rested. Often times would my conscience bitterly reproach me for my conduct, when on entering the house at a late hour in the night, I found my aged and lone mother sitting up, patiently waiting my coming and when she expressed her fears, that I should injure my health by too close application to my business—for I deceived that fond and trusting parent, by telling her that my business at the store kept me away from home—and when she advised me to relax a little, awfully did my heart rise up against me and reprove my wickedness ; and again and again did I determine to forsake the 'evil ways,' that I had been treading. But some nights I won ; and then an intense thirst led me back to the table ; and other nights I lost ; and then I would try again to make it up.

Soon however was that widowed heart to be shattered and bleeding ; soon was it to be overflowed with the gall of bitterness. For a week or more I was peculiarly unfortunate ; losing every night more or less. It may be supposed that this continued ill-luck affected

me considerable and that my master's drawer had to suffer by it.—This was not all. To drown the regret experienced on account of my losses, I had, recourse to frequent and liberal potations. The more I lost, the more I drank. I had often deceived my mother, who often detected the smell of spirit when I entered the room by telling her I had been working about the liquors in the store. For a while this excuse answered. But when every night on entering the room I brought with me the scent of spirituous liquors, her suspicions became awakened. Never—never shall I forget the hour, when a mother's hopes were blasted, and her fond heart plunged into woe! I returned from the gambling table at a late hour, long past midnight. That night I had been unusually unfortunate; in consequence of which I drank freely and became excited. To have seen me at the table one would think I was the happiest fellow in the universe. My purse was completely drained and I lost on tick. But in my then frame of mind money was no object to me; so I played, and lost; occasionally raising the stake until I became involved deeply in debt.—I cared not. I kept on my riotous course of shouting, swearing, and singing, until the company broke up.

My mother was anxiously waiting for me—and, 'My dear son, how glad I am you have come!' went to my heart like a burning arrow. My excitement had worn off and she eyed me suspiciously; so I hurried off to bed as quick as possible. From the effects of the liquor I had swallowed, I was soon asleep. How long I remained asleep I know not, when I awakened by something dropping on my face.—On looking up, I beheld my mother at the head of my bed, with her hands clasped and big tears of agony rolling down her time-worn cheeks. In a moment I suspected the worst, and I hid my head in the bed-clothes. She had been bending over me—and I was awakened by a mother's tear! I dared not lift up my face to meet her eye; but I drew the bed-clothes closer around me. Oh, how my conscience smote me. Oh, how my heart struggled with shame! Death, Death! how I wished for you when I heard my mother's voice trembling with age and agony.—'George, George! that I should have lived to witness this hour! would to God I had followed you to your grave in your infancy! My child!' she frantically and broken-heartedly screamed, 'would that in giving you birth death had taking us both! Wo is me, that I have lived to witness my son's shame!' I strove to stop my ears to shut out her voice, but in vain. The words sounded in my ears, with a horrid emphasis; and so till my dying day will they sound. The discovery of her son's vileness, the sudden

crushing of her hopes were too much for her; she sank senseless on the bed.

It was a long time before she revived, and heavily smote my conscience, as I gazed, by the dim light of the lamp on her pale face, and felt the coolness of her forehead as I bathed it with vinegar. I was fearful life had entirely forsaken her, but at last she came to. I could not stand to meet her look, and was turning to leave the room, when in a faint voice, she requested me to stay by her. I was struck with the altered tone of her voice; she did not speak reproachfully, but so calmly and tenderly that the tears gushed from my eyes in torrents; it almost broke my heart to listen to her; and there was something in her tone that thrilled fearfully through me, so that every word she uttered caused a dead sinking chill at my heart—it was so hollow and unearthly. 'Stay, my son,' said she, taking my hand between her own, the iciness of which made me shudder—I wish not to chide you. But oh, George if you value your peace here and your eternal happiness hereafter, leave off drinking; taste not, touch not, the accursed poison! Oh God!' she fervently added—'strengthen him to resist temptation—turn his footsteps from the path that leads to the dark and dreadful pits of destruction? My, son she added in a thicker voice, 'If you respect your mother's memory—if you respect your own character—remember, and be guided by her last words—taste—'

'Mother, mother! what ails you?' I screamed, for I saw her countenance change suddenly. The blood began to settle about the eyes, which become glassy, and a pale streak encircled her mouth, while her breath grew shorter and shorter.

'I swear, mother, I swear, never to touch another drop of the accursed stuff!' uttered, in a hurried and trembling voice. A gleam of satisfaction shot across her face for a moment, as she with difficulty articulated—'George, remember your oath!'—Those were her last words, and barely were they uttered, ere I was bending over my mother's form, the only living being in that still chamber.

Getting a Situation.

BY W. B. S.

Not long since, a wholesale dry goods merchant, advertised in the daily papers for a youth to learn the business, stating that 'one from the country would be preferred.' He very soon had two or three hundred applicants for the situation, none of which seemed to suit him. One morning as he was standing in his door he noticed a raw gawky country looking chap about six feet high, dressed in drab cassimer pants, green summer cloth roundabout (which by the by made him look several inches taller) a red flannel vest, blue cotton neckerchief, knit woollen gloves,

(though the weather was warm) white beaver hat, and a pair of shoes, which looked as if, the soft blacking brush had passed lightly over them, but with which the hard one had not yet 'scraped acquaintance.' He was looking up at the signs and spelling the names as he went along, and raising on his toes as if he were climbing a five feet fence; striding up to the door and placing his hand on the frame pretty high up, of course, he called out, 'Hallo, Mister! are you the man who advertises for a youth to stand in your store?'

'Yes sir' replied the merchant, 'I did advertise for a youth; do you wish to get a situation for any of your acquaintances?'

'No, no sir, not for any of my acquaintances, but I want to get a place for myself, you printed in the newspaper that you wanted a youth.'

'Yes, I did, but you don't call yourself a youth, do you?'

'Yes I do, and why should'nt I, I am only nineteen years old, although I can reach higher than some of my neighbors.'

'Well I like your looks, and provided we can come on terms, we shan't quarrel about your height.'

'Come on terms, of course I'll come on terms, and come for a term also, how much will you give me to stand in your store.'

'Give you to stand in my store, I don't want you to stand in my store, I want you to learn the business and work in it, your services are not worth much at first, nor can I give you much, but I will take you on trial for three months, and if I find you improve on acquaintance and likely to make a good steady salesman I will keep you for a year, and then I will give you a good salary.'

'Well I've no objection to that, I'll live with you for three months and if I suit you you'll keep me longer, and if you suit me, I'll stay longer, but if I may ask what makes you prefer a person from the country?'

'For many reasons, *first*, because they are more *willing to receive information* and *second*, they are not *ashamed* to ask about any thing they don't know, for fear the other clerk's might laugh at their ignorance, they not thinking when they laugh at them, that they show less sense than those whom they laugh at, and *third*, it is presumed they have not become acquainted with the vices of the city, and will not spend all their leisure time at the theatre, grog shops, and gambling houses, and if we get a young man immediately from the country we expect that he will not so readily attend those bad places, and it may be that by keeping away himself, he may prevent other clerks from visiting them.'

'Aha, that is the reason is it, well as for the theatre I would not give two cents to see the best actor or actress that ever wasted

time on the stage, and for grog shops, I have never been accustomed to drink any thing stronger than spring water, and of gambling I know nothing, neither do I wish to know, nor will I ever learn.'

'Now' said the merchant 'I will tell you the reason why I offered to take you on trial, it is because I like your appearance very much, though you are dressed a little different from what the city clerks dress and when you blacken your shoes, hereafter you must use the *hard* brush as well as the *soft* brush.'

'Why,' replied the youth 'I had no hard brush, nor soft one either, I got a piece of a sponge and some soot from the chimney, and put it on 'em, but hereafter I shall do as the others do, and dress more becoming a clerk in a wholesale dry Goods store, and do all in my power to deserve and receive your favor.'

The sequel is, the countryman went on trial, his master found he would make a smart salesman, he gave him a larger salary than the first he offered, which gave evidence of his being satisfied, and that stimulated the young man to greater exertion. In the course of time he became an excellent salesman, a good book-keeper, and what is still more desirable, 'an *honest clerk*.'—*Monument.*

Temptation.

A poor little chimney sweeper had engaged at a chateau to sweep a chimney which led from the roof to the apartment of a Princess.

When he had descended to the fire-place, he found no one in the chamber, and he remained there for some time looking at the many beautiful things that were in it.

That, however, which pleased him the most, was a Watch garnished with diamonds laying upon the toilette table. At first he must needs take it into his hands. Then came the wish, O! that I had such a watch!

A moment after, he said to himself, 'what if I should take it? But fie!' said he 'that would make me a thief.'

'At the same time, no one will ever know it,' said he, speaking to himself again. But at this very moment a noise was heard in the next chamber. As quick as possible, he replaced the watch, and saved himself by a retreat up the chimney.

Returning home, this watch was always present to his mind. Wherever he went, or wherever he was, it was constantly before his eyes. He endeavored to drive it from his thoughts—but in vain! It seemed as if he was drawn towards it by a superior power.

He could not sleep, so that finally he resolved he would return and take it.

When he had gained the apartment, everything was so still that he could not doubt but he was there alone. Timid and trem-

bling, he approached the toilette, where by the feeble light of the moon he perceived the watch.

Already was his hand extended, when near to it he discovered still greater treasures, diamond ear-rings and bracelets.

'Shall I,' said he to himself, trembling in every limb—'Shall I—'

'But then! shall I not be a detested wretch all the rest of my life? Shall I ever be able to sleep quietly afterwards? Shall I ever dare to look any one in the face?—That's very true.—Nevertheless I shall become rich suddenly; I shall be able to ride in my coach; to have fine clothes, and something to live upon luxuriously every day.

'Then if I should be discovered?—But how can they discover me? Nobody sees me.

'Nobody! Does not, then, God see me—He, who is every where. Should I dare to address my prayers to Him if I committed this theft?—Could I die in peace?'

At this thought an icy chillness came over him. 'No,' said he, replacing the diamonds, 'rather let me have poverty with a good conscience, than riches with villany,' and as he said this he hastily returned by the way which he came.

The Princess whose sleeping room was adjoining to this, had seen and heard all that had passed, she recognized the little boy by the light of the moon, and the next day she went to his house.

'Hear me, my little fellow,' said she, 'when you came to my apartment last night, why did you not take my watch and diamonds?'

The little boy fell at her feet, and so great was his fear, he could not utter a single word.

'I heard the whole,' said the Princess; 'thank God, my child, that he enabled you to resist the temptation, and endeavor henceforth to sustain yourself in the way of virtue.'

'From this moment you are to live with me. I will feed and clothe you. I will do still more. I will bring you up under my own care, and give you such an education that the remembrance of one bad action shall return to you no more.'

The child wept bitterly. He wished to express his thanks, but he could not; he could only sob and clasp his hands.

The Princess kept her word. This little boy was well brought up; and his benefactress had the satisfaction and delight of seeing him as he advanced in life, become a learned, good and pious man.

COMMENTATORS, ALIAS COMMON TATORS.—

An English paper says, that a clergyman in Devonshire, the other day, after having endeavored to explain some difficult text, said 'I know that *commentators* do not agree with me.' The next day a farmer in his village brought him a basket of potatoes, and said,

that as '*common tators*' did not agree with him, he had brought him a basket of his best kidneys, which he hoped would be more wholesome.'—*N. Y. Express.*

AGRARIANISM.—'Teddy,' said a man to an Irishman, 'won't you join the Agrarians?' 'Agrarians! what the devil's that?' said Teddy, 'Why, a division of property.' 'Sure, and I'm the lad for that same.' 'Well Teddy, what would you do with your share, if all the property was equally divided among us?' 'What would I do with it? by the powers but I'm the boy that would spend it jinteelly.' 'Well, Teddy, after your share was spent, what would you do then?' 'What would I do then, you ax me?' 'By St. Patrick, but I'd be for another division, so I would!'

AN IRISH DUEL.—Mr. O'Conner related an instance where the parties in an 'affair of honor' had actually agreed to put the muzzle of their pistols (so inveterate were they) into each other's mouths; 'yet, would you believe it?' said he, 'one of them escaped.' Just as one second was about to give the signal. 'Jack look hither.' Jack turned his head, just in time, for the ball to pass out through his left cheek, doing him little hurt, while his opponent was killed on the spot.—*Tales of my Neighborhood.*

Letters Containing Remittances,
Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of Postagepaid.

P. M. Rotterdam, N. Y. \$17.00; P. M. Mechanicville, N. Y. \$1.00; M. W. S. Cabotville, Ma. \$1.00; G. P. W. Montpelier, Vt. \$20.00; C. N. H. Saugerties, N. Y. \$1.00.

DIED.

In this city, on Tuesday, the 7th inst. Mrs. Mary Paddock, widow of the late Judah Paddock, Esq. in the 64th year of her age.

On Friday, the 10th inst. Hepsabath Moores, widow of the late Reuben Moores, Esq. in the 64th year of her age.

On the 11th inst. Francis A. son of Mr. Lewis Little, aged 2 years, 9 months and 5 days.

On the 9th inst. Mr. Peter Sharp, Jr. in the 29th year of his age.

On the 10th inst. Mary Cella, daughter of William and Elizabeth Sanford, aged 1 year and 6 months.

On the 13th inst. Mary B. Hubbard, aged 46 years.

On the 15th inst. James B. son of George and Lydia Whitlock, aged 1 year and 1 month.

On the 20th inst. Hannah Power, widow of the late Thomas Power, in the 83d year of her age.

At Livingston, on Saturday morning, the 11th inst. Mr. Derick Van Debagart, aged 46 years, after a severe illness of 8 weeks.

On the 23d of February ult. a child about 4 years old—the only son of Mr. D. S. Kittle of Troy,—accidentally fell from the third story window of the Mansion House in that city, and was instantly killed. The distressing circumstances attending the appalling accident were of such a character that it is difficult to convince of much less to express, the agonized feelings of the bereaved father and mother. The following stanzas have been prepared as an Epitaph for the lost boy, whose earthly existence was so suddenly and awfully terminated.

An Epitaph.

By most disastrous chance
Untimely snatched away,
No more thy feet shall dance
In childhood's frolic play;
Sudden the hand of God
Took thee away to heaven,
'Twas mercy swayed the rod
With which the blow was given.

Thou hast escaped the ill
That crowd round mortal hours,
Folly that stains and sin that kills
The fairest of earth's flowers;—
Far up in yon blue sky
Before the *Azure* divine,
What splendors greet thine eye,
What happiness is thine!



ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Rural Repository.

Friendship.

Like a star in the sky
When all others have set—
As the sun in his course
While the day lingers yet,
And his light is not hid
In his pathway on high,
But shines bright and pure
From his throne in the sky,
Thus firm in attachment,
When all others desert—
Thus pure in the light
Which it sheds on the heart,
Is the beacon of Friendship,
Which brightens the way
Of Life's chequered path
With a Heavenly ray.

H.

Hudson, February 6, 1837.

Stanzas on the Death of Mrs. Hemans.

'The rose—the glorious rose is gone.'

Lays of Many Lands.

Bring flowers to crown the cup and lute,—
Bring flowers—the bride is near:
Bring flowers to sooth the captive's cell,
Bring flowers to strew the bier:
Bring flowers! thus said the lovely song;
And shall they not be brought
To her who linked the offering
With feeling and with thought?

Bring flowers—the perfumed and the pure—
Those with the morning dew,
A sigh on ev'ry fragrant leaf,
A tear on ev'ry hue.
So pure, so sweet thy life has been,
So filling earth and air
With odors and with loveliness,
Till common scenes grew fair.

Thy song around our daily path
Flung beauty born of dreams,
That shadows on the actual world
The spirit's sunny gleams.
Mysterious influence, that to earth
Brings down the heaven above,
And fills the universal heart
With universal love.

Such gifts were thine—as from the block,
The unformed and the cold,
The sculptor calls to breathing life
Some shape of perfect mould,
So thou from common thoughts and things
Didst call a charmed song,
Which on a sweet and swelling tide
Bore the full soul along.

And thou from far and foreign lands
Didst bring back many a tone,
And giving such new music still,
A music of thine own.
A lofty strain of generous thoughts,
And yet subdued and sweet—
An angel's song, who sings of earth
Whose cares are at his feet.

And yet thy song is sorrowful,
Its beauty is not bloom:
The hopes of which it breathes, are hopes
That look beyond the tomb.
Thy song is sorrowful as winds
That wander o'er the plain,
And ask for summer's vanished flowers,
And ask for them in vain.

Ah! dearly purchased is the gift,
The gift of song like thine;
A fated doom is her's who stands
The priestess of the shrine.
The crowd—they only see the crown,
They only hear the hymn:—
They mark not that the cheek is pale,
And that the eye is dim.

Wound to a pitch too exquisite,
The soul's fine chords are wrung;
With misery and melody
They are too highly strung.
The heart is made too sensitive
Life's daily pain to bear;
It beats in music, but it beats
Beneath a deep despair.

It never meets the love it paints,
The love for which it pines;
Too much of Heaven is in the faith
That such a heart enshrines.
The meteor wreath the poet wears
Must make a lonely lot;
It dazzles, only to divide
From those who wear it not.

Didst thou not tremble at thy fame,
And loath its bitter price,
While what to others triumph seemed,
To thee was sacrifice?
Oh! Flower brought from Paradise
To this cold world of ours,
Shadows of beauty such as thine
Recall thy native bowers.

Let others thank thee—'twas for them
Thy soft leaves thou didst breathe:
The red rose wastes itself in sighs
Whose sweetness others breathe!
And they have thanked thee—many a lip
Has asked of thine for words,
When thoughts, life's finer thoughts, have touched
The spirit's inmost chords.

How many loved and honored thee
Who only knew thy name;
Which o'er this weary working world
Like starry music came!
With what still hours of calm delight
Thy songs and image blend;
I cannot choose but think thou wert
An old familiar friend.

The charm that dwelt in songs of thine
My inmost spirit moved;
And yet I feel as thou hadst been
Not half enough beloved.
They say that thou wert faint, and worn
With suffering and with care;
What music must have filled the soul
That had so much to spare!

Oh, weary One! since thou art laid
Within thy mother's breast—
The green, the quiet mother earth—
Thrice blessed be thy rest!
Thy heart is left within our hearts,
Although life's pang is o'er:
But the quick tears are in my eyes,
And I can write no more.

L. E. L.

To a Star.

BY MISS DAVIDSON.

Written in her Fifteenth Year.

Thou brightly glittering Star of Even—
Thou gem upon the brow of Heaven!
Oh! were this fluttering spirit free,
How quick 'twould spread its wings to thee!

How calmly, brightly, dost thou shine—
Like the pure lamp in Virtue's shrine;
Sure the fair world which thou may'st boast,
Was never ransomed—never lost.

There, beings pure as Heaven's own air,
Their hopes, their joys, together share;
While hovering angels touch the string,
And seraphs spread the sheltering wing.

There, cloudless days, and brilliant nights,
Illumed by Heaven's refulgent lights;
There, seasons, years, unnoticed roll,
And unregretted by the soul.

Thou little Star of Even—
Thou gem upon an azure heaven;
How swiftly will I soar to thee,
When this imprisoned soul is free!

Boyhood.

BY BERNARD BARTON.

The rose which greets the smile of June,
Unfolded in its joy,
When birds and bees their carols tune,
May typify the Boy.

Light clouds, that pass in shadow o'er,
Render its hues more bright;
Soft showers may fall, yet these restore
Fresh fragrance to delight.

And thus the shade on Boyhood's cheek
By smiles is chased away;
The tear which transient grief would speak
But leaves the eye more gay.

The clouds whose darkness threatens life,
Winds of autumnal tone,
Of Winter's storms the fearful strife—
To it are things unknown.

Unknown to Boyhood, too, the storms
Which after years may roll
O'er all the beauty that now forms
The summer of its soul.

But mind, immortal, through the gloom
May glorious warfare wage;
And know, when faded Boyhood's bloom,
Fresh greenness in old age.

JOB PRINTING.

Executed with neatness, accuracy and despatch, at the office of the RURAL REPOSITORY, No. 135, Cor. of Warren and Third Streets, such as

Books, Pamphlets, Cards, Checks, Handbills
of every description, on the best of type, and on as reasonable terms, as at any office in the city.

THE RURAL REPOSITORY,

IS PUBLISHED EVERY OTHER SATURDAY, AT HUDSON, N. Y. BY

Wm. B. Stoddard.

It is printed in the Quarto form, and will contain twenty-six numbers of eight pages each, with a title page and index to the volume.

TERMS.—One Dollar per annum in advance, or One Dollar and Fifty Cents, at the expiration of three months from the time of subscribing. Any person, who will remit us Five Dollars, free of postage, shall receive six copies, and any person, who will remit us Ten Dollars, free of postage, shall receive twelve copies, and one copy of either of the previous volumes. No subscriptions received for less than one year. All the back numbers furnished to new subscribers.

All orders and Communications must be post paid, to receive attention.



DEVOTED TO POLITE LITERATURE SUCH AS MORAL AND SENTIMENTAL TALES, ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS, BIOGRAPHY, TRAVELING SKETCHES, AMUSING MISCELLANY, HUMOROUS AND HISTORICAL ANECDOTES, SUMMARY, POETRY, &c.

VOL. XIII.—[IV. NEW SERIES.]

HUDSON, N. Y. SATURDAY, APRIL 8, 1837.

NO. 22.

SELECT TALES.

From the Saturday Courier.

Isabel, the Orphan.

A NARRATIVE OF TRUTH.

[Concluded.]

IN the meanwhile, the party who had been left began very suddenly to alter their opinion of our friend Dick. Miss Simper remarked with a sneer 'that these city gentlemen make a great parade, but all is not gold that shines.' And Aunt Katharine, who was in high dudgeon at the manner in which her ladyship had been treated, began confidentially to caution the young ladies against the stranger, who, as she strongly suspected, was no better than he ought to be. In these insinuations, the spruce young beaux of S. to whom our hero had been an unconscious object of envy, openly joined. The consequence was, that in a few days the report was rife, and very generally believed, that Mr. Bellepont, as he called himself, was nothing more nor less than a libertine and blackleg, with whom it was a dangerous as disreputable to associate.

But Dick, to whom these rumors did not fail to come, gave himself little trouble about them.—He was perfectly willing to confine his visits to the little cottage, where he was ever sure of a welcome reception, and alike gave and received pleasure. He was, to tell the truth, in love; and all the symptoms of his disorder were visible in his manner and conduct. Night after night he went with his flute to accompany Isabel on her reclaimed piano. The latest publications and best periodicals of the day found their way to her table. And numberless little presents were heaped upon her with a lavish hand and in a manner that would take no denial. In fine, Mrs. Mantou began to have some alarm as to the result of all this, and resolved to come to an explanation. But her purpose was prevented by the abrupt departure of Mr. Bellepont, who was called away by the illness of an uncle, of whom he was the heir and adopted son.

In the meanwhile, however, the inmates of the cottage were assured of his return.

by the weekly reception, through the village mail, of the various periodicals of the day. Mrs. Mantou also received from him an occasional letter, informing her of his situation, and full of warm expressions of friendship for herself and Isabel, and of his best wishes for their welfare.

Spring came, and still Mr. Bellepont lingered at the bedside of his sick uncle. At length there came to the post-office a packet, (postage paid) addressed to Mrs. Mantou. Its singular appearance excited not less surprise in her to whom it was addressed, than it did curiosity in the wife of the postmaster, who would have given her best cup of tea to have learned the contents. On opening it, Mrs. Mantou found it to consist of several letters, enclosed in an envelope, addressed to herself. Two of them were from the well-known hand of the former acquaintance of her husband and herself, Mr. T. a wealthy and respectable merchant, and Dr. —, an eminent clergyman of Mr. Bellepont's native city, and the other from Mr. Bellepont himself. The first contained the highest recommendations of the character and prospects of our hero, and the last a formal proposal for her daughter's hand. He informed her that the recent death of his uncle, while it had added a new accession to his already ample fortune, had left him no relatives sufficiently near to claim any voice in his matrimonial destinies. He was entirely his own master, and that nothing was wanting to his happiness but her own and her daughter's consent. If she approved of his addresses, he begged her to keep the matter a secret from her daughter, as he was desirous of receiving her decision from her own sweet lips.

CHAPTER III.

Isabel Mantou had sauntered out on a lovely afternoon, to enjoy the beauties of a sunset in spring, and inhale the freshness of the evening breeze. The earth was in its richest and most gorgeous dress. All around was spread a profusion of verdure and magnificence. She stood in a retired valley, beneath the shade of an ancient grove, and by the sparkling waters of a little brook, which

went rejoicing on its way through its devious banks. I say she stood awhile to see and admire, and catch the influence of a genuine New England scene. It was nature in *dishabille*—unkempt and unshorn; but even the picturesque wildness of the place lent it an unusual charm.—Her mind was in unison with the spirit of the spot, and she gave herself up to her agreeable reveries. Far be it from me to attempt to divine a young lady's meditations. Whether a young man of the form and fashion of our hero entered into them or not, is a question that I am not prepared to answer. And whether the maiden gave shelter to any surmises respecting his absence, and questioned herself as to its duration, I am as absolutely in the dark as yourself, my dear reader.

But her musings, whatever they were, were interrupted by the sound of a footstep. She turned and uttered a cry of surprise, at the sight of the very identical man himself—Richard Bellepont. She did not say that she was glad to see him as he shook her hand. But the gratified lover read even more than this in her kindling eye and flushed cheek, and, above all, in the slight degree of embarrassment apparent in her manner. The usual salutations were past, and the usual questions were asked and answered, and foreign topics having been exhausted, they began to turn their attention to their present situation, and the scene around them. Dick remarked upon the loveliness of the place.

'One more picturesque and beautiful can scarcely be conceived.'

'I am glad you think so,' said Isabel. 'It has long been to me one of the dearest places on earth, and of course I am glad to hear it praised. Yet no one else can have the same associations connected with it as I have. It was the favorite haunt of my childhood, and one which my dear brother Ernest loved,' she added with a sigh and a momentary look of mournful abstraction.

'There is nothing,' at length said Dick, in a solemn and subdued tone, 'that hallows the haunts of the living like the memory of the dead.'

Isabel looked inquiringly in his face, as if she would have him proceed.

'I once had a sister like yourself, my dear Miss Mantou,—beautiful, and affectionate and accomplished. We were left orphans at a very early and tender age, with few relatives or friends to care for us. We grew up together—we were all in all to each other. We shared each other's joys, and soothed each other's sorrows. In fine, she was my idol,—and he paused a moment, heaved a sigh, and proceeded.

'I have stood for hours in the grove in the rear of the abode of our childhood, to enjoy that luxury of bereavement—the recollection of her whom I have lost. It was her favorite retreat, and every tree and shrub was a memento of her presence. I have there thought that it could not be a superstition to deem that the dead frequent the haunts which they loved in life; that their spirits hover around us as we linger there; and that there are spots where the departed are nearer to the mourners and their loss.'

'Oh! and I have thought so a thousand times,' said Isabel; 'and I own I should feel very unhappy did I know it was nothing but fancy. It is a consolation to feel that death does not entirely sever us from the loved we have lost; and that the spirits of the dead are at times around us, and near us, though we know it and see it not.'

'It is indeed a soothing creed; and none can know how much so but those who, like myself, have seen the last of their kindred who cared for them consigned to the dust.'

'You have no brothers or sisters then?'

'None. When I recently buried my uncle, the earth covered the last and only being who owed my relationship.'

They proceeded for a moment in silence.

'It is melancholy,' at length continued he, 'to feel that one is alone; that the circle of his childhood is broken and vanished, and that strangers tread its walks, and dwell beneath its roof. I have often felt a sensation of solitude, stronger than I can express, to think that to me there is no hearth of home—no domestic sanctuary to which I can withdraw myself from the sterner and stormier scenes of life.'

'Yet one like Mr. Bellepont, who is surrounded with the objects of his bounty and benevolence, can certainly never want friends.'

'You speak the mere cold words of gratitude,' said he, taking her hand. 'I would—I could teach you to speak another language—the sweet accents of love. Pardon me, my dear Miss Mantou, if I reveal the state of my heart—if I say that upon this little hand rests the happiness of my life. May I hope?'

Blushing and embarrassed, Isabel uttered the name of her mother.

'I have both her consent to my suit, and

good wishes for its success;' and reading his fortune in her half-averted eyes, and blushing face, with the privilege of an accepted lover, he imprinted his first kiss upon her cheek.

After a few weeks of sweet society with his 'ladye-love,' Bellepont again departed to his native city. In the meanwhile, neither rumor nor scandal had been silent in respect to the mysterious intimacy which had grown up betwixt him and the inmates of the cottage. Doubts, and innuendoes and sneers began to circulate. Our hero was set down for a worthless and unprincipled adventurer, whose frequent visits to the Mantous was a scandal to the whole neighborhood. The further these whispers and slanders went, the stronger and louder they grew, until at length it was solemnly believed, by the good inhabitants of S. that Mrs. Mantou and her daughter were a discredit to their names and sex.

The village busy-body took care that the unconscious objects of this public reproach should not be uninformed in matters which concerned them so nearly; and yet the news, although it created surprise and pain, appeared rather ludicrous than otherwise to the ladies aforesaid. And the poor Mrs. Quidnunc was inexpressibly shocked to hear her solemn accusations converted into a subject of merriment.

The matter took a still more serious turn.—Mrs. Mantou was a church member; and Deacon Styles actually made a motion in the ecclesiastical conclave that an affair so shameful to the church, and injurious to the cause, should be investigated. Parson Prosper was accordingly commissioned to call upon this lady, to interrogate, confess, and, if necessary, to caution and censure her as to her past and future walk and conversation.

Mrs. Mantou was a woman unusually dignified and commanding in her mien and manners—and the poor parson, when he called upon her the next day to perform the object of his mission, began to realize that it was full as difficult as it was disagreeable. He was an ordinary, good kind of a man, without any very delicate sense of propriety, or particular sensibility of feelings. His chief object was, in his parochial duties, to command those who obeyed him i. e. the parson-ridden part of his congregation, and to obey those who commanded him, viz: the more wealthy and influential portion of his flock. But when the reverend man looked in the pale and still attractive face of her who was the offending subject of his censure, and came within the influence of her reserved yet polite reception, his courage failed him. He felt that it was no easy matter to meet the mild but proud glance of that eye, and speak serious-

ly of the scandalous reports which were in circulation.

He sat and talked, and hemmed and hawed before he dared to touch upon the delicate topic. At length, with much stammering and hesitation, he broached the subject of his visit. He commenced at first doubtingly, but gathering confidence by degrees, he proceeded with more boldness. He spoke of the shameful rumors abroad—of the intimacy betwixt the stranger gentleman and her daughter, so disreputable to the latter—of the fact that Mr. Bellepont had actually been seen (by one of Deacon Styles' boys) to embrace Miss Isabel in his arms, while walking with her in the woods, &c. And moreover it was apparent that the intercourse betwixt the said Mr. Bellepont and her daughter was connived at by her since it was notorious to the whole neighborhood that he was accustomed to spend his evenings to a very late and unreasonable hour at her house.

And then the character of Mr. Bellepont was any thing but fair in the neighborhood; it was more than suspected that he was an unprincipled debauchee and gambler.

'Sir,' said Mrs. Mantou, calmly and proudly, with a look which made the parson quail, 'How long have these stories which you speak of been in circulation?'

'It has been some months,' was the reply.

'And you have been listening to them seriously for that time—nay, have believed them?'

He was silent.

'Have helped to give them currency—have sat still and even heard the name of the widow of your old friend scandalized and defamed, and that too, in the walls of the sanctuary, within the pale of the church—and have never spoken a word or made an effort to defend her.'

'I—I—you—you—,' stammered the parson.

'Sir, you know that I am not what I was. You know that affliction, bereavement and poverty have been my portion. And you know, too, that had not fortune frowned upon me, and had I been, as once, the mistress of yonder mansion, you never would have dared even to lend an ear to these vile and malicious calumnies, much less presumed, as you have to-day, to insult me with their repetition. It is you sir, who have countenanced and circulated these rumors; you—who have thus suffered the church to become an engine of defamation, and who have aided in adding dishonor to poverty, and reproach to poverty and sickness—it is you who deserve the heaviest censure: I will not reproach you with ingratitude. I will not call to your mind the past benefits which you have received at the hands of my dear husband, and apparently forgotten. I leave you to your own reflections. God forgive you as I do. Your arm,'

said she, rising, 'Isabel, I think I had better lie down.'

'You are sick, mother,' said the daughter, observing with alarm the paleness of her face.

'No—it is nothing—it will soon be over—I feel a little faintness;' and bidding the parson good morning, she left the room.

But we must hasten to a conclusion. Some weeks after this the village of S. was one Saturday evening thrown into uncommon excitement by the arrival of Mr. Bellepont, with another gentleman, in a splendid coach, drawn by two beautiful bays. Report spread the noise of this event, and conjecture was busy to ascertain the cause. On the next morning, when the people had assembled at church, they were surprised to see the strange gentleman—the companion of Mr. Bellepont—ushered into the pulpit by their pastor. It was soon made known that the reverend stranger was the great Dr. —, one of the most distinguished clergymen of the day.

But still greater surprise reigned through the congregation when the clerk arose and proclaimed that Richard Bellepont of the city of —, and Isabel Mantou, of S. intended marriage. Dr. — conducted the services in his usual elegant and inimitable style; and the members of the church having been requested to remain after the congregation had retired, he remarked to them 'that he hoped they would indulge him a moment, while, at the request of a friend, he alluded to a delicate subject, in which that friend was concerned. It has been a matter of extreme regret to Mr. Bellepont, that his intentions, and motives, and character, during his former visits to this place, have been so misconstrued as to become a matter of reproach to a worthy family, with which he is soon to be united by nearer ties. It might seem inappropriate to the time and place to touch upon this topic, had it not been that the church (as he understood,) had deemed it one sufficiently serious for their consideration. With regard to Mr. Bellepont, perhaps it might be well to add, that those who knew him would as soon give credit to scandalous reports concerning myself as him. And as to Mrs. Mantou, those of you who have known her for years, can best tell whether the defamatory rumors which have been current at her expense, are more dishonorable to her, or to those who have circulated and believed them.'

Deacon Styles looked blue.

There was a private wedding next day at the cottage: and the happy couple, with Mrs. Mantou and Dr. —, started for the city of —. There the mother and daughter, installed as the presiding mistresses of Mr. Bellepont's splendid mansion, enjoy the esteem and admiration of the high and fashionable circle which their talents, virtues and attractions call around them.

From the Boston Pearl.

The White Horseman.

BY A SOLDIER OF THE REVOLUTION.

The cry is still, 'They come!'—SHAKESPEARE.

THE heavy tramp of the regulars as their solid columns moved amid the darkness toward Concord, was heard with indignation by the waking inhabitants of the country. The hardy yeoman, as he leaped from his pallet and glared through the window at the passing show, was at first at a loss to conjecture on what errand these well trained warriors had been sent; but instantly recollecting that there was a depository of arms and provisions at Concord, which Americans had at much trouble collected, he made no doubt that this strong detachment of the British army had been commissioned to take possession of them. There was something provokingly cruel in the eyes of the Americans, in thus depriving them of the very humble means of defence which they had been able to procure; and, although they did not immediately form the resolution of drawing the blood of these incendiaries, yet the murmur of disapprobation ran from house to house, until the whole of the surrounding country were aroused from their pillows, and anxiously awaited the result of their movements. It was in a large building a few miles below Lexington, that a family who had been early made acquainted with the approach of the British hirelings resided. They were up and doing long before the arrival of the troops. The girls assisted their brothers in putting on their equipments, and the old man saddled the horses for his sons. As these lads were about starting for the purpose of watching the career of the regulars when they should arrive at Concord, a young man drove swiftly up to the door, and bade the volunteers good morning. Captain Roe, burst from the lips of all present, save one young and blooming lass, who hung her head, and sighed deeply.—This man was apparently under thirty years of age; of middling stature and dark eyes, which now gleamed with fire. He spoke a few hasty words in an under tone, to the armed peasant boys to which they replied by grasping their firelocks and hastily mounting their steeds. 'Not one word has he spoken to me,' sighed the pensive girl. Quick as thought, the young captain sprang to the ground, and giving a hearty embrace, promised to be with her in a few hours. No answer was returned by the desponding fair one, but she clenched her hands and raised her pallid face to Heaven as if engaged in inward prayer. There she stood, in statue like silence, until the sound of the departed horses' hoofs had died away. Then turning to her mother, who had remained by her side, she softly said, 'I shall never see him more!'

'Foolish girl,' said her mother, 'do you

suppose that Captain Roe intends to attack the British army with a handful of plough-boys? There will be no fighting, depend upon it.'

But the sound of approaching horsemen driving swiftly along by the by-paths and the main road convinced the trembling girl, that the number was not small who were already up in arms for the defence of their rights, their hearth stones, and their liberties. The two females shrank into the house oppressed by feelings strange and new.

The young men with Captain Roe at their head drove off toward Lexington, and halted at a barn on the roadside, at the distance of two miles from that village. Here were already assembled about forty youths, whose lack of equipments and unmilitary bearing was compensated by sturdy limbs hard embrowned visages, and sinevy arms.

'Now, my dear fellows,' said Roe in a hasty, but not agitated tone, 'we are strong enough to march. We shall be joined by others. The Cambridge boys are wide awake, and have gone to Concord already; and I have seen a few old men galloping out to enjoy the morning air. The country is rising all around us.'

The rude volunteers gave three loud cheers, and at once formed in marching order. The little band struck out into the high road, but before they had reached Lexington, they were obliged to turn into the by-way as the rapid advance of the British endangered their safety. Having arrived at Lexington, Capt. Roe called his men to a halt, and besought them sooner to sell their lives than be driven from the position they had taken. This charge appeared to be needless, as they had no intention of firing upon the enemy, and it was not to be expected that the regulars would assault unoffending men. While this little company was resting behind the village church, many squads of Americans dashed by them on their way to Concord, but Capt. Roe maintained his position with the view of harassing the enemy if they should attempt any violence to the village. Just as the morning dawned, the hasty tramp of men was heard by the little band, and in a moment afterwards, the British commander wheeled his steed upon the plain where they stood, and waving his sword, commanded them to throw down their arms and disperse. The Americans were not fast in acknowledging the authority of the epauletted catiff, and, in an instant a shower of British balls cut down nearly half of the little company, and put the rest to flight. Captain Roe was among the slain. The women and children of Lexington fled from their houses over the hills, filling the air with their cries. There was one old man by the name of Hezekiah Wyman, the window of whose house overlooked the ground where

these murders were committed; and no sooner did he see his brave countrymen fall than he inwardly devoted himself to revenge the unhallowed slaughter.

'Wife,' said he, is there not an old gun-barrel somewhere in the garret?

'I believe there was,' said she, 'but pray what do you want to do with it?'

'I should like to see if it is fit for service,' replied he, 'if I am not mistaken, it is good enough to drill a hole through a rig'lar.'

'Mercy on me husband!' are you going mad? An old man like you—sixty years last November—talk of going to war!—I should think you had seen enough of the British already. There lies poor Capt. Roe and his men bleeding on the grass, before your eyes. What can you do with a gun?'

The old man made no reply, but ascended the stairs and soon returned with a rusty gun barrel in his hands. In spite of his wife's incessant din, he went to the shop, made a stock for it, and put it in complete order for use. He then saddled a strong white horse, and mounted him.—He gave the steed the rein, and directed his course toward Concord. He met the regulars returning, and was not long in perceiving that there was a wasp's nest about their ears. He dashed so closely upon the flank of the enemy that his horse's neck was drenched with the spouting blood of the wounded soldiers. Then reining back his snorting steed to re-load he dealt a second death upon the ranks with his never failing bullet. The tall gaunt form of the assailant, his grey locks floating on the breeze, and color of his steed distinguished him from the rest of the Americans, and the regulars gave him the name of 'Death on the pale horse.' A dozen bullets whizzed by his head, when he made the first assault, but undismayed, the old patriot continued to prance his gay steed over the heads of the foot soldiers—to do his own business faithfully, in the belief that others did wrong by firing at him, it would be no more excuse to do wrong by sparing the hireling bullies of a tyrannical government. At length a vigorous charge of the bayonet drove the old man and his party with which he was acting far from the main body of the British.—Hezekiah was also out of ammunition, and was compelled to pick up some on the road before he could return to the charge. He then came on again, and picked off an officer by sending a slug through his loyal brains, before he was again driven off.—But ever and anon, through the smoke that curled about the flanks of the detachment, could be seen the white horse of the veteran for a moment, the report of his piece was heard, and the sacred person of one of his Majesty's faithful servants was sure to measure his length on rebel ground. Thus did Hezekiah and his neighbours con-

tinue to harass the retreating foe, until the Earl of Percy appeared with a thousand troops from Boston. The two detachments of the British were now two thousand strong, and they kept off the Americans with their artillery while they took a hasty meal. No sooner had they again commenced their march, than the powerful white horse was seen careering at full speed over the hills, with the dauntless old Yankee on his back.

'Ha!' cried the soldiers, 'there is that old fellow again on the white horse!—Look out for yourselves, for one of us has got to die, in spite of Fate!' And one of them did die, for Hezekiah's aim was too true, and his principles of economy would not admit of his wasting powder or ball.—Through the whole of that bloody road between Lexington and Cambridge, the fatal approaches of the white horsemen were dreaded by the trained Britons, and every wound inflicted by Hezekiah needed no repenting. They comforted themselves by conjecture that he had at length paid the forfeit of his temerity, as, on reaching Cambridge, the regulars missed the old man and horse—and that his steed had gone home with a bloody bridle and empty saddle.

Not so. Hezekiah had only lingered for a moment to aid in a plot which had been laid by *Amni Cutler*, for taking their baggage wagons and their guards. Amni had planted about fifty old rusty muskets under a stone wall, with the muzzles directed toward the road. As the waggons arrived opposite this battery, the muskets were discharged, and eight horses, together with some soldiers were sent out of existence. The party of soldiers, who had the baggage in charge, ran to a pond and plunging their muskets into the water, surrendered themselves to an old woman called Mother Barberick, who was at that time digging roots in an adjacent field. A party of Americans re-captured the gallant Englishmen from Mother Barberick, and placed them in safe keeping. The captives were exceedingly astonished at the suddenness of the attack, and declared that the Yankees would rise up like the muschetoos out of a marsh, and kill them. This *chief d'œuvre* having been concluded, the harassed soldiers were again amazed by the appearance of Hezekiah, whose white horse was conspicuous among the now countless assailants that rose up from every hill and dell, copse and wood, through which the bleeding regiments, like a wounded snake, held their toilsome way. His fatal aim was taken, and a soldier fell at every discharge of his piece. Even after the worried troops had entered Charleston there was no escape for them from the deadly bullets of the restless veteran. The appalling white horse would suddenly and unexpectedly dash out from a brake, or from behind a rock, and the whiz-

zing of his bullet was the precursor of death. He followed the enemy to their very boats; and then turning his horse's head, returned unharmed to his household.

'Where have you been, husband?'

'Picking cherries,' replied Hezekiah—but he forgot to add that he had first made cherries of the red coats by putting the *pits* into them.

BIOGRAPHY.

From the Appendix of the Gazetteer of Missouri.

Blackbird.

The principal chief of the Omaha tribe of Indians, the location of whose village is sixty miles above Council Bluffs, and on the same side, the right bank of the river, died A. D. 1802. He was a brave, of iron nerves and unlimited ambition. The authority which an Indian exercises is at first obtained by winning the approbation of the people of the tribe, in the same manner that a white politician obtains the suffrages of his countrymen. There is a small difference in the moral qualities which distinguish the white and red man. The former, it is believed, could never recommend himself by horse-stealing; whereas the red aspirant is esteemed honorable in proportion to the grand larcenies he may be able to perpetrate: and this engaging quality of horse-stealing is esteemed a virtue, next in grade to that of taking scalps. An Indian, therefore, has a table on his war-club, with two columns, in which he enters, in hieroglyphics, the number of those transactions of each class that are to render him illustrious. Although the government of Indian tribes is generally of a democratic character, yet there are many instances where the popularity of a chief enables him to encroach on the freedom of his countrymen extensively; and there are occasions where great achievements in war and in horse-stealing enable a chief to attain absolute authority. This despotism is, however, generally fixed by the united exertions of the chief and prophet, or big medicine-man. The instances of Tecumseh and his prophet, and Black Hawk and his prophet, show that the ambitious red man, like a white prince, unites church and state in his strides to absolute power. The subject of this biography had likewise the efficient aid of a cunning medicine-man, who furnished mental prescriptions for the people of his nation, and imposed, on the superstitious, magic incantations.

Blackbird had distinguished himself in the usual manner, and was acknowledged principal chief. The usual authority was conceded with cheerfulness. But Blackbird was not content with the executive duties and patriarchal authority of a democracy, and the honors attending such distinguished trust. In order to effect his purposes he had tried, in

vain, all the force of military achievement, the influence of grand-larceny and the power of eloquence. He had called in to his aid the juggling cunning of his medicine-man, with no better success. There existed in the nation a party of stern warriors, who valued freedom as highly as white patriots. They were unyielding in their opposition to the usurpations of Blackbird. He denominated this party a faction, or a 'bad moccason band'; but his reproaches were disregarded. The ambitious aspirant meditated their destruction. Blackbird desired the trader who supplied his nation with merchandise, to bring him, from St. Louis, some 'strong medicine' which he believed the whites possessed, that he might destroy the wolves of the prairies. The trader subsequently supplied a quantity of crude arsenic. Soon after the chief had tried his experiments, to test the force of the poison, the disaffected braves were invited to a dog-feast at the lodge of the chief. Blackbird professed to them a disposition to heal all party dissensions, and sixty of the factious warriors sat down with him to the dog-soup, which is esteemed a great delicacy. When all had done ample justice to the hospitality of the entertainer, the pipe was passed; and when this dessert was lending its happy influence to the circle of warriors, Blackbird arose to speak. He reminded his children of their factious course in opposing his authority—authority that he claimed to derive from the 'Master of Life,' and for confirmation of this suggestion he appealed to his medicine-man near him; 'and,' continued he, 'that Omahas may forever remember that Blackbird has the entire control of their destinies, every factious dog of you shall die before the sun rises again! I have said it, and Blackbird never lies!' The whole party, on hearing this unparing denunciation, in wild affright ran howling out of the lodge of their chief. Sixty warriors expired that night. During the life of the chief, his authority was never again opposed in the slightest particular.

It was his practice, when the trader arrived with the annual supply of merchandise in the Omaha village, to inquire of him how great an amount of furs and peltries he required for his entire stock. The chief then selected from the assortment as great a variety and amount as he would need for his own use, and for his numerous family. When this had been arranged, and an account had been opened with the nation by the trader, the warriors were required to furnish the number of beaver-skins, robes and buffalo-tongues that the trader desired to obtain in exchange for his goods. In this off-hand manner the chief drew his revenues and the trader realized his profits, during all the subsequent reign of the despot. This rude dignitary was

becoming inactive; and when his braves and hunters were toiling to sustain the reputation of the Omahas in war, or to subsist the people with the products of the chase, the chief and his prime-minister, the medicine-man, were reposing in the village. It was the custom of the chief to indulge, in warm weather, in the *siesta despues comer*, or sleep after dinner. While in the enjoyment of this luxury, he took occasion to make it the more perfect by the polite attentions of his wives. He had six of these, and they formed three relieves. Two were employed while he slept, one scratching his back and the other fanning his highness with the tail of a turkey! If it was ever important to ask his instructions in the affairs of the nation when he chanced to be sleeping, there was only one person in the village who would venture to awaken the chief. This was the medicine-man; and his manner of approaching him was on his hands and feet, with the utmost humility and circumspection. When awakened with a feather cautiously drawn over the soles of his feet, if he made a discouraging motion with the hand, the application was abandoned. But if he beckoned the applicant to approach, the chief was respectfully invited to attend 'a dog-feast which has been provided for my father.'

Blackbird was a respectable warrior, and had attained his early popularity by conquest; but the distinction he most coveted was unlimited power in his own nation. When he had attained this he became pacific toward the neighboring nations. But a partisan leader had taking a Pawnee girl, who was, by command of the medicine-man, to be sacrificed at the stake. The son of Blackbird had seen her, and interposed in council to save her life. He laid down all the moveable property he possessed, and urged the purchase of the girl from her captor. He was inflexible, and persisted in his vow to sacrifice her to the Great Spirit. The council approved the vow, for Blackbird had permitted it. When, on the day appointed, the captive was led out to execution, young Split Cloud, son of the chief, was seen leading his buffalo-horse, not far from the head of the column where the victim was marching. After the medicine-man, with the captive and a few old warriors, had crossed a ravine in the route and were arising to the plain, the place appointed for the sacrifice, the young warrior cut asunder the cords that confined the arms of the girl, lifted her to his saddle, and with his bow lashed his horse to full speed, before his countrymen could comprehend the meaning of his movements. He was half across the plain before pursuit was determined on; and then there were no horses at hand. He had concealed one in the next ravine, and the fugitives escaped the ill-arranged and worse-conducted pursuit of the Omahas. A solitary

runner came within arrow-shot of Split Cloud, but his race terminated there—he was shot to the heart. The fugitives retired to the recesses of the Black Mountains, and took up their abode there, until home affairs should present a more inviting prospect. Their wedding was thinly attended; but the blush of affection glowed as vividly on the cheek of the bride, as that which mantles over the neck more tastefully adorned, in civilized circles, on like occasions. The self-married pair passed a year in the solitude to which they had retired, content with the society each was able to afford the other, when Split Cloud deemed it advisable to revisit his nation. In this lone retreat he left his spouse, with the purpose of retracing his steps in the brief space of a few weeks. A sufficient supply of dried meat was left in the cave with its tenant, for the period of his intended absence.

When Split Cloud reached his native village, he found the whole tribe chanting the death-song over an infinite number of the dead inhabitants of the nation. The small-pox had reached the Omahas, and many had already been swept off: very few recovered. The medicine-man claimed to have power over the disease, but his practice hitherto had been unsuccessful. He looked grave, and was evidently suffering with great alarm. The most common treatment of the patients, when afflicted with the inflammatory action of the disease, was immersion in cold water. This usually afforded speedy relief, and terminated all the ills of life—with extinction of life itself. At last, after many new and imposing tricks, death itself played the last masterly act on the imposter—and old Medicine himself departed. Blackbird had lived moodily apart from the tribe, and his dignity was likely to secure him against the infection. But when his high-priest died he attended his funeral obsequies. This happened a few days before the return of his son. Blackbird was considering what disposition should be made of the prodigal, when he was taken ill. From the moment the first symptoms were felt by the chief, he yielded to despair, and made his arrangements for the hunting-grounds beyond the grave. He desired that he might be buried with suitable variety of arms and ammunition, that his enemies might get no advantage of him. He probably anticipated meeting with the poisoned warriors, on the banks of the river Phlegethon. As he himself had apprehended, Blackbird was a victim to the disease. The funeral was grand and imposing. The warrior was placed erect on his hunting-horse, and thus, followed by the whole nation, he was conveyed into the grave that had been previously prepared, on the highest point of land, near to the Missouri river. The horse, alive, was forced into the

grave with the dead rider, and thus covered over. A small parcel of corn was placed before the animal; and Blackbird was supplied with dried meat, a kettle, his pipe and kinakanick, gun, with ammunition, bow and full quiver of arrows, and paints suitable for ornamenting his person, both in peace and war.

When the funeral was at an end, the trader arrived. His knowledge of the small-pox enabled him to save from its ravages the remainder of the tribe. All eyes were naturally turned on the son of Blackbird, as successor to the deceased chief. Young Split Cloud deemed himself so fortunate in the altered position he now occupied, having shifted the character of fugitive and culprit for the appointment of hereditary and popular chieftain, that he relaxed much of the despotism of his predecessor. Having settled the affairs of the nation and reduced the tariff, he found leisure to depart in search of his Pawnee wife. Autumn was far advanced when he left the Omaha towns, and, as he approached the mountains, winter, with its utmost rigor, set in. The emotions with which his savage and sensitive mind was agitated, had not the refinement of poetry, chastened with rhetorical arrangement, cadence and measure; to soften his suffering. He was not able to murmur, as he approached the place where he had deposited his treasure—

'Tis sweet to hear the watch-dog's honest bark
Bay deep-mouthed welcome as we draw near home;
'Tis sweet to know there is an eye will mark
Our coming, and grow brighter when we come.'

But he had the elements of poetry rudely commingled with the romance of his reckless life, and his singular domestic arrangements. He found the partner of his life's vicissitudes in the cave where he had left her. She was sitting near the expiring coals of her last fagot of fuel, bending over a pair of babes, who were unconscious of the manifold evils of the world they had just entered, but sensibly aware of the pain of extreme hunger, which their mother was sharing with them. The holy fountain whence they had drawn supplies had been drained; and the famished mother sat the picture of patience and despair. Hope had hitherto pictured in her imagination a sunny spot, such as that which was about to break upon her in the arrival of her preserver. But gnawing necessity had carried her to that maddened point which fixed the cannibal purpose of eating one of her infants, to preserve herself and the other one, until the long-wished for relief should be realized. At the precise point of time when the person of her husband darkened the entrance of the cave, she held the knife in her hand, and was fondly lingering in the debate of her own mind, which should be made the victim—which dear object should be preserved at such countless cost. The

keen perceptions, the fine-drawn threads of affection, the result of protracted privation, lent unearthly vigor to her mind, when her final resolve was fixed, to perish with her offspring, and by the same innocent cause. She hurled the instrument of her bloody purpose far away into the dark recesses of the cavern, and placed the hungry babes upon her bosom as she sunk back in despair, unmitigated with a single ray of hope. At this critical instant, the young warrior, in the full vigor of manhood, animated with virtuous purposes, sprang forward and gave utterance to a scream of joy, imparting a like sensation to the suffering object of his solicitude. The interchange of sentiment was full of sadly pleasing emotions, as the long fast of the wife and mother was broken over a kettle, amply provided by the skill of the hunter.

Sixty suns had risen and set after the thrilling events just described, when the Omaha nation was made joyous with the appearance of Split Cloud. He was followed by his foreign wife, whom he had twice snatched from destruction, and who now repaid him with the smiles of two young braves, peering over each of her shoulders, from beneath the ample folds of—a new scarlet blanket.—*Alphonso Wetmore.*

MISCELLANY.

Recollections of a Portrait Painter.

To portray upon ivory the features which will probably grow blank in the dust long before even his fragile tints have faded;—to give to those who are parting with the one nearest and dearest to their hearts, some shadow of their visible presence;—*this* is the task of the Painter!

Many have been the glad, and many the sorrowful occasions upon which my pencil has been summoned; one or two of the scenes it is my purpose to lay before the reader, in colors, not bright, perhaps, but true.

Years have passed since, one morning in the early season, I was aroused from my labors in my studio by the arrival of a visitor. He was young, and there was in his air that which indicated the union of high birth and mental superiority; his manner was elegant, yet it was not without a touch of embarrassment.

'I have called,' said he, 'in the hope—in the belief that it is possible for an artist to take a likeness from—from memory—should there be a dislike to sitting?'

'I have been able to do so,' replied I, a little surprised at his marked confusion.

'If you would do it for me, I should be more grateful than you can imagine—but the circumstances are peculiar, and I am fearful

you may refuse; but,' added he, and his eyes filling with tears proclaimed his emotion, 'my happiness—my only chance of happiness is in your hands! I am about to leave England for years, and would wish to continue unknown to you. . . . but there is a lady—one in whom my very existence is bound up;—we have been brought up together, but—we must be separated. You shall see her, and if you will give me a sketch, however slight'—

For a moment he covered his face with his hands. I promised a ready compliance with his wishes, if he would instruct me how to proceed. It was arranged that I was to go with him that night to the opera—that I should see the arbitress of his fate—the keeper of his heart's treasure. 'One glance at her features,' he said, 'will be my best excuse! It would have been impossible for me to hesitate long, for his passionate entreaties would have prevailed upon a far less sensitive nature than mine.

To the opera I went with him that night; and in all the dazzling circle around there was not one whose beauty could for a moment compare with that of the young and exquisite face which I was to remember! Who that had ever seen could forget it?

My companion entered her box, and the change that came over her bright cheek told its own tale, while the air of cold politeness with which the lady of stately and matronly appearance who was by her side, greeted his approach, showed that it was by stealth alone he could ever hope to win even the dim imperfectly-pictured resemblance of that glorious face.

Once more I went to gaze upon it; and with a throbbing heart I sketched its matchless features; I had caught the smile with which she welcomed him, and when I placed it before my stranger guest, I thought that, in the folly of his young love, he would have worshipped the hand which had given consolation to his exile!

Months passed by, when I received a request from Lord R—that I would paint a miniature of his 'fiancee.' I of course complied, and at the hour appointed for the sitting his Lordship entered the room, a lady leaning on his arm; the same, eye, the same fair creature whom I had already sketched for another!

With cold and evident reluctance she allowed him to lead her to her seat. Beautiful as she still was, a shadow seemed to have passed over her; sorrow had been in the depths of those blue eyes and had stolen away the luster and the light that were native to them; while for the gladness of youth which I had seen in them before, there was a settled expression of despair.—I read in that face a fearful story!

The next day I was informed that Louisa G— was too unwell to resume her sitting. I heard at the same time that it was 'her father's will that she should become the bride of Lord R—.' A short time after I saw their union announced in the papers.

The next spring found me surrounded by the implements of the art I love, when one evening I received a hurried note from Lord R— requesting my immediate presence at the house in — street.

I went, and in the most agitated manner did he beg of me to take a likeness of his 'beautiful, his dying wife.'

Shocked beyond expression, I accompanied him to the drawing-room; there extended on a couch, was laid the wreck of the young girl I had seen, but one little year before, in all the 'pride and prodigality' of beauty!

The glorious eyes were sunk and dim; the exquisite features sharpened by the hand of death; the dark hair thrown back in the impatience of sickness! She welcomed me with a faint smile, but met her husband's anxious eye with an expression—which was not *love*.

I sat down to my sad task, and had scarcely commenced when a domestic brought, in a card. The pale cheek of Lady R— flushed deeply, as she tremblingly exclaimed, let him come in.

'My love,' interrupted lord R—, 'You are not well enough to see strangers.'

'Strangers!' we were brought up together, whispered the dying creature.

The door flew open and the visiter entered.—I knew him at the first glance. He walked hurriedly up to the sofa on which the lady sat, incapable of rising (though evidently anxious) to receive him. He appeared to see but one object in the apartment—of Lord R—'s presence he seemed wholly unconscious. He wildly pressed a pale, thin, cold hand to his lips—hers murmured some one word, that might be his name, but it was scarcely audible. The hand grew colder in his fevered pressure. Yes, even before Lord R— could interpose, or proffer assistance—she, with one long intense look upon features familiar to her from childhood, and imaged probably in her marriage dreams, had fallen back—the loveliest ruin eye ever beheld.

When I left that stately and splendid mansion it had no mistress.

The Biter Bit.

A PERSON who wore a suit of homespun clothes stepped into a house in this city, on some business, where several ladies and gentleman were assembled in an inner room. One of the company remarked in a low tone, though sufficiently loud to be overheard by the stranger, that a countryman was in

waiting, and agreed to make some fun. The following dialogue ensued:

'You're from the country I suppose?'

'Yees, I'm from the country.'

'Well sir, what do you think of the city?'

'It's got a 'tarnel sight of houses in it.'

'I expect there are a great many ladies where you came from.'

'O yees, a woundy sight, jist for all the world like them there,' pointing to the ladies.

'And you are quite a beau among them, no doubt.'

'Yees, I beau's 'em to meetin and about.'

May be the gentleman will take a glass of wine said one of the company.

'Thank'e dont care if I do.'

'But you must drink a toast.'

'I eats toast, what Aunt Debby makes, but as to drinkin it, I never see'd the like.'

'Oh, you must drink their health.'

'With all my heart.'

What was the surprise of the company to hear the stranger speak clearly as follows.

'Ladies and gentlemen, permit me to wish you health and happiness, with every other blessing this earth can afford, and advise you to bear in mind that we are often deceived by appearances. You mistook me, by my dress, for a country booby, I, from the same cause thought these men to be gentleman, the deception was mutual—I wish you good evening.'—*Ledger*.

Enterprise is Wealth.

BY PIERPONT.

So true it is that mechanical ingenuity, enterprise and skill, are to a great extent capable of preponderating against numbers, in almost every thing that contributes to the efficient power of the state, when that ingenuity and art will become the allies of science, and walk, and work in light which the lamp of science sheds. Thus it is obvious that a practical mechanic, who has acquired so much of the mathematical and physical sciences as to enable him to carry on the details of his trade to the greatest advantage possible;—the scientific man who converts his knowledge to a practical use, by applying it to mechanical operations;—the capitalist who calls forth the dormant energies of iron mines, and gives profitable employment to the streams that have for ages been running to waste;—the artisan who constructs a piece of operative machinery, or who superintends and directs its movements;—the merchant, who sends manufactures away for a market—all these in the respective departments, contribute something, and not a little to the prosperity and protection of the essential interest of the state. The influence of each of these men is felt beyond the immediate circle of its operations. He is making the state stronger, making other states her debt-

ors; and is putting forth than efficient power, to preponderate against two or ten men who in another state, are laboring with no other implements than their hands and these simple mechanical aids which are furnished in the family or in the fields, where their arts are only in their infancy.

We occasionally hear of a simpering, double refined young lady boasting that she never labored, and could not for the life of her make a pudding, as though ignorance of those matters was a mark of gentility and a leaning towards European nobility. There can be no greater proof of silly arrogance than such remarks, and for the special benefit of such, we would kindly inform them that Madame de Genlis supported the family of the Duc de Orleans, (and among them the present reigning monarch of France) in London by the sale of her drawings; one of the duchesses of the same court maintained herself and husband in Bath, by teaching a music school, and the Queen herself kept her family by plaiting bonnets. These examples we hope will have their influence, where examples of our own good countrywomen who would be spurned as vulgar republican models.—*Mechanic and Farmer*.

CHEATING UNCLE SAM.—A gentleman sent a lad with a letter to the Baltimore Post Office, and money to pay the postage. When he returned he said 'I guess I did the thing slick; I see'd a good many folks puttin' letters into the office through a hole, so I watched my chance, and got mine in *for nothin*.'

Don't be frightened if misfortune stalks into your humble habitation. She sometimes takes the liberty of walking into the presence-chamber of Kings.

SWEETS OF LIBERTY.—An Irishman escaped from a prison by jumping out of a window. He came down upon the head of a molasses hogshead, which broke and let him in up to the middle.

'Faith,' said he as he scrambled out, 'I have often heard of the *swates of liberty*, but never knew what it meant before.

Letters Containing Remittances,
Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of Postage paid.

S. H. Canton, N. Y. \$1.00; A. C. Richmond, Ms. \$1.00
G. F. T. Fall River, Ms. \$1.00.

DIED.

In this city, on the 25th ult. Julia, daughter of George and Lydia Whitlock, aged 2 years and 10 months.

On the 20th ult. Harriet L. Montfort, adopted daughter, of Robert B. Jenkins, aged 18 months.

On the 28th ult. Mrs. Ann Benson, in her 18th year.

On the 28th ult. Henry, son of Henry and Jane Porter, aged 3 months.

On the 1st inst. Charles, son of Lewis and Sally Little, in the 7th year of his age.

At New-York, on the 2d inst. Cyrus Bunker, in the 34th year of his age.

At Livingston, on the 20th ult. Roswell, youngest child of Almet and Helen Reed.



ORIGINAL POETRY.

The Use of Flowers.

BY MARY HOWITT.

God might have bade the earth bring forth
Enough for great and small,
The oak tree and the cedar tree,
Without a flower at all.

He might have made enough, enough,
For every want of ours,
For luxury, medicine and toil,
And yet have made no flowers.

The ore within the mountain mine
Requireth none to grow,
Nor doth it need the lotus flower
To make the river flow.

The clouds might give abundant rain,
The nightly dews might fall,
And the herb that keepeth life in man,
Might yet have drunk them all.

Then wherefore, wherefore were they made,
All dyed with rainbow light,
All fashioned with supremest grace,
Upspringing day and night.

Springing in valleys green and low,
And on the mountains high,
And in the silent wilderness,
Where no man passes by?

Our outward life requires them not,
Then, wherefore, had they birth?
To minister delight to man,
To beautify the earth.

To comfort man—to whisper hope;
Whene'er his faith is dim,
For whose careth for the flowers;
Will care much more for him!

From the Courant.

The Bride of the Fallen.

BY LIBUT. G. W. PATTEN—ARMY.

MOTHER! raise my drooping head!
Let the pure and placid sky,
Looking down upon my bed,
Smile upon me ere I die:
When the star of eve was bright,
Gazing on its silver brow,
Once I loved that vesper light:
—Let it shine upon me now.

Lift the curtain's jealous fold
Where it intercepts the ray,
See you not that beam of gold
Struggling on my couch to lay?
Ere it met my dying eyes
Sweet I dreamed some angel fair,
Watching o'er me from the skies,
Sent it down to guide me there.

In the hour you star grows pale,
Then the pledge redeemed shall be;
Time nor distance may prevail,
'Twas the sign he gave to me:
Mark them gliding side by side,
Fading star and sunset cloud—
Mother! like a soldier bride
Dying near a crimson shroud.

Mother, take in thine my hand—
See you not the light decay?
—Let the breeze from battle-land
O'er my burning temples stray!
Music like a cymbal's tone
Strangely rings upon my ear:
If it be his spirit's moan,
—Tell him that the bride is near.

Mother!—But the tears which flow
Down thy cheek drop fast on mine—
Weep not, mother, that I go
Where the stars forever shine;
Where the sky is never dim,
Far beyond the trumpet's swell,
Weep not that I seek for him—
Mother—mother—fare thee well!

To my Babe.

BY DELTA.

THERE is no sound upon the night—
As by the shaded lamp I trace,
My babe, in infant beauty bright,
The changes of thy sleeping face.
Hallowed forever be the hour
To us, throughout all time to come,
Which gave us thee—a lying flower—
To bless and beautify our home.
Thy presence is a charm, which wakes
A new creation to my sight;
Gives life another look, and makes
The withered green, the faded bright.

Pure as the lily of the brook,
Heaven's signet on thy forehead lies,
And Heaven is read in every look,
My daughter, of thy soft blue eyes.
In sleep, thy little spirit seems
To some bright realm to wander back,
And seraphs, mingling with thy dreams,
Allure thee to their shining track.

Already, like a vernal flower,
I see thee opening to the light,
And day by day, and hour by hour,
Becoming more divinely bright.

Yet in my gladness stirs a sigh,
Even for the blessing of thy birth,
Knowing how sins and sorrows try
Mankind, and darken o'er the earth!
Ah, little dost thou ween, my child,
The dangers of the way before,
How rocks in every path are piled,
Which few unharmed can clamber o'er.
Sweet bud of beauty, how oft wilt thou
Endure the bitter tempest's strife?
Shall thy blue eyes be dimmed—thy brow
Indented by the cares of life?

If years are spared to thee—alas!
It may be—ah! it must be so;
For all that live and breathe, the glass
Which must be quaffed, is dragged with wo.

Yet, ah, if prayers could aught avail,
So calm thy sky of life should be,
That thou shouldst glide, beneath the sail
Of virtue, o'er a stormless sea:
And ever on thy thoughts, my child,
The sacred truth should be impressed—
Grief clouds the soul to sin beguiled,
Who liveth best, God loveth best.

Across thy path, Religion's star
Should ever shed its healing ray,
To lead thee from this world's vain ray
To scenes of peace and purer day.

Shun vice—the breath of her abode
Is poisoned, though with roses strown,
And cling to Virtue, though the road
Be thorny—boldly travel on!
For thee I ask not riches—thou
Wert wealthy with a spotless name;
I ask not beauty—for thy brow
Is fair as my desires could claim.
Be thine a spirit loathing guilt,
Kind, independent, pure, and free,
Be like thy mother,—and thou wilt
Be all my soul desires to see!

From the Knickerbocker for January.

Trust in Heaven.

This world is all a fleeting show,
For man's illusion given;
The smiles of joy, the tears of wo,
Deceitful shine, deceitful flow—
There's nothing true but Heaven!—Moons.

Trust in Heaven!—when o'er thy path,
Clouds and tempests come in wrath:
When thy grief oppresseth thee,
When obscured thy prospect be,
When around thee mists are driven,
Heed them not, but trust in heaven!

Trust in Heaven!—when morning lifts
Up her head and casts her gifts,
Light and dew, upon the earth;
When she brings the blossoms forth,
Till shall shine the stars of even,
For a safeguard, trust in Heaven!

Trust in Heaven!—when there afar
Burneth many a glorious star;
Canst thou doubt when thus her light
Gleams unshadowed through the night,
That protection may be given
To thy pillow?—trust in Heaven!

Trust in Heaven!—when one by one
Swift the waves of hope glide on,
Leaving thee a wreck at last
On the shore whence they have passed!
Though thy heart be wrung and riven,
Still forever trust in Heaven!

Trust in Heaven!—when from its way
Those thou lovest go astray;
Strive, still strive to bring them back
To its straight and thornless track;
And that truth may soon be given,
To their spirits, trust in Heaven!

Trust in Heaven!—it shall not fail,
When the darkest griefs prevail;
And when Death at length shall come,
When around thee spreads his gloom,
Pray that thou mayst be forgiven—
Place thy dearest trust in Heaven!

Notice.

Notes under Five Dollars taken in payment for the
REPOSITORY, as usual.

THE RURAL REPOSITORY,

IS PUBLISHED EVERY OTHER SATURDAY, AT HUDSON, N. Y. BY
WM. B. STEDDARD.

It is printed in the Quarto form, and will contain
twenty-six numbers of eight pages each, with a title page
and index to the volume.

TERMS.—One Dollar per annum in advance, or One
Dollar and Fifty Cents, at the expiration of three months
from the time of subscribing. Any person, who will remit
us Five Dollars, free of postage, shall receive six copies,
and any person, who will remit us Ten Dollars, free of
postage, shall receive twelve copies, and one copy of either
of the previous volumes. No subscriptions received
for less than one year. All the back numbers furnished
to new subscribers.
All orders and Communications must be post paid,
to receive attention.



DEVOTED TO POLITE LITERATURE SUCH AS MORAL AND SENTIMENTAL TALKS, ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS, BIOGRAPHY, TRAVELING SKETCHES, AMUSING MISCELLANY, HUMOROUS AND HISTORICAL ANECDOTES, SUMMARY, POETRY, &c.

VOL. XIII.—[IV. NEW SERIES.]

HUDSON, N. Y. SATURDAY, APRIL 22, 1837.

NO. 23.

SELECT TABLES.

From the Saturday Evening Post.

Lydia Ashbaugh, the Witch.

*** They remain these trifles to upbraid,
Out of the reach of spoil and way of rage;
Though time with all his power of years hath laid
Long battery backed with undermining age;
Yet they make head only with their own aid,
And war with his all conquering forces wage;
Pleading the heaven's prescription to be free,
And 'I have a grant 't endure as long as he.—DANIEL.

Though the Apalachian steeps do not rise to Alpine height, nor do they aspire to vie with the towering Cordilleras, still they rise rock upon rock, wood crowned to awaken feelings of admiration and grandeur in the bosom which swells upon their rocky sides, or frowning brows. In infant years I gazed upon these fringed dells and beetling cliffs, and when more than half a century had passed away, my heart warms with the remembrance. Oft since have I revisited those mountains and oft have inwardly felt their immensity and unchangeableness—even their sterility seemed to mock the efforts of man, to give new features to works which rose with creation.

Rude and stern as are the lineaments of those children of ages, a smile sometimes breaks forth. In one of my rambling excursions I rose a mountain path but little frequented in the north part of Franklin county, Pennsylvania. The day was an uncommonly clear and fine specimen of autumn. The air was bland and bracing, and at many openings of the forest I halted to gaze over the wide spread and farm decorated valley of Conedogwinot. As my narrow path merged into one of the public roads, a farm opened which fell partly down the mountain slope, and part opened on one of those fertile table lands so oft found along the Apalachian chain. Amid orchards, meadows, fields, and gardens stood a stone house, which from the style of its architecture seemed anti-revolutionary, as did the barn and other out houses. The building stood in a mountain gap, from both sides of which fountains of purest limpid water gushed in abundant streams. It was and is a spot soft and beautiful amid scenes

of grandeur, and from which spreads a landscape embracing much of Franklin and Cumberland counties, and far on the back ground rise the hills of Adams.

'How far to a public house?' I demanded of an old man I met opposite the Antique Mansion. 'Not far to a private one,' he pleasantly replied, 'but several miles to a tavern—but if it is rest and refreshment you want, walk in, this house is mine.' The manner of the patriarch and the allurements of the place were too seductive to be resisted and with some acknowledgements I entered.

Dinner being ready, we sat down, and from my seat the view swept along the mountain slope, until lost in the far south western horizon. Among the crags of a not very distant precipice a white spot met my eye. It seemed too small and shapeless for a house and as my entertainer showed himself communicative, I asked him to explain the phenomena. At the question, the whole family, the old man, his wife, and half dozen younger ones whom I afterwards found were their children, all exchanged looks with arch smiles.

I sat rather confused until the old man seeing my embarrassment apologized, and observed—'That is a house or rather our temple where we look into futurity—in that house resides an old lady who can see farther into time than most people can into the north mountain.'

I at once perceived that some joke lay beneath, and determined to give my share, replied, 'She might do that and not be able to tell who would be president of the United States in 1875.'

'Oh! Lydia Ashbaugh never consults her familiar on politics,' subjoined the old man, 'but a few of our young people and some of our old ones have learned their fortunes, and mother Rarity, as she is an honest witch, tells often more than her inquirers like to hear.'

'An honest witch,' exclaimed I, 'is a new character—I had thought the whole craft, honest or dishonest, had become extinct.'

'You have just traveled far enough to find your mistake in the supernatural,' replied

mine host, 'we have not only one, but two species here in our back woods. Any of our girls who are young and beautiful, and more particularly if rich, are witches.' Here for the soul of me I could not help exclaiming, 'and more than one of that species are present'—as I glanced my eyes upon two of the most lovely and blushing faces that ever perched on an Apalachian giant.

'Yes!' continued the not displeased parent, 'but we have another species not a jot more mischievous than the first, and in their way as much sought after. When a woman is single, old, ugly, and of all things else, poor, she is a witch, and of these marks, mother Rarity possesses at least the three first, and the world gives her credit for the last, and the numbers are not small, who within ten miles of this spot most conscientiously believe that she can speak all languages, knows every thing, especially what is to be, and that she can be where she pleases, when she pleases.'

Let none of the readers of the Post, believe in their own infallibility so far as to suppose, that when they undertake to climb a mountain they can leave human nature at the base: since if I may decide this problem by my own example, I must confess I brought up all my share to the farm house, and consequently was seized with a most anxious desire to see a person answering so well to the witch of Endor; but concealing my wishes under an air of levity, which went round at the expense of——But heavens, as we were in the midst of our mirth, the door was darkened and we all turned to see why, when to my sight appeared certainly the most extraordinary figure in the human form that I ever beheld. The family seemed in no ways either surprised or alarmed, but I showed at least so much of the first that the apparition fixing her eyes which were of powerful expression, on mine, observed—

'So Mark Bancroft is come to the north mountain to laugh at mother Rarity,' and she grinned 'a ghastly smile.'

It may well be supposed this introduction did not lessen my expressions of astonish-

ment, and my old host appeared to enjoy my confusion.

'Yes! old man,' continued the hag, 'well will it be for you if I don't change you into a rock or bear.'

But I could perceive a lurking smile on the most expressive countenance I had ever beheld, and by the ill suppressed titter of the young, indeed the old ones, could easily see that the witch and the family understood each other, and all alike laughed under the rose at the folly of some of their neighbors. This afforded me a clue which I was determined to pursue, and with a something of mock gravity begged pardon for my levity, and in turn, expressed my wonder how I could be known in a place so remote from my former walk.

'O! you are confounded,' said the seer, 'do you know that I was on the stone beside you when the old soldier related his tale?'

'Not the least suspicion crossed my mind that I was in such good company,' replied I, 'but since I have learned the fact, very much rejoiced am I.'

'To have an emissary of the—and her master invisibly near you, eh!' interrupted mother Rarity, with a look which I too well remember ever to forget, but which I shall not attempt to describe; it was just such a look as we might expect a witch to give to a person whom she knew to be possessed of the true secret of her craft. With this look and no farther ceremony, mother Rarity made a sign to my host which he no doubt understood as he rose, and apologizing to me, observed he would return in a few moments, vanished into a back apartment of the house. The eyes of the residue of the family followed them with faces, as much as to say 'we know.'

Not quite as soon perhaps, as he himself expected, the old farmer and his terrible neighbor emerged again into view. The emissary of the prince of the power of the air, as she issued from the council chamber, came close to me and in a half whisper observed, 'Mark, do you remember Mariot Cleveland?' but not waiting an answer, glided out of the house, without turning her head, and with erect step was soon lost to my view among the orchard trees, over which a bye path led to her cottage. I was riveted to the chair on which I was sitting; my eyes followed the receding apparition, while a crowd of confused recollections rushed on my mind. Things and persons long forgotten returned to memory, but with the incoherency of a dream. The family, who only heard the voice without distinguishing the words, all fixed their gaze on my abstracted countenance, with an inquiring scrutiny, but left me uninterrupted to reverie, until some exciting thought roused me to the reflection, that I was on the blue mountain, and not on the

banks of the Swatara, and awakening as if from a painful dream, I looked round the room very much like a person who felt something abashed.

'Mother Rarity has touched you with her rod,' at length observed the old farmer smiling.

Very much relieved by a renewal of plain human conversation, I replied, 'She has touched and taxed my memory not a little. How she has learned my name except by aid of her *old friend*, is more than my poor brain can divine; but let her knowledge come from whence it may, she certainly does know my name, and of those I knew in my infant years more than my name.' Here I paused, and indeed while speaking, came to a resolution, which, however, I kept to myself, and rising, requested the charge for my fare.

The old farmer smiled and replied—'Nothing.'

'Cheaper than city hospitality,' rejoined I, 'now favor me with the name of the mountain farmer who sets no value on the produce of his farm.'

'Saul Standley does set great value on the produce of his farm, and when I can exchange it by cheering the sojourner, my price is paid.' To this bowing I made a suitable reply, and was again on my road.

The bland air, every moment changing mountain scenery, and the rather singular incidents of the day, all excited rapid reflections as I slowly descended the mountain. 'I have not left Saul Standley's hamlet to return no more, nor have I seen mother Rarity for the last time,' muttered I to myself. 'There have been some curious links in that part of the chain of my fortune which have been unwound, and no doubt those on the wheel are as variously twisted, contorted, and rough to handle—Indeed I must have a peep into the coil.'

Indulging the judicious hope of having discovered a telescope with which to penetrate the distant and dark regions of futurity, and in scanning the delightful scenery around me, darkness was falling heavy over the deep vales before the thought came where I was to lay my head. Starting as from a dream, the landscape, late so resplendent, was shrouded in shades which every moment rendered more solemn. A dead silence gives a something of awful loneliness to my feelings. The path, for in fact I had in my musings left the main road, was barely visible under the black shades. Suddenly I was arrested by the sharp barking of a small dog, who rushed almost to my feet, but retreating as I advanced, led me into a small opening of the woods, in which appeared a cabin from which issued a man, who scolded his little noisy sentinel, then invited me to walk in.

'It is late friend,' said I, 'and necessary

to find a lodging.' 'Such as I have I am willing to give unto thee,' replied the man, and ushered me into his cabin.

Here a scene opened to my view, which with all I had before seen, was new. The man, much above the middle size and under middle age, had at once the open countenance, yet something of the stern, which those who are initiated can never mistake, and says to them very plainly, 'this man has been an officer and has seen service.' Beside a table and cradle, sat, altogether the most striking female form I had ever beheld. Her face was not only pale but deadly pale, and yet her powerful black eyes seemed to have engrossed the whole energy of a soul of uncommon power. Her dress, as indeed every thing in the cottage, was perfectly neat and clean; but the dress of this woman, in quality, bespoke coarseness and poverty, while in its adjustment and the easy air of the wearer, appeared a being in disguise, a cultivated being, who had been driven by adverse winds to this remote shelter. While engaged in such common place conversation as rose from our mode of coming together, and while a full grown black man was setting our supper table, and while as far as politeness, perhaps further, would allow, I was examining around me, the lady, for lady she was, had drawn her nestling forth, just such a cherub boy as might be expected as the child of such parents.

'Captain Woolford,' at last observed the black servitor, pointing to the supper table, and standing with the manner of a well drilled soldier when addressing his officer. A frank welcome came rather from the countenances than from the words of my entertainers, on whose faces I could perceive an expression of sadness. After supper I was shown into a small bed room and to a bed partaking of the general appearance of the house. The thin plank door permitted me to hear every word above a whisper, and though unwilling, I was compelled to be a listener to a conversation, which drew sleep from my eye lids, not only while it was carried on, but for the residue of the night. My Scotch Irishified tone had led the unsuspecting husband and wife, no doubt, into the belief that they could talk French in my hearing with impunity. While indeed spending the evening with these interesting people, I found something foreign in the accents of the wife; I was now to find that she was in reality, though a native of Pennsylvania, a French woman by her mother, and a German by her father.

After my departure, for some time, their words, though spoken with great energy, were inaudible, being spoken in tones little above a whisper, but as their minds became excited their voices were raised and assumed a painful earnestness.

'Oh my Caroline, my sweet little Frederick,' at last burst from the man, 'my own wretchedness is nothing—but the villain—'

'Cannot forever prosper,' replied the wife—'Prosper,' interrupted the husband in bitterness, 'yes! such is the world, he may prosper and we perish with our infant.' Silence for a few moments followed this denunciation of the moral government of the world, but was broken by the man exclaiming, 'Caroline, do you really think this man received your father's money?'

'As firmly as I believe my own being, and to the amount of at least twenty thousand dollars, and careless as my poor father was in his money affairs, I have no doubt but that some written instrument was once in existence—but alas! that fire.' Here the hard breathing of the man and the sobs of the woman, were the only sounds I heard from them for several minutes. She first regained her fortitude, and resumed, observing—

'As to the claim which is crushing us, it is no doubt a forgery, but heaven will!'

'Yes! heaven has!'—interrupted the man, and with this passionate exclamation, his words were again followed by breathing almost convulsive, while his more reflecting wife continued in a tone which gradually calmed the husband.

'Oh! James why aggravate our situation by such language—heaven preserved thee on the battle field—open thy noble breast and see that scar, which to my eye—yes! to my heart has always been thy greatest beauty. Heaven gave thee life, reason and an integrity of soul above all wrong—If my unnatural uncle has robbed us, and if he drives us from this cabin, have we not health, education, and this?' pointing no doubt to the face of their sleeping babe.

Never did I hear such an alteration of voice as I now heard from Captain James Woolford as he exclaimed, 'God of infinite goodness and mercy forgive me, for thou knowest why I am tried—my own Caroline, my little Fred, my soul, my character, yes my utter contempt of all he can do.'—There was evidently much of camp religion in Captain Woolford's change of feeling, but with even that mixture, the change was salutary, and tranquilized, the wife and mother with much sweetness added—'Glad indeed would I be to think that my—yes! I'll say my wretched uncle, had as good cause to sleep soundly this night as we have.' Soon all was silent and peaceful round the rustic dwelling, and I fully believed that the so recently distressed parents were wrapt in as profound forgetfulness of their misfortunes as was their sleeping boy, and my reflections on the mysterious ways of both guilt and innocence were at length interrupted, nor were they resumed until the increasing light of day roused me

to a remembrance that I was still an actor on a theatre where few knew the part they were soon to be compelled to act.

Habituated to early risings as I had been my soldier host was up before me; and as I issued from the bed room was met by a man, on whose face no despondency appeared—on the contrary the first smile I had seen to unbend his features, beamed on me as he observed, 'my friend you are not a prisoner of war but of peace, and cannot be discharged until after breakfast.'

'Your commands must be obeyed Captain Woolford,' I replied—'such captivity is not very distressing—and if it had, the burthen would have been removed by the entrance of the angel of the scene.'

What means I should have adopted to obtain more insight into the peculiar causes of distress so imperfectly revealed the evening before I knew not, as plans had been laid in my breast previously to remain in the vicinity some time, and I of course, expected to receive what I desired from public gossip. Our meal completed, with such acknowledgements only which such people would receive, I departed.

Still early, and in the deep mountain valley the sun's light came only by reflection, and the long shadows of one ridge fell with a solemn and every moment changeful effect on its neighbor. My path led me under a projecting precipice, rendered more gloomy by a brow of cedars and thick underwood. Glimpses of numerous farms flashed among the branches and foliage at intervals, and I was thinking to myself how I should proceed to obtain quarters for a few weeks, when my cogitations were completely interrupted by a figure gliding as if issuing from the bosom of the mountain, and mother Rarity stood before me. How long we stood staring at each other I know not. My feelings were those of unutterable surprise. The countenance of the woman, I remember strongly, but shall omit the vain attempt at description; there was an expression of mischief and derision. Whether or not she was awaiting me to break silence, I had not sufficient reflection to determine, but with a curl of lip, which might indeed well have suited a witch, she roused me to something, like common sense by observing, 'Mark Bancroft bewitched,' and laughed, such a laugh—it was not loud but awful, but as her features regained composure I with a little of embarrassment replied, 'Good woman would you aught with me?'

'Good woman, alas!' she inwardly murmured, and remained silent for some time, abstracted as if some terrible recollection had risen, and as I stood the image of astonishment at the strange encounter with a being who it was evident knew my name, but

of whom with every effort of memory I could recall no trace.

'Yes!' at length she replied in great earnestness of manner, 'I have sought thee for a purpose which will speak to thy soul. When thou departed yesterday from the door of one of the best men in whose house thou hast ever entered, I followed thee, and saw thee enter the house of mourning, but—and here again she paused, while I remained in mute and really painful suspense to learn to what the scene was to lead.

'I saw thee enter,' at length she resumed, 'the mansion of sorrow, and now invite thee to the Witch's cave.' Before I could answer she beckoned, and following her round the projecting rocks and by means of the scattered shrubs some distance up the mountain, until our view overtopped the trees of the valley below, and we had reached a shelf from which a most delightful landscape spread far down the mountain vale. Raising her shriveled right arm and pointing to a very large farm house, observed in a voice which thrilled to my heart—

'Yesterday thou sattest at the board of innocence and worth, to-day—for why I am bound, but not now, to explain, that thou must enter the doors of hardened villainy, but—and her gritted teeth and face displayed a ferocity, I never could have thought was human. The paroxysm was, however brief, and she resumed—

'Amuse thyself until the sun has commenced a downward course, and then approach, enter and seek refreshment in that house. Thy money will procure what nature demands. Observe the master of the house, scan his features, and then think if thou hast ever before seen such—turn thine eye up the mountain side to the left. Mark that white spot: it is a cabin passed by a path.—Follow that path over the mountain top. Then turn your view to the left again and you will see a dark roof—it is the cave of mother Rarity, but enter it not with daylight.' So saying she whirled round with the rapidity of a bird, while 'fail not' was the last words I heard from her shriveled and compressed lips as darting round a projection of the rocky ledge, she disappeared.

'Strange! strange!' muttered I to myself 'that I should be spell-bound by such a being, but I am, and must know why, and as if compelled by an irresistible power, followed her directions. The day was sultry and close for autumn weather, and fatigued with my rambles something after mid-day, I entered the house so terribly denounced by the mysterious woman. I was indeed met at the threshold by those harbingers of inhospitality, two fierce dogs, which were, however silenced by a man of middle age who advanced, and when the noise of his sentinels were hushed, demanded my business in no inviting tone.

'My business,' I replied, 'is to procure a dinner for which I expect to pay'—'Umph,' was the reply as he waived me in with a sweep of his brawny hand and arm. It is probable had no intimation been given of the man, I should have regarded his physiognomy in a high degree sinister, but influenced as I felt, the glance of his dark and deep set eyes excited almost a shudder. He was taciturn and replied to my remarks by monosyllables, and to my few questions still more briefly. But he could not prevent nor suspect the true object of my visit, which in fact, I very faintly surmised myself. My dinner which was coarse being finished and paid for, I departed and as directed, ascended the mountain, ever and anon halting to behold the fine and every moment changing scenery, and ruminating on the singular lodging house I was approaching—but slow as I advanced, the afternoon seemed to lengthen as my curiosity became more intense, and the long shadows of even appeared to linger as if to mock my impatience. Before the sun had sunk beneath the western mountains I found myself seated on a rock amid a grove of chestnut saplings above the cottage of the witch. As twilight fell black and heavy, the unbroken silence was awful. A storm would have given relief, but not a leaf moved, not a sound disturbed the fearful pause. As the moment of entering the lone habitation at length came round, I must confess the palace of an emperor would have been approached with less trepidation. But what must be, must be, thought I, as a hand cold and hard touched my cheek. Starting to my feet, in the gloom of the now closing night, stood before me a form which could not be mistaken—it was the witch. 'Enter and fear not,' was her invitation as she returned and led me into the cave, for such in part was her dwelling.

A lamp shedding faint light over bare walls—walls of rough unhewn and unwashed logs.—Combined with the circumstances which preceded, there was a chilling horror in the scene. Before me stood the tall form of the recluse, her hollow visage and gray locks bespeaking pain and sorrow. Mute we stood for a few moments, when in a totally changed voice she earnestly exclaimed:

'Lord I thank thee,' and turning round flung open a door and to my utter surprise, on a table covered with green cloth stood two elegant silver candlesticks, with two brilliant candles shedding strong light over a white-washed room. This room was without regular form as it was partly excavated from the natural rock. A bed stood on one side and clothing covered with dust hung on the walls, as did several picture frames, screened with black gauze, also rendered gray with dust. A large bible and several other books lay on the table. Opposite to the bed stood a book

case, which from the workmanship was evidently a relic of a past century, but now appeared as if torn by an electric stroke, standing as if shattered by some explosive force.

'Look around,' said the woman, 'you are now in a room, no human being but myself has ever before entered. It was formed by Him, who also formed these mountains, and fashioned by these hands: and she held up her long, bony, slender embrowned and sinewy arms and hands before my face. I could bear in silence the scene no longer, and with something of irritation, observed, 'Woman why all this? for what am I here?'

Her lips quivered but her looks quailed not as she steadfastly returned my fixed look, and replied by repeating, 'for what am I here?' laying energetic emphasis on I; and turning round while her eyes were still fixed on mine, she removed the veil from one of the pictures.—The moment the crape was removed I started back exclaiming with the utmost astonishment, 'Sophia Markland.' Before me appeared a half length portrait of a too well known face, but a face I had not seen for nearly thirty years; but the fine blue eyes, exquisite tint and expression, the glossy and abundant ringlets, and a thousand painful remembrances, all rushed upon my heart with electric rapidity. My hostess left me a few moments a victim to surprise indescribable, until I again half inwardly murmured, 'poor murdered Sophia, where did heaven's vengeance sleep when thy betrayer and destroyer escaped?'

'Heaven's vengeance never slept,' interrupted the woman, 'but like the spark which rifted that casket,' pointing to the shattered desk, 'the stroke may be delayed.' She again paused and then continued, what dost thou suppose was the final fate of Sophia Markland? 'Drowned in the Susquehanna, alas!' I replied. 'In which her corpse was never found,' rejoined the woman.—'Not that I ever learned—'

'Or could learn,' was the rapid interruption, 'years of fears, pain, sickness, remorse, and all else, which can render life a punishment, would have been saved to the miserable Sophia, had the water been her friend as supposed. But Mark Bancroft, time presses—we cannot wait to trifle—turn your eyes from the unconscious picture and look on this face.' I did turn, and scanned, the wrinkled features in vain to surmise why the request. 'The ruin is too complete,' she at length exclaimed in bitterness, 'naught of Sophia Markland,' and she sunk into a chair, her head falling between her knees, with convulsive sobs—

[Concluded in our next.]

WISHES.—Our wishes are but the idle blossoms of the tree of human life, seldom bearing fruits.

BIOGRAPHY.

Pushmataha.

This individual was a distinguished warrior of the Choctaw nation, and a fair specimen of the talents and propensities of the modern Indian. It will have been noticed, by those who have paid attention to Indian history, that the savage character is always seen in a modified aspect, among those of the tribes who reside in juxtaposition with the whites. We are not prepared to say that it is either elevated, or softened, by this relation; but it is certainly changed. The strong hereditary bias of the wild and untamed rover of the forest, remains in prominent development, while some of the arts, and many of the vices of the civilized man, are engrafted upon them. The Choctaws have had their principal residence in that part of the country east of the Mississippi river, which now forms the state of Mississippi, and have had intercourse with the European race, from the time of the discovery of that region by the French, nearly two centuries ago. In 1820, that tribe was supposed to consist of a population of twenty-five thousand souls. They have always maintained friendly relations with the American people, and have permitted our missionaries to reside among them; some of them have addicted themselves to agriculture, and a few of their females have intermarried with the white traders.

Pushmataha was born about the year 1764, and at the age of twenty was a captain, or a war chief, and a great hunter. In the latter occupation he often passed to the western side of the Mississippi, to hunt the buffalo, upon the wide plains lying towards our southern frontier. On one occasion, while hunting on the Red river, with a party of Choctaws, he was attacked by a number of Indians of a tribe called the Callageheahs, near the Spanish line, and totally defeated. He made his own escape, alone, to a Spanish settlement, where he arrived nearly starved; having, while on the way given a little horse, that he found grazing on the plains, for a single fish. He remained with the Spaniards five years, employing himself as a hunter, brooding over the plans of vengeance which he afterwards executed, and probably collecting the information necessary to the success of his scheme. Wandering back to the Choctaw country alone, he came by stealth, in the night, to a little village of the enemies by whom he had been defeated, suddenly rushed in upon them, killed seven of the inhabitants, and set fire to the lodges, which were entirely consumed before the occupants recovered from their alarm.

After this feat he remained in his own nation about six years, increasing his reputation as a hunter, and engaging occasionally in the

affairs of the tribe. He then raised a party of his own friends, and led them to seek a further revenge for the defeat which still rankled in his bosom. Again he surprised one of their towns upon Red river, and killed two or three of their warriors without any loss on his own side. But engaging in an extensive hunt, his absence from home was protracted to the term of eight months. Resting from this expedition but ten days, he prevailed upon another party of Choctaw warriors to follow his adventurous steps in a new enterprise against the same enemy, and was again victorious, bringing home six of the scalps of his foes, without losing a man. On this occasion he was absent seven or eight months. In one year afterwards he raised a new party, led them against the foe whom he had so often stricken, and was once more successful.

Some time before the war of 1812, a party of Creek Indians, who had been engaged in a hunting expedition, came to the Choctaw country, and burned the house of Pushmataha, who was in the neighborhood intently occupied in playing ball, a game at which he was very expert. He was too great a man to submit to such an injury, and, as usual immediate retaliation ensued. He led a party of Choctaws into the Creek country, killed several of that nation, and committed as great destruction of their property as was practicable in his rapid march; and he continued from time to time, until the breaking out of the war between the United States and Great Britain, to prosecute the hostilities growing out of this feud with relentless vigor; assailing the Creeks frequently with small parties, by surprise, and committing indiscriminate devastation upon the property or people of that tribe. Such are the quarrels of great men; and such have been the border wars of rude nations from the earliest times.

In the war that succeeded, he was always the first to lead a party against the British or their Indian allies; and he did much injury to the Creeks and Seminoles during that contest. His military prowess and success gained for him the honorary title, which he seems to have well deserved; and he was usually called General Pushmataha.

This chief was not descended from any distinguished family, but was raised to command, when a young man, in consequence of his talents and prowess. He was always poor, and when not engaged in war, followed the chase with ardor and success. He was brave and generous; kind to those who were necessitous, and hospitable to the stranger. The eagerness with which he sought to revenge himself upon his enemies, affords no evidence of ferocity of character; but is in strict conformity with the Indian code of honor, which sanction such deeds as nobly meritorious.

It is curious to observe the singular mixture of great and mean qualities in the character of a barbarous people. The same man who is distinguished in war, and in the council, is often the subject of anecdotes which reflect little credit on his character in private life. We shall repeat the few incidents which have reached us, in the public and private history of Pushmataha.

He attended a council held in 1823, near the residence of Major Pitchlynn, a wealthy trader among the Choctaws, and at a distance of eighty miles from his own habitation. The business was closed on the third of July, and on the following day, the anniversary of our independence, a dinner was given by Major Pitchlynn to Colonel Ward, the agent of the government of the United States, and the principal chiefs who were present. When the guests were about to depart, it was observed that General Pushmataha had no horse; and as he was getting to be too old to prosecute so long a journey on foot, the government agent suggested to Mr. Pitchlynn, the propriety of presenting him with a horse. This was readily agreed to, on the condition that the chief would promise not to exchange the horse for whiskey; and the old warrior, mounted upon a fine young animal, went upon his way rejoicing. It was not long before he visited the agency, on foot, and it was discovered that he had lost his horse in betting at ball-play. 'But did you not promise Mr. Pitchlynn,' said the agent, 'that you would not sell his horse?' 'I did so in presence of yourself and many others,' replied the chief; 'but I did not promise that I would not risk the horse on a game of ball.'

It is said that during the late war, General Pushmataha, having joined our southern army with some of his warriors, was arrested by the commanding general for striking a soldier with his sword. When asked by the commander why he had committed this act of violence, he replied that the soldier had been rude to his wife, and that he had only given a blow or two with the side of his sword to teach him better manners—'but if it had been you, general, instead of a private soldier,' continued he, 'I should have used the sharp edge of my sword in defence of my wife, who has come so far to visit a great warrior like myself.'

At a time when a guard of eight or ten men was kept at the agency, one of the soldiers having become intoxicated, was ordered to be confined; and there was no guardhouse, the temporary arrest was effected by tying the offender. Pushmataha seeing the man in this situation, inquired the cause, on being informed, exclaimed, 'is that all?' and immediately untied the unfortunate soldier, remarking coolly, 'many good warriors get drunk.'

At a meeting of business at the agency, at which several American gentlemen, and some of the chief men of the Choctaw nation were present, the conversation turned upon the Indian custom of marrying a plurality of wives. Pushmataha remarked that he had two wives, and intended to have always the same number. Being asked if he did not think the practice wrong, the chief replied, 'No; is it not right that every woman should be married—and how can that be, when there are more women than men, unless some men marry more than one? When our Great Father, the president, caused the Indians to be counted last year, it was found that the women were most numerous, and if one man could have but one wife, some women would have no husband.'

In 1824, this chief was at the city of Washington as one of a deputation sent to visit the president, for the purpose of brightening the chain of friendship between the American people and the Choctaws. The venerable Lafayette, then upon his memorable and triumphal tour through the United States, was at the same metropolis, and the Choctaw chiefs came to pay him their respects. Several of them made speeches, and among the rest, Pushmataha, addressed him in these words:

'Nearly fifty snows have melted since you drew the sword as a companion of Washington. With him you fought the enemies of America. You mingled your blood with that of the enemy, and proved yourself a warrior. After you finished that war, you returned to your own country; and now you are come back to revisit a land, where you are honored by a numerous and powerful people. You see everywhere the children of those by whose side you went to battle, crowding around you, and shaking your hand, as the hand of a father. We have heard these things told in our distant villages, and our hearts longed to see you. We have come, we have taken you by the hand, and are satisfied. This is the first time we have seen you; it will probably be the last. We have no more to say. The earth will part us forever.'

The old warrior pronounced these words with an affecting solemnity of voice and manner. He seemed to feel a presentiment of the brevity of his own life. The concluding remark of his speech was prophetic. In a few days he was no more. He was taken sick at Washington, and died in a strange land. When he found that his end was approaching, he called his companions around him, and desired them to raise him up, to bring his arms, and to decorate him with all his ornaments, that his death might be that of a man. He was particularly anxious that his interment should be accompanied with military honors, and when a promise was kindly given that his wishes should be fulfilled, he became cheerful, and conversed with composure until the moment when he expired without a groan. In conversation with his Indian friends shortly before his death, he said, 'I shall die, but you will return to our brethren. As you go along the paths,

you will see the flowers, and hear the birds sing, but Pushmataha will see them and hear them no more. When you will come to your home, they will ask you *where is Pushmataha?* and you will say to them, *he is no more.* They will hear the tidings like a sound of the fall of a mighty oak in the stillness of the woods.'

The only speech made by Pushmataha, on the occasion of his visit to Washington, was the following. It was intended by him to be an opening address, which, had he lived, he would doubtless have followed, by another more like himself. We took it down as he spoke it. The person addressed was the Secretary of War.

Father—I have been here some time. I have not talked—have been sick. You shall hear me talk to day. I belong to another district. You have no doubt, heard of me—I am Pushmataha.

Father—When in my own country, I often looked towards this council-house, and wanted to come here. I am in trouble. I will tell my distresses. I feel like a small child, not half as high as its father, who comes up to look in his father's face, hanging in the bend of his arm, to tell him his troubles. So, father, I hang in the bend of your arm, and look in your face and now hear me speak.

Father—When I was in my own country, I heard there were men appointed to talk to us. I would not speak there; I chose to come here and speak in this beloved house. I can boast, and say, and tell the truth that none of my fathers, or grandfathers, or any Choctaw, ever drew bows against the United States. They have always been friendly. We have held the hands of the United States so long, that our nails are long like birds' claws; and there is no danger of their slipping out.

Father—I have come to speak. My nation has always listened to the applications of the white people. They have given of their country till it is very small. I repeat the same about the land east of the Tombigby. I came here when a young man to see my Father Jefferson. He told me if ever we got in trouble, we must run and tell him. I am come. This is a friendly talk; it is like a man who meets another and says, how do you do? Another will talk further.'

The celebrated John Randolph, in a speech upon the floor of the senate, alluded thus to the forest chieftain, whose brief memoirs we have attempted to sketch: 'Sir, in a late visit to the public grave-yard, my attention was arrested by the simple monument of the Choctaw Chief Pushmataha. He was, I have been told by those who knew him, one of nature's nobility; a man who would have adorned any society. He lies quietly by the side of our statesmen and high magistrates in the region—for there is one such—where the red man and the white man are on a level. On the sides of the plain shaft that marks his place of burial, read these words: 'Pushmataha, a Choctaw chief, lies here. This monument to his memory is erected by his brother chiefs, who were associated with him in a delegation from their nation, in the year 1824, to the government of the United States. Pushmataha was a warrior of great distinction. He was wise in council, eloquent in an extraordinary degree; and on all occasions, and under all circumstances, the white man's friend. He died in Washington, on the twenty-fourth of December, 1824, of the

croup, in the sixtieth year of his age. Among his last words were the following: 'When I am gone, let the big guns be fired over me.'

This chief had five children. His oldest son died at the age of twenty-one, after having completed an excellent English education. The others were young at the time of the decease of their father. A medal has been sent by the president to the oldest surviving son, as a testimony of respect for the memory of a warrior, whose attachment to our government was steady and unshaken, throughout his life.

The day after the funeral of Pushmataha, the deputation visited the office in charge of the Bureau of Indian affairs. The countenances of the chiefs wore a gloom which such a loss was well calculated to create. Over the face of one of the deputation, however, was a cloud darker than the rest, and the expression of his face told a tale of deeper sorrow. Ask that young man, said the officer in charge of the Bureau, what the matter is with him? The answer was 'I am sorry.' Ask him what makes him sorry? The loss, the answer was expected to be, of our beloved chief—but no—it was, 'I am sorry it was not me.' Ask him to explain what he means by being sorry that it was not him? The ceremonies of the funeral the reader will bear in mind, were very imposing. The old chief had said, 'when I am gone, let the big guns be fired over me,' and they were fired. Beside the discharge of minute guns on the Capitol Hill, and from the ground contiguous to the place of interment, there was an immense concourse of citizens, a long train of carriages, cavalry, military, bands of music, the whole procession extended at least a mile in length; and there were thousands lining the ways and filling the doors and windows, and then the military honors at the grave, combined to produce in this young chief's mind a feeling of regret, that he had not been, himself, the subject of these honors—hence, his reply—'I am sorry that it was not me;' and so he explained himself.

MISCELLANY.

The Oak of the Village.

HAVE you ever witnessed the destruction, the downfall, the death, of the OAK OF THE VILLAGE? Generations passed away, but *the Oak ever was in its place.* The village had a new church—new mansions—new owners—new institutions—and even new customs and habits: but the Oak *was ever in its place.* In the center of the village-green, it spread its luxurious and refreshing branches; whilst the young caroled and the gay danced beneath its loved shade. 'The Oak' was the scene of many a festive hour, many a joyous jubilee,

many a happy anniversary! Other oaks had been planted, and had been cut down; other trees had luxuriated, and smiled on the villagers. There was but *one Oak* to the village—others were oaks, and others were trees, but this was *THE OAK!* If a cricket-bat had to be played, it was under the Oak; if two lovers gave a rendezvous, it was at the Oak; if the officers of the place wished to address the inhabitants, they met under the Oak. When the church was pulled down, and divine worship was chanted in the open air, the oak at once sheltered the assembly from the rays of the sun, and from the showers of heaven. The candidates for senatorial honors spoke to the electors of the spot, and the neighborhood, under the Oak. The little children were left to play under the Oak; and their mothers or their sisters confided them with a degree of confidence to his protection—for he was the father of the village, and the household god of the villagers. In summer time, the master of the school conducted his little flock on a Saturday to the shade of the Oak; and before they separated till the Monday, from their books and studies, they sang the evening hymn beneath its branches. In troublesome and warlike times, when invasion was spoken of, and foreign foes were feared, the 'Village Volunteers' used to exercise and drill under 'the Oak.' And when even winter was most drear and the storm most pitiless, still the oak raised his venerable head; and the thought that the spring would return, and the tree and the green be once more gay and enlivening, softened the severity of the hour, and mitigated even the roughness of the blast. The Oak was a constant benefactor and a never-failing friend. Other friends might be faithless—other trees might perish, other shades might be destroyed by the interested or the powerful; but 'the Oak' belonged to the village—and the hearts of all the village for all time belonged to him. But even the Oak was mortal—even the oak was destined to perish; and in the midst of a horrible tempest, which desolated this once happy and once prosperous, but now sad and desponding village, the lightning from the skies descended upon the Oak—tore from it its branches—struck it even to its roots, and the Oak fell, and was no more! So there was no more singing and no more dancing—no more caroling and no more meeting; and the green became deserted; and a simple monument marked the place where the venerable friend of the village had once stood; and it became deserted, lonely and sad. And the first days of grief were as the days of weeping of an orphan who mourneth over the tomb of her mother, and as the grief of a widow who is suddenly bereft of her husband, and as the tears of a mother who weepeth over the loss of her only, her virtuous, her

beloved son. And no eye was dry, and no cheek was rosy or healthy; for all felt the loss of the Oak to be the greatest of all losses: and the village was in mourning. And to the credit of that village be it said, the mourning was a long mourning, and tears were oft-shed tears, and the grief was not of short duration, and 'the Oak' is engraved on the hearts, and hangs up in the form of pictures and of paintings, in the cottage of every villager; and pieces of the branches, and of the trunk and of the root, are handed down as precious relics from father to son, and from generation to generation.

Cultivation of Flowers.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

Among the pleasant employments which seem peculiarly congenial to the feelings of our sex, the culture of flowers stand conspicuous. The general superintendence of a garden has been repeatedly found favorable to health, by leading to frequent exercise in the open air, and that communing with nature which is equally refreshing to the heart. It was laboring with her own hands in the garden, that the mother of Washington was found by the youthful Marquis de Lafayette, when he sought her blessing, as he was about to commit himself to the ocean, and to return to his native clime. Milton, who you recollect, was a great advocate that women should 'study household good,' has few more eloquent descriptions than those which represent our first mother at her floral toil amidst the sinless shades of paradise.

The tending of flowers has ever appeared to me a fitting care for the young and beautiful. They then dwell as it were among their own emblems, and many a voice of wisdom breathes on their ear from those brief blossoms to which appertain the dew and the sun beam. While they eradicate the weeds that deform or the excrescences that endanger them, is there not a perpetual monition uttered of the work to be done in their own heart? From the admiration of these ever varying charms, how naturally is the tender spirit led upwards in devotions to Him, 'whose hand perfumes them, and whose pencil paints.' Connected with the nature of flowers, is the delightful study of botany, which imparts new attractions to the summer sylvan walks, and prompts both to salubrious exercise and scientific research. A knowledge of the physiology of plants, is not only interesting in itself, but of practical import. The brilliant coloring matter which they sometimes yield, and the beautiful influences which they possess, impart value to many an unsightly shrub or secluded plant, which might otherwise have been suffered to blossom and die without a thought.

It is cheering amid our solitary rambles to view the subjects that surround us as friends, to call to recollections their distinctive lineaments of character, to array them with something of intelligence or utility, and to enjoy an intimate companionship with nature. The female aborigines of our country were distinguished by an extensive acquaintance with the medical properties of plants and roots, which enabled them, both in peace and war, to be the leaders of their tribes. I would not counsel you to invade the province of the physician—in our state of society it would be preposterous and arrogant. But sometimes to alleviate the slight indisposition of those you love, by a simple infusion of the herbs you have reared or gathered, is a legitimate branch of that nursing kindness which seems interwoven with woman's nature.

And now to sum up the whole matter, though in the morning of youth, a charm is thrown over the landscape, every inequality smoothed, yet still life is not 'one long summer's day of indolence and mirth.' The sphere of woman is eminently practical. There is much which she will be expected to do, and ought therefore to learn early, if she would acquit herself creditably. Though to combine the excellencies of a housekeeper with much eminence in literature and science, requires an energy seldom possessed, still there is no need that domestic duties should preclude mental improvement or extinguish intellectual enjoyment. They may be united by diligence and perseverance, and the foundation of those qualities should be laid now in youth.

Early Rising.

'I wish you would wake me up to-morrow morning at five o'clock,' said Charles. I did so effectually, and left him; in an hour I returned to his room; there he was, the sun shining full on his face. The next day and the next, he made the same request, but I was tired of waking him. Every person who wishes to form a habit of rising early, should second the exertions of others by his own resolution. He should not lie a single moment after he is awakened, but jump out of bed instantly. The person, young or old, who springs up instantaneously after awaking, will awake the next morning a little earlier than before, and the next day a little earlier still, and so on.—In this way any individual may rise as early as he pleases. I have found no difficulty in waking when I please, that is, after a few days' trial; nor does it take long to form the habit when we are once resolute—a strong will is equal to almost any thing. It does not take so long to break up old habits, and form new ones, as indolent people affect to believe. If we are free, as God our Creator made us, we can very soon

form any habits which we believe it to be our duty to form, and custom will use us to them, and make every thing easy and natural, and even pleasurable.

Daughters.

LET no father impatiently long for sons. He may please himself with the ideas of boldness and masculine energy and moral or martial achievements; but ten to one he will meet with little else than frowardness, reckless imperiousness, and ingratitude. 'Father give me the portion that falleth to me,' was the imperious demand of the profligate prodigal who had been indulged from his childhood. This case is the representation of thousands—the painter that drew this portrait painted for all posterity. But the daughter—she clings like the rose leaf around the stem; to the parent home, and the parental heart; she watches the approving smile, and deprecates the slightest shade on the brow; she wanders not on forbidden pleasure grounds; wrings not the heart at home with her doubtful midnight absence; wrecks not the hopes to which early promises had given birth nor paralyzes the soul that doats on this chosen object. Wherever the son may wander in search of a fortune or pleasure, there is the daughter within the sacred temple of home, the vestal Virgin of its innermost sanctuary, keeping alive the flame of domestic affection and blessing that existence of which she is herself a part.

ANECDOTE—'We must be unanimous,' observed Hancock on the occasion of signing the Declaration of Independence 'there must be no pulling different ways, we must all hang together. 'Yes,' added Franklin, 'we must indeed all hang together, or most assuredly we shall hang separately.'

Letters Containing Remittances,
Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of Postage paid.

C. M. B. Potsdam, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Nottaway, Mich. \$2.00; M. G. S. Sunderland, Ms. \$1.00; F. B. C. Montrose, Pa. \$3.00; R. S. S. Mechanicville, N. Y. \$1.00; E. M. Porter's Corners, N. Y. \$1.00; S. R. P. Highgate. Vt. \$1.00; P. P. Cairo, N. Y. \$1.00; N. R. Gilboa, N. Y. \$1.00; P. D. Copake, N. Y. \$1.00; Mrs. C. W. Holden, Ms. \$0.50.

DIED.

In this city, on the 13th inst. Abram, son of Aaron Macy, aged about 1 year.

On the 4th inst. Sarah, daughter of William and Catherine Clark.

On the 8th inst. Caroline, daughter of A. C. and Sarah Macy, in her 6th year.

On the 13th inst. Joseph Wiltsee, in his 17th year.

At Albany, on the evening of the 9th inst. Miss Jane Matilda Olcott.

At Ghent, on the 26th inst. Mrs. Catherine Mesick, consort of Mr. Flie Mesick in the 82d year of his age.

At the residence of her father, in Newark, N. J. on Saturday evening the 8th inst. Harriet Gates, wife of the Hon. Aaron Vanderpoel, of the village of Kinderhook, and late a Member of Congress from this County.

In Claverack, on the 14th inst. Jane, daughter of Thomas and Mary Bennet, aged about 26 years.

In Columbus, (Mississippi), on Sunday evening March 12, Sarah Byron, infant daughter of P. B. Barker, aged about 1 year.

In Kinderhook, on the 9th inst. Mr. Russel Hobart, in the 55th year of his age.

At Bona Vista, Cape de Verd Islands, on the 6th of November last. Mrs. Maria de Natividade M. Gardner, wife of Mr. Ferdinand Gardner, formerly of this city, aged 35 years.



SELECT POETRY.

April.

BY MISS L. E. LONDON.

Of all the months that fill the year,
Give April's month to me,
For earth and sky are then so filled
With sweet variety!

The apple blossoms, shower of pearl,
The peach-tree's rosier hue,
As beautiful as woman's blush,
As evanescent too.

The purple light, that like a sigh
Comes from the violet bed,
As there the perfumes of the East
Had all their odors shed.

The wild-briar rose, a fragrant cup.
To hold the morning's tear;
The bird's-eye, like a sapphire star,
The primrose pale, like fear.

The balls that hang like drifted snow
Upon the guelderose,
The woodbine's fairy trumpets, where
The elf his war-note blows.

On every bough there is a bud,
In every bud a flower;
But scarcely bud or flower will last
Beyond the present hour.

Now comes a shower-cloud o'er the sky,
Then all again sunshine;
Then clouds again, but brightened with
The rainbow's colored line.

Aye, this, this is the month for me?
I could not love a scene
Where the blue sky was always blue,
The green earth always green.

It is like love; oh, love should be
An ever-changing thing—
The love that I could worship must
Be ever on the wing.

The chain my mistress flings round me
Must be both brief and bright;
Or formed of opals, which will change
With every changing light.

To-morrow she must turn to sighs
The smiles she wore to-day;
This moment's look of tenderness
The next one must be gay.

Sweet April! thou the emblem art
Of what my love must be;
One varying like the varying bloom
Is just the love for me.

A Domestic Picture.

Fondly familiar is the look she gives
As he returns, who forth so lately went,
For they together pass their happy lives;
And many a tranquil evening have they spent
Since, blushing, ignorantly innocent,
She vowed with downcast eyes and changeful hue,
To love him only. Love fulfilled, hath lent
Its deep repose; and when he meets her view,
Her soft look only says—'I trust—and I am true.'

Scattered like flowers, the rosy children play;
Or round her chair a busy crowd they press;
But, at the FATHER'S coming, start away,
With playful struggle for his loved caress,
And jealous of the one he first may bless;
To each a welcoming word is fondly said,
He bends and kisses some; lifts up the less;
Admires the little cheek so round and red,
Or smoothes with tender hand the curled and shining head.

Oh! let us pause, and gaze upon them now,
Is there not one—beloved and lovely boy!
With Mirth's bright seal upon his open brow,
And sweet fond eyes, brimful of love and joy?
He, who no measure of delight can cloy,
The daring and the darling of the set;
He, who, though pleased with every passing toy,
Thoughtless and buoyant to excess, could yet
Never a gentle word or kindly deed forget?

And one, more fragile than the rest, for whom,
As for the weak bird in a crowded nest,
Is needed all the fostering care of home,
And the soft comfort of the brooding breast:
One, who hath oft the couch of sickness prest!
On whom the Mother looks, as it goes by,
With tenderness intense, and fear suppress,
While the soft patience of the anxious eye
Blends with 'God's' will be done—God grant thou
may'st not die?

And is there not the elder of the band?
She with the gentle smile and smooth bright hair,
Waiting some paces back—content to stand
Till these of love's caresses have their share,
Knowing how soon his fond paternal care
Shall seek his violet in her shady nook:
Patient she stands—demure, and brightly fair,
Copying the meekness of her Mother's look,
And clasping in her hand the favorite story-book.

Saturday Evening.

BY BULWER.

THE week is past, the Sabbath dawn comes on,
Rest—rest in peace—thy daily toil is done,
And standing, as thou standest, on the brink
Of a new scene of being, calmly think
Of what is gone, is now, and soon shall be,
As one that trembles on eternity.
For sure as this now closing week is past,
So sure advancing time will close my last,
Sure as to-morrow, shall the joyful light
Of the eternal morning hail my sight.

Spirit of good, on this week's verge I stand,
Tracing the guiding influence of thy hand;
That hand which leads me gently, calmly still,
Up life's dark, stony, tiresome, thorny hill.
Thou, thou, in every storm hast sheltered me,
Beneath the wings of thy benignity;
A thousand graves my footsteps circumvent,
And I exist—thy mercy's monument!
A thousand writhes upon the bed of pain,
I live—and pleasure flows through ev'ry vein.

Want o'er a thousand wretches waves her wand;
I, circled by ten thousand mercies stand.
How can I praise thee, Father! how express
My debt of reverence and thankfulness!
A debt that no intelligence can count,
While every moment swells the vast amount.
For the week's duties thou hast given me strength,
And brought me to a peaceful close at length;
And here my grateful bosom fain would raise
A fresh memorial to thy glorious praise.

Walk with the Lord.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

'At evening time it shall be light.'—ZACH. xiv. 7.

WALK with the Lord at morn,
When every scene is fair,
While opening buds the boughs adorn,
And fragrance fills the air;
Before the rosy dawn, awake,
And in thy being's pride,
Thy first young blush of beauty, make
Omnipotence thy guide.

Walk with the Lord at noon,
When fervid suns are high,
And Pleasure, with her treacherous boon,
Allureth manhood's eye,—
Then, with the diamond shield of prayer,
Thy soul's opposers meet,
And crush the thorns of sin and care,
That bind the pilgrim's feet.

Walk with the Lord at eve,
When twilight dews descend,
And Nature seems a shroud to weave,
As for some smitten friend;
While slow the lonely moments glide
On mournful wing away,
Press closer, closer to His side,
For He shall guide the way.

Even shouldst thou linger still
Till midnight spreads its pall,
And Age laments with bosom chill,
Its buried earthly all,
Thy withered eyes a signal bright
Beyond the grave shall see,
For He, who maketh darkness light,
Thy God, shall walk with thee.

Spring.

O HASTE, ye vernal gales, to breathe
The genial balmy air of Spring;
And smiling Nature's floral wreath;
On wings of gentle zephyrs bring.
Ye liquid streams, soft murmur'ing slow,
Again resume your peaceful flow;
And wake, ye birds, on every spray,
The warblings of your plaintive lay.

Then from bright Helicon's fair bowers,
The rural muse shall bring her lyre,
And sailing on the roseate hours,
The strings of melody inspire;
While echo, from the hills around,
Shall mingle in the flowing sound;
And woodland nymphs their garlands bring,
To strew upon the lap of Spring.

Blanks.

A general assortment of Lawyers and Justices' Blanks,
according to the revised statutes, for sale by
A. STODDARD.

THE RURAL REPOSITORY,

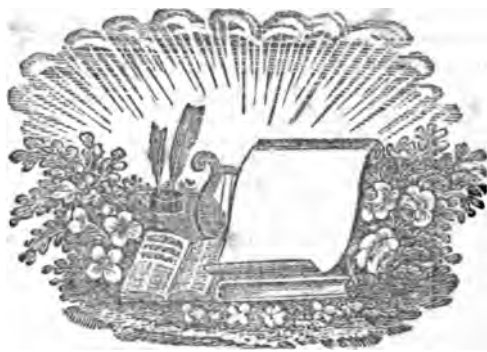
IS PUBLISHED EVERY OTHER SATURDAY, AT HUDSON, N. Y. BY

Wm. B. Stoddard.

It is printed in the Quarto form, and will contain
twenty-six numbers of eight pages each, with a title page
and index to the volume.

TERMS.—One Dollar per annum in advance, or One
Dollar and Fifty Cents, at the expiration of three months
from the time of subscribing. Any person, who will remit
us Five Dollars, free of postage, shall receive six copies,
and any person, who will remit us Ten Dollars, free of
postage, shall receive twelve copies, and one copy of either
of the previous volumes. No subscriptions received
for less than one year. All the back numbers furnished
to new subscribers.

§7. All orders and Communications must be *post paid*,
to receive attention.



DEVOTED TO POLITE LITERATURE SUCH AS MORAL AND SENTIMENTAL TALES, ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS, BIOGRAPHY, TRAVELING SKETCHES, AMUSING MISCELLANY, HUMOROUS AND HISTORICAL ANECDOTES, SUMMARY, POETRY, &C.

VOL. XIII.—[IV. NEW SERIES.]

HUDSON, N. Y. SATURDAY, MAY 6, 1837.

NO. 24.

SUBJECT TALES.

From the Saturday Evening Post.

Lydia Ashbaugh, the Witch.

[Concluded.]

A FLASH of lightning seemed to pass over my mind, and in its glare appeared the spirit of the long lost Sophia. I paced the room for some time at intervals repeating the name, and that of Eltham Heathfield—names too fearfully connected. I was now convinced that the wasted and withered form beside me, was what remained of the once most attractive and beautiful Sophia, but I suffered the storm of regret to spend its force, and then drawing a chair sat down beside the recluse, and in a soothing tone observed, 'Sophia, for you are Sophia, remember the days of our youth.' My words fell as balm on a wounded heart, and raising her head, she smiled as a sunbeam from a summer cloud, and ejaculated—'Oh how delightful! twenty-five long years have passed since the human voice has fallen on this heart in kindness.'

She rose and passing into an outer room, bathed her feverish head with cool water, returned and sat down with a composure as if nothing extraordinary had occurred, but her eye falling, perhaps accidentally, on the representation of what she had been, she started up, replaced the veil and again sat down, and pulling out a drawer of the table, drew forth a bundle of papers, bound with a blue ribbon, laid them between us, with the mysterious observation, '*heaven's vengeance REPOSES but SLEEPS not in that casket;*' and then continued, 'I am now to explain, *why* we are both here; therefore hear the witch's story. Fear no listeners. Those who are above the belief of witches, are above the meanness, and those who are are would expect worse than the vengeance of heaven, if they dared come near this cell in stealth.'

'The history of my family I need not relate—all that is known to thee as well as to myself—nor need I recall the too much courted Sophia, but it is necessary I should relate circumstances, with which you were, with the world in general, only acquainted by

common report. While in Philadelphia and near completing my education, I was accidentally introduced to a young man, whose name, Eltham Heathfield, will be ere long restored to your recollection. At the moment considered beautiful, and greatly richer than I was in fact, I was flattered, followed, envied and hated by most of my female friends, and pursued as prey by some of the other sex. Passions too powerful for reason, but with a heart in which neither affections or its opposite were moderate it was not in my power to love other than to excess. To most of the young gentleman of my circle, I was only and merely acquainted by sight, to most of them my feelings at least were those of indifference. To all this, Eltham Heathfield was an exception. Mixing with the first society, his manners were polished—his coldness I then attributed to good sense—but I was to learn a deeper cause. A near relation of the family in which I boarded, Heathfield had unlimited admittance to my company, and he profited by the advantage. Few words now are left—I was deeply, purely, and unchangeably as I thought attached, and in the full confidence of full return, was in the warmth of youth, planning how faithfully the duties of wife should be performed. No reason have I now to disguise, and in the face of heaven I declare, I do not believe any other woman ever more sincerely looked forward to wedded happiness founded on a faithful discharge of the highest obligations. These were dreams—youthful dreams—my guardian spirit slept, and I became the slave of a plotting villain. My idol was changed to a demon. The visits of my destroyer were made at lengthening intervals—still, however, though rendered less happy, I was unconscious of the gulf opening before me. Seated one evening on a sofa in the common parlor—the sun had set, but the candles not yet lighted, I felt something of undefined distress, from which I was roused by a well known tread. The figure glided in and without speaking presented a letter, which in the dim light I could but see, and also in silence, wheeled and in much astonishment I was again alone.

'This is a new freak of Eltham,' thought I, as ringing for a light, I rose and when the light came went up stairs to my own room. With an anxiety I could not repress or account for, the letter was opened, and with an effort yet to me inscrutable, it was read and thrown on the table. My very soul felt frozen. The whole horrors of my situation lay before me, painted in few words by my murderer—for to all purposes of earthly enjoyment death spread his veil over me from that fatal night—a night on which no bed was pressed by the ruined Sophia. But every one has their own manner of meeting calamity. Happiness and the man who trampled on my heart were gone together—that heart was bruised, but not crushed—love was there replaced by hatred—undying hatred.—Here she paused, and all the demon shook her frame and distorted her truly haggard features—but the storm had a pause and she resumed.

'Over a fallen daughter there was no mother to weep, and wither broken hearted—no sister to share the lost reputation—no brother to pierce or be pierced by the foul betrayer—but there was a father, grey with age, and feeble in health, to receive or reject an erring child. To that father I was determined to appeal—on earth he was the only hope, and failed me not in the hour of shame and sorrow. To my native home I fled, leaving my city friends to their surmises. On my father's breast I leaned and to his heart was taken, forgiven and consoled, as far as human consolation would soften misery like mine. In the very room where I was born, I became the mother of a son, whom erst I had hoped to bestow on a doating husband and father.

'Utterly secluded, and seen only by my only parent, and a deaf and dumb servant girl, I nursed my babe, watering his innocent face with my tears. My father you know was a man of uncommon good sense, and I know he was also a man of the kindest feeling, and why he sunk not to the grave under so much affliction from the hand of an only daughter, is altogether unaccountable, but he is still

living, and with all the world but yourself believes the tale of my suicide in the Susquehanna. In open day my native farm is visible from this den. But I must haste to conclude my story of wretchedness.

'The name of my seducer was never repeated to my father—indeed the only stern command I ever received from him, was not to name the monster—a command I had no inclination to disobey. Time passed away and my boy began to lisp in our native tongue, when, as was his daily custom, my father came in and sitting down began to play with little James, observing, 'we have a new neighbor; Thomas Milford has sold his farm to a new comer named Eltham Heathfield,' and diverted by the child's gambols, the effect on me was unobserved. In fact my heart was frozen to every thing beyond the room, but even ice must yield. The cruelty that had been practiced upon me now came home more terribly than ever. No exertion of mind would prevent me from contrasting what I might—what I ought to be as the mistress of the very farm on which you paid for a miserable dinner this day—yes! that sour miser—that suffering wretch, poor in possession of great wealth, is Eltham Heathfield.

'Knowledge of his existing in our vicinity preyed upon me—I became fretful, irritable, and disrespectful to my protector, my father, and only friend. The face of my boy became even hateful—I thought I could trace a likeness which a disordered mind rendered striking. My father noticed, and attributed my altered conduct to sickness, but it was not sickness of body: it was worse; it was sickness of mind. At some moments I was conscious of my true situation, but in solitude, the brain was preyed upon by the horrid phantoms of its own creation.'

Here she paused and sat as if listening to some distant voice—but it was the effect of overpowering remembrance, and as I sat the picture of anxious attention, she started and resumed—

'You are now to hear what will require all your confidence to believe possible. As the sun shone through a grated window I awoke, and starting up called to my child which I thought in the bed—no child was there. I then called to my father—the walls answered my echo. I stared around me, every thing was changed. Springing to my feet, I stood petrified and exclaimed, 'This must be a dream,' and to convince myself I was not dreaming actually struck the wall with my forehead. I was no longer deceived, but reason would soon again have deserted its post, had not a door opened and a woman, an entire stranger, but with a most benevolent look, stood before me. I was motionless with unutterable wonder, as she advanced to-

wards me taking me by the hand and leading me back to the bed, 'am I in the regions of the dead?' I at length demanded.

'Poor sufferer,' replied my protector, 'you are still among the children of mortality—you are on earth—but lie down and be composed.' I obeyed and she sat down by me, and in a most mild and tender tone I was comforted.

'My reason was restored—but many days elapsed before I learned that I had been five years in a mad house, in the state of — four hundred miles from my home. The first time I beheld myself in a mirror I started back with horror. I could not have believed that death itself would have made such a change. My hair was now scanty and grey—all the most fearful ravages of age and distress were united. I requested a bible and one was given me. I read, reflected, and found that my intellects were restored, and then requested the presence of the attending physician. He came, and in him I met a gentleman, and a man of real science on the subject he was appointed to superintend. In a few conversations he became convinced of my sanity. With the cunning of madness I had concealed my name, and though I made the physician a confident so far as to account for my recent situation, my name, place of birth, or any circumstance which could lead to any knowledge of myself or connections, I concealed.

'Dead I am regarded no doubt by all who ever knew me,' I inwardly reflected, 'and dead I am determined to remain—no one can recognize Sophia Markland under this disguise.' Tenderly—in reality, too tenderly nurtured, I was very unprepared to labor for a living, but I was determined to labor. Silent, submissive, and regarded as a repentant Magdalen, I found many compassionate hearts. How or by what possible means I had wandered over the space between the insane hospital and my native home, I never can know, as I never can remember: but over the same space I returned as a common female laborer, and still a young woman in years but blasted by misfortune, I re-crossed the Susquehanna, and again beheld my native mountains, perfectly mistress of my mother's language, the German: I assumed the name by which, when I am not known as mother Rarity, I have since passed.—Performing the duty of a common servant, Lydia Ashbaugh has remained unsuspected in her own father's house—has attended in sickness and health, her own son, and wept over him bitter tears which fell unseen by mortal eye. In several instances my own tragic story has been related to me or in my hearing, with all its additions of falsity. Some of my clothing was found, according to the tale, on an Island near Harrisburgh, but my body even report never

pretended to have found. Not a living soul out of this room, I sincerely believe, has the most distant suspicion that Lydia Ashbaugh is the ruin of Sophia Markland, and to my grave should the secret have descended, had not recent circumstances opened a scene which compels me to unmask to save my son from the fangs of a villain. But let me be cool,'—as far as passion could excite heat, she was not—but as before, I let the fire burn, and after another pause, she again continued—

'Determined that my child should not, as far as I could prevent it, share his mother's shame and wretchedness, I left frequenting my father's house, as James approached to manhood. This ground on which I reside was the property of my mother, and is of course now mine; having actually leased it from my father. First a ridiculous story was raised by ignorance that I was a witch, or worse. I had long ceased to laugh, but I smiled at the notion of supernatural association, and finding it threw an atmosphere of fear around me, I let it pass. The wise laugh and the fools dread, and so let them. The hour is hastening on when my real power will be shown in thunder.

'Amid all my trials and changes, from the moment I received the fatal letter from the hand of Eltham Heathfield, there is one passion which has never abated in my bosom. A voice has always seemed to whisper, 'the day will come when you can take vengeance on that man.' This voice I have heard in whispers in all hours of the day and night, in every season of the year; on the return of long suspended reason, it came again and animated me in toil. In search of this, good twenty-five years have I toiled, and am soon to reap the fruits, and astonishing as it may sound in your ears, in part by your aid—interrupt me not—you will soon hear and gladly will your aid be granted. But let me return back on time.

'Maria Heathfield, once the sister of an unworthy brother, was much the younger of the two. They were the only children of parents long since departed, and to rid himself of superintending her education, Maria was sent to an aunt in Philadelphia, where at an age too little advanced to admit much reflection, she fell into company with an emigrant French gentleman, which eventuated in an attachment and marriage. In many respects Maria was fortunate in her connection. M. Stephen Montault was a gentleman in the proper meaning of the term. He was tender and affectionate to his wife, and transported with delight when their only child, a daughter, called Caroline, bloomed in sportiveness. Montault was for this country, rich, but remarkably confiding. This quality was cultivated to profit by Heathfield, the brother, who in a very few years had contrived to

borrow most of his brother-in-law's capital. But matters went smooth on the surface, until the declining health and final death of Maria removed the tie between them.

'Rendered wretched by the loss of his adored wife, and becoming dissatisfied with the conduct of her brother, Montault demanded the return of his money, announcing his intention to remove to New-York. Difficulties increased, and from a real friendship on the part of the Frenchman, open enmity succeeded, and legal redress threatened. Things were in this train, when in the dead of night the house of Montault was involved in flames. The fire I believe was accidental, but his character exposed Heathfield to suspicion.—The natural impulse of Montault in the alarm, was to save his child, which he effected with great difficulty, and at the expense of his own life.—Scorched by the flames, a raging fever was the consequence, and from the moment of seeing his child in safety, Stephen Montault never was in a situation to give any direction as to his affairs, and on the sixth day after his last misfortune, was laid beside the remains of his wife.

'Now all was changed with this family; Caroline was an orphan, at the mercy of her unnatural uncle. He administered on the property, sold in due time, the personal property, and no doubt to blind the world, sent Caroline to Philadelphia, where, whatever was his motive, she received her education. A few things were saved from the fire, and among the rest, that desk, which after falling into other hands, was sold to me for a trifle—but little did I suspect its value. In that corner it stood many years, while other changes were in the womb of time. I never committed a theft but once, if that was really a theft—I stole my own picture and placed it over the desk, and there have they dust-covered remained, shut from every eye but mine.

'While all these events were occurring, my son rose to manhood. The idol of my poor old father, James received a tolerable education.—In a mother's eye he was not only a fine, but an elegant young man, and little did he suppose that the heart of a fond mother beat in the bosom of the menial who took her highest pleasure in washing and arranging his clothing. Mystery indeed hung over his birth, though under the name of James Woolford, start not—Captain James Woolford is my son, and Caroline was once Caroline Montault; but be calm and listen. The last war called to the field many others, and among them my noble boy. Oh! how my bosom beat when, honored with wounds and high in character, he returned into his native country. The train of circumstances which brought James and Caroline together you will learn at a future day; suffice it to

say that to my delight they became man and wife, but their uncle either felt or pretended to feel great indignation, and whatever was the motive, his enmity was durable and serious. The long minority of Caroline left her uncle undisturbed, and when her husband made demands on her property, they were met by the taunt that they had nothing to receive, but on the contrary a large claim against her father was urged. My son was irritated at what he regarded injustice, and unconscious of their real relationship, personal violence was only prevented by the interference of others. After the most diligent search, not a trace of obligation could be found to substantiate the rights of Caroline to her father's property. Involved in law-suits, and persecuted by a haughty relation, this father and mother is now reduced to indigence and despair; but how will their condition be changed to-morrow!

Now beamed something of the once beautiful Sophia Markland. She rose to her feet—her eyes shot with a luster, I could not behold without astonishment; but she checked her transports, and again sat down, seizing at the same time the packet which during her harrowing narrative lay on the table. 'You see that broken desk,' said she pointing to the ruined piece. 'It shall be mended with clasps of silver.'

If I was riveted by any part of the scene I was still more so at what was now placed before me. With great composure Sophia unfolded the papers, and laid them on the table, writing downwards—when done, she again addressed me in words not to be forgotten—

'You remember the thunder storm of last week.' 'Well,' I replied. 'And well do I remember it,' she subjoined. 'Never subject to dread of lightning and thunder, on the contrary, from a child I was rather delighted with the awful display, and on the night I have mentioned, I was sitting in the outer room, viewing the flashes and hearing the echoes from mountain to mountain, when I was stunned by an explosion which seemed to burst from the earth and rend her bowels. My desolate dwelling was struck—you see that split beam. From that the shock fell upon the desk, and threw the fragments over the room. A remark I had once heard in Philadelphia now occurred to my mind. It was that the same place or same object is never, or very rarely, if ever, affected twice by the electricity of the same storm, and that any object or place once touched by an electric shock, is rarely ever again subject to like accident. I therefore now regarded my cabin in safety, and as the storm passed away sought my lone couch, and with the elements was soon at rest.

'The next morning as day strengthened,

I saw the effect of the stroke of the bolt. The desk was literally shivered, but those and some other papers arrested my attention, and on examination I found that the back part had contained a secret till or kind of drawer, which burst by the explosion, and its contents lay scattered over the floor. After examining some loose fragments of no moment, I picked up the one containing these papers; and now let us glance upon their faces, and learn what they reveal, and here, do you know that writing?' saying this she handed me the paper, and what was my astonishment to see a document written in a hand of great neatness and peculiarity, it was that of a teacher, under whose care I had myself learned to write—but of infinitely greater importance was its tenor. It was a duly executed mortgage, for the money lent by Stephen Montault to his brother-in-law, and the other documents in the same packet were bonds and other obligations which had been thus so remarkably preserved.

In mingled joy and astonishment, I read these precious records, handing them over to the exulting mother, who again folded them up very carefully, while observing, 'on to-morrow a meeting is to take place at Saul Standley's—who is not only justice of the peace, but a peace maker.—Eltham Heathfield is to meet his injured son.—He shall have one chance more to recede and do justice. Let him refuse and all shall be revealed. If, but I need hope, his day is come, and my son and his wife and child shall be restored to their rights. You can attest to his hand writing come what will. Be at Standley's before mid-day to-morrow.'

The reader need not be told that I was at Standley's at the time appointed, and found by the manner of the old squire that I was expected. I was first on the ground but had not long to wait. Captain James Woolford was next. His noble countenance was care worn, and I could or thought I could, see despair and anxiety contending, and dreaded the consequence on his mind of the revelation I knew was to be made. My lips were, however, sealed. The last words of Sophia Markland to me, on parting, were 'let Heathfield do justice, and then what has passed must forever remain unknown to the world.'

The distressed Woolford was too much occupied with his forebodings of evil to speak much, and I for a different reason was also silent, but watched with increasing anxiety the path over the field where I knew the witch would approach. Her figure at length appeared, and when at some distance Woolford observed her, and exclaimed 'good God! is that woman to be here.'

I could not refrain from observing, 'that woman will do you no harm.' Google re-

garded me in silent displeasure, and conscious of my own imprudence, I felt too awkward to give excuse, nor really had I time, so Sophia entered, and to the surprise of the family, well and neatly dressed, and was quickly followed by Heathfield.

'What a meeting between a father and son,' said I, mentally. A scowl of the most repulsive kind sat on the face of the father, and to the greeting of the old magistrate, he scarcely deigned to grumble a reply, and without sitting down, very roughly demanded, 'what is the particular object of troubling me to come here, squire?' and without allowing the squire to explain went on, 'I was not obliged to come, nor have I much time to wait.'

Every eye in the room was fixed on him, but there was one of intense scrutiny, and which as he closed his rude address to the magistrate drew his full attentions, as the question met his ear.—'Eltham Heathfield, do you intend to do justice to your brother's child?' He evidently shrunk from the speaker, but attempted to conceal his feelings by turning to the squire and asking in a loud tone, 'What has this hag to do with my affairs?' This to him fatal expression sealed his fate. Sophia had entered the house with her portrait carefully wrapped up, and as the insulting term hag fell from Heathfield, she laid the frame on a table as she rose. Her form always commanding, seemed to gain supernatural height. 'Hag,' she repeated, as Heathfield quailed under her dreadful glance, 'and are you prepared to learn who made me a hag?—Do you dare to look on that face?' and she unwrapped her portrait and set it before him. The very heart's blood of the man seemed frozen—his face assumed a hue incomparably more appalling than death.—Every joint shook, and his tongue cleaved to the roof of his mouth—not so Sophia, who with an expression of ineffable disdain again repeated 'hag—yes! in madness, in sickness, in shame and in poverty, and even in want have I been for long and bitter years a hag, the scorn of the base and an object of pity to the good—long have I awaited this hour and now I hurl back to the head of my betrayer, the obloquy he has heaped on mine—once more Heathfield, are you ready to do justice to your brother's daughter?' What answer the crushed and confounded wretch would have made can never be known, as while his lips quivered, she was too much excited to wait, and in a voice of still more dreaded import added, 'No! nor under any circumstances can you do justice, but justice shall be done on you; behold that man' and she pointed to Woolford, who with us all stood without power of words or motion awaiting the termination of a scene in which so many developments seemed to rise as from the grave.

'Do you examine that face carefully, while I prepare something more for your comfort.' The faces indeed of the father and son, for very different reasons were fixed steadfastly on each other, as Sophia laying down her portrait, opened the packet handing one paper after another to the old and astonished magistrate, and then again addressing Heathfield, observed, 'A few fleeting moments and you might have retired to your home, and so would I have done to mine, and went to the grave unrevenge—'for as the hour approached I shrunk from revealing to that injured man who was his father. But—but—I could not see him and his wife and child robbed. Behold your son and mine!'

In a moment the mother and son were in each others arms. The father heard no more—he fell writhing in agony, and—but let me draw a veil over the residue of this scene. * * *

In a few days after the funeral of the uncle, Maria Woolford, for his mother and grandfather would not hear of his assuming the name of Heathfield, and her husband therefore was by her made master of the ample fortune of his father. The mother removed and resided with them, but remained secluded. With very great caution her existence was made known to her aged father, who in a few years breathed his last breath into her bosom. In memory of their many vicissitudes and in the calm enjoyments of the goods of the earth, this family lives in tranquillity and peace. The very name of Heathfield is a forbidden sound in their dwelling.

From the Lady's Book.

The Greek Bride.

Scio was one of the most beautiful and opulent of all the Greek Islands, and its inhabitants amongst the most intelligent and refined to be found in that ancient abode of luxury and learning. It would seem that the Muses, driven from their Arcadian haunts, still lingered about the fumes of this delightful Isle, unwilling to abandon its temples to the desecration of the Turk, or its grove-crowned hills and lovely valleys to the desolation that had left the rest of Greece a waste of ruins. Her merchants were suffered to accumulate their wealth within their marble palaces, and her classic-formed daughters had heard, but never known, the misery of their sisters in less favored portions of this unhappy country.

But this security was only transient. Destruction in its most powerful shape burst suddenly and terrifically upon them. Their wealth excited the cupidity, and some trifling circumstance roused the jealousy, of the Turk, and the flaming brand was hurled amongst her dwellings, the sword was reeking with the blood of her last and noblest citizens. Her daughters, the most beautiful of

Greece, were dragged to a revolting servitude, or perished amidst the ashes of their dwellings, or fled to the inaccessible rocks of the mountains, the last resort of the oppressed. A few hurried to the shipping, and, weighing anchor, bade adieu for ever to their native soil.

But the sufferings, dreadful and appalling as they were, that the natives of Scio endured at the first sacking by the Turks, were not to be compared with the long months of toil and peril and hunger, which those experienced who had escaped from the sword, only to die of cold and famine amidst the fastnesses of their mountain wilds. Many of these wretched beings, driven to desperation, would come down to the sea-shore, on the approach of a merchant vessel, and implore to be taken on board to escape the prolonged misery of dying by cold and starvation.

It was at this period that an American vessel, passing the coast, stopped at the north side of the Island for the purpose of procuring water. It would be impossible to describe the heart-rending scenes of distress that were here presented to the view. Women, beautiful as the fabled beings of antiquity, were wandering about houseless and furnishing, and apparently bewildered by the very extremity of their sufferings. Some endeavoring to sustain a languishing babe whose feeble wail and lusterless eye told that its few days of wretchedness were fading to a close. Others sustaining the tottering steps of a father or husband, whose spirit was crushed, and brow furrowed, and whose vigorous form was bowed to the earth by the accumulated wrongs heaped upon his family. It was a scene that touched every heart. Garments were doled and food distributed, almost to the danger of producing famine and distress on ship board. The scene wrought so powerfully upon the feelings of a young passenger, Mr. C——, that abandoning the original object of his voyage, he resolved to spend a few months amongst the desolations of Scio; stipulating that the vessel should stop for him on her homeward bound passage. All remonstrated, but in vain; he was sick, indulged, and obstinate and accordingly we proceeded without him. On our return we found Mr. C—— ready to embark, and apparently excited by the most pleasurable emotions. We found he had employed his leisure in winning the affections of a young and lovely girl, whose father and brother had perished amidst the carnage of the *sacking, by the Turks.*

I should not dare attempt a description of Zella. She was the very personification of all that is pure and trusting and beautiful. I might have thought her too delicate in her proportions, had not the perfect roundness and fulness of outline at once filled the imag-

ination. But her dark soft eye—the eye must be the seat of the soul—and Zella's must have been a holy and lovely one; for never did I behold one so brilliant, and yet so subdued, so chaste in its expression.

But I must not stop for description. As the vessel receded from the shore, and the figures of the melancholy group became less and less distinct, my heart misgave me, that the pale, trembling girl, who clung so trustingly to the arm of her lover, had entrusted her happiness to one, little qualified to promote and cherish it. I felt she had lavished all the treasures of her young and confiding heart, with its untold wealth of innocence and love, upon one, little capable of appreciating its worth or returning its tenderness. But the young bride thought not so. And who, that looked upon the fine form, the manly brow and commanding air, of Frederic C—— would dream of fickleness or dishonor? And then his smile, it was the very one to go to a woman's heart.

I stood by as the fair girl gave a last embrace, a last look of love to those she should see no more on earth. The calm, dignified mother—who seemed in her matronly beauty to realize the very ideal of a Niobe—the gay and noble spirited brother, and the graceful sister, who wept in agony on the neck of the companion of her childhood. They had trod together the marble halls of their father, and sported together by the hill and fountain side, and when sorrow came, the rocky cliff, and mossy pillow were more tolerable when shared with that sister. All these things were now to do no more; and she clung wildly to her neck. The mother whispered a word about the beauty of that sister, and the brutality of the Turk, and the young creature stood passive and resigned to the separation.

As the figures became indistinct, and the green shores and rocky cliffs one after another became lost in the distance, Zella clung more closely to her husband's arm, as if he were now the whole world to her. When at length the Isle, where she had loved and endured so much, was hid from her sight, she sank senseless into his arms.

Our voyage was long and tedious; but not a sound of discontent escaped the lips of the Greek girl. Her patience, her cheerfulness, and kindness, won all hearts. The most uncouth sailor would doff his cap, and with awkward, but hearty kindness endeavor to perform some little act of courtesy, that might make her situation on ship-board more tolerable. For this he was sure to be rewarded by a sweet smile, that would pass like a gleam of sunshine over her pale, quiet face.

Even on the voyage the restlessness and natural querulousness of Frederic's disposition began to exhibit itself; and I have more

than once seen an honest tar boiling with indignation, when he had observed the eyes of the fair girl fill with tears at some irritable remark of Mr. C——.

As we approached our native shore all hearts were buoyant with the prospect of home. But Zella only grew more pensive—more sick at heart. It was evident that Mr. C——, was beginning to tire of the gentle being who could only address him in the soft accents of her native land. He had brought her from her own kindred and friends to die amongst strangers—of a broken heart.

We arrived in safety, and in the delight of seeing old friends, and awakening old recollections, the fate of Zella was forgotten. But, as I began to mingle in society, I occasionally encountered Mr. C——, with his beautiful Greek Bride upon his arm. I observed, with pain, she grew more pale and languid, and the quick, gratified smiles, with which she recognized her old shipmate, soon passed away and left her face more pale and melancholy than before. I visited her and strove to rouse her from the apathy into which she was sinking. She had become sick of the realities of earth. Mr. C——, without in the least exerting himself to wile her from painful reflections, was evidently piqued at her melancholy, and made it an apology for neglecting her. Perhaps his conscience would sometimes upbraid him for his injustice to one, so entirely dependant upon himself for happiness, and he would be lavish in his attentions and expressions of tenderness. In a moment the pensive languid being was transformed into one radiant with smiles, a creature of grace and beauty, warmed into vitality by the breath of love. But this very excitability was fast wearing her into the grave.

Though Zella strove eagerly to catch the language of her husband's people, she made but little progress, for her husband was too indolent to teach her, and took no pains to procure her masters. He was but imperfectly acquainted with Greek, and hated the exertion to talk it. It was evident poor Zella stood in his way. A woman's penetration is quick where she has garnered up her heart.

Often did I sit by as she warbled some of the delicious airs of her country. Her dark eyes would fill with tears, and there was in her look and attitude such an entire resignation to sorrow; such an expression of a breaking heart, that it went to my very soul. I found her one day holding her small hand to the light, and looking with a faint smile at its thin outline. 'It cannot waste much thinner,' she gently murmured.

How she seemed to long for the rest of the grave! How sadly and wearily did she count the days as they passed away in her loneliness and sorrow. I spoke of the friends

she had left in Scio—she sobbed convulsively and waved her hand for me to be silent. Her heart was too full of grief to dwell upon the love of those she should see no more. I ventured to suggest the possibility of their meeting again—she shook her head, and pointing upwards, answered, 'No, no, only there.' Her husband upbraided her with her melancholy, and cruelly told her she should have thought of the possibility of these things before she left Scio. One day he overheard her singing the following song.

SONG OF THE GREEK GIRL.

Alas! for the moss-grown seat
Beside the gushing rill,
Where sprang the wild flowers sweet,
When my heart was young and still.

Alas! for the sister's love,
The sweet protecting care—
My heart, like a stricken dove,
Longs to be sheltered there.

Alas! for the gladsome sound,
The voice of mirth and glee,
That echoed the rocks around,
By my brother young and free.

Alas! for the kind, low tone.
Of a Mother's voice to hear,
For my heart is chill and lone—
Mother! would thou wert near.

Alas! for the warm kind hand
My gentle mother laid
On my head, in our own bright land,
When the evening prayer was said.

Alas! for the quiet grave,
Beneath the spreading tree—
Land of my birth beyond the wave,
Had'st thou no grave for me?

This was sung with so much feeling, and in so sweet, plaintive a voice, that it would have gone to any other heart. Mr. C—— uttered something about her perpetual complainings.

It is doubtful whether she understood him. She saw his manner, and gasping, fell at his feet. His heart smote him—for the first time he felt she was dying. When consciousness returned she received his caresses with the tears silently trickling from her eyes. His tenderness returned too late. It could not now restore her to life and happiness. Indulgence had rendered him cold and selfish, and he was incapable of that calm, steady affection, so necessary to the sensitive heart. Day after day did Zella grow more pale and languid, yet she murmured not nor complained. When told she was dying, a bright smile that reminded me of Scio, passed over her face—she looked serenely, thankfully upward—her lips moved—and all was still.

Thus died the victim of coldness and neglect. Mr. C—— was now a free man again. His compunctions came too late. Zella could no more suffer from his indifference or soothe the stings of a reproving conscience. She was gone where the 'wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.'

E. O. S.

Portland, Nov. 1836.

MISCELLANY.

The King and the Antelope.

OR PRACTICE MAKES PERFECT.

THE court of Baharam, the fifth king of Persia, was one of the gayest companies that ever encircled the Sassanian throne. There have been periods in the history of the country when the palace has exhibited superior splendor; there have been times of greater luxury, and reigns when wit has flourished with more brilliance; but never, perhaps, has there been an age in which active amusement and bodily diversion have been so systematically and incessantly pursued. The understanding of the monarch might be rated considerably above the average of kingly intellect; yet a candid and impartial observer would probably have characterized him as restless rather than enterprising, ingenious rather than wise. He was yet young when he ascended the throne, and that ambition which belonged to his nature, having never been directed by prudent counsellors, to objects worthy of its possessor's talents and station, led him to seek the distinction accorded to feats of bodily strength and skill, rather than to bend his energies to those pursuits of which the scene was the cabinet and not the field, of which the reward was the approbation of the wise and the result the happiness of the country. The courtier of course had the taste of his master; and to hurl the lance, to draw the bow, to rein the struggling steed and to follow the flying deer, soon became the only occupations of the attendants of Baharam.

In all the undertakings of the king, the chief object which he sought was the applause of those around him. Whenever he went into the field the ladies of his court accompanied him; and the wonder and delight which they testified at any extraordinary feat of skill, constituted abundant recompense for the trouble which he had taken. Among the females attached to his court was one who, though less personally attractive, perhaps, than any other in the circle, possessed, by the commanding vigor of her intellect, and the winning gentleness of her temper, a greater influence than any other over the heart of the monarch. The mild intelligence that dwelt in every feature of her countenance, gave to her face a power which was denied to the more sparkling eye and the more blushing cheek. Notwithstanding all the efforts to gain the smiles of this lady, the king never found that to his hopes she responded with all the gratification he could have wished to inspire. Her smile when won was always mingled with a shade either of regret or contempt. In truth, she loved Baharam, and was grieved to see his powers applied to ends so little

worthy of his dignity; she wished him to be withdrawn from enterprises so insignificant, to others which would adorn his station and exalt his name.

'Surely,' she would sometimes say to him, throwing the advice in an impersonal form, 'surely, sire, those persons who are eminent for mental or political greatness, command a larger portion of esteem than those who have become distinguished for physical dexterity, in which, in truth, any one could obtain the same proficiency who would abandon himself to them in the same degree.'

To suggestions like these the monarch lent an unwilling ear, and generally managed to forget them as soon as they were concluded.

After many an unsuccessful trial, the king had at length become able to execute a feat which he had long labored for, and was now anxious that his courtiers and ladies should be spectators of the display. He carried them, therefore, to the plain, and an antelope was found, asleep. The monarch discharged an arrow with such precision as to graze its ear. The animal awoke, and put his hind hoof to the ear, to brush off the fly by which he conceived himself annoyed. As the hoof was passing above his head, another arrow from the royal bow fastened it to his horn. The exulting Baharam turned from the congratulations of the throng to his favorite lady, expecting to receive her warmest praises. Vexed to see that toil squandered upon an unworthy trick which, properly applied, might have enlarged empire and consummated mighty revolutions, the lady coolly replied, '*Neeko kurden z pur kurden est*;' 'Practice makes perfect.'

Enraged at this uncourtly observation, the king instantly ordered her to be carried to the mountains, and there exposed to perish. The order was promptly obeyed; the lady was left alone on the middle of a mountain forest, and the train returned to the palace.

About four years after the events described above, Baharam was walking with his minister near the plain where he had pierced the hoof of the antelope.

'It was here,' said the king in a musing mood, 'that my rashness destroyed a lady for a thoughtless speech; and I was deprived of the only person whom I ever loved. The place which she occupied within my heart has never been supplied. Why was an order dictated by passing passion executed with such fatal precision? It is the curse of royalty, that while the resolution of kingly plans is controlled by the weakness of humanity, the irrevocable decision of divinity presides over their execution. To the rashness and errors of ordinary men is granted the blessing of timely repentance; but the discovery of his wrong, by an erring king, only wakes a barren anguish.'

While the king thus soliloquised, his walk brought him within sight of a small cottage almost hidden among the trees, at the door of which he beheld, with amazement, a young and delicate female carrying a cow upon her shoulder up a flight of twenty steps. Astonished at a circumstance so extraordinary, he immediately sent his minister to inquire by what means such unusual strength was brought to reside in a form so frail. The minister returned with the information that the lady said her secret should be revealed to none but Baharam, and to him only on his condescending to visit her alone. The king instantly went, and when he had ascended to her room, desired her to explain the remarkable sight.

'Four years ago,' she replied, 'I took possession of this upper room. Soon after my arrival I bought a small calf, which I regularly carried up and down the steps, once every day. This exercise I have never intermitted, and the improvement of my strength has kept pace with the increasing weight of the animal.'

The monarch began to repeat his admiration of what he had seen, but she bade him not to lavish praise where praise was not due. 'Practice makes perfect,' said the lady in her natural voice, and at the same time lifting her veil, displayed the features of her whom he had mourned as dead. The king recognized and embraced his favorite; delighted with that love which had led her to pass four solitary years in an endeavor to regain his favor. Struck, too, by the visible logic of so conductive an example, he perceived that of those bodily feats which he valued so highly, the most extraordinary were easily possible to time and perseverance; and he resolved, upon the spot, to abandon so poor an ambition, and to consecrate the remainder of his life to acts that should command the respect of Virtue, and win the regard of Fame.

Recollections of a Portrait Painter.

'ALLOW me,' said the young and joyous Lord S—, as he entered my studio one bright day, 'to introduce a friend and school fellow. Mr. D'A—is a sad misanthrope; but I have prevailed on him to accompany me to-day; and, as he is *devoué* to the arts, I crave your permission for him to admire and meditate upon your 'rooms of beauty,' for such they are,' added he, gaily looking around.

'I shall be too happy,' replied I, ushering the young and distinguished looking stranger into an adjoining room, whose walls were covered with framed and unfinished pictures, sketches, and casts.

Returning to Lord S— (who was to have a sitting)—'That is a most strange fellow,' said he, after a pause; 'he is handsome, as

you see ; he belongs to one of the first families in England (a little more to the right, oh ? oh ! very well—will that do ?) Oh ! his father is departed—gone to his fathers, I suppose—and D'A— was rich, clever, and the *fashion* ; when suddenly he left England in despair—cause unknown ! He did not go to Paris or to Rome, where a man may forget all things, even himself, but to Arabia, Persia, and the Holy Land—a pilgrimage, in short ! (More to the light ?—) Some time after his departure, I have heard that he met with some old paper : what he saw there, I know not—but that moment decided him, and he became a misanthrope ; forswore all society, men and women, would not write or speak to, hear or see, an English person—and that for two long years ! Now it is only business, imperative business, which has brought him to town, and that for a few days only ; for even in England he will see no one who has known his former haunts. He has been here but a week, and starts for Nova Zembla to-morrow. I was once his dearest friend, and made him come this morning to your studio. Strange fellow that—mysterious and romantic quite, is it not ?' laughed my gay young sitter.

As I was about to reply, Mr. D'A—re-entered the room ; he expressed much calm admiration, some courteous and judicious criticism ; and seeing his love for beauty, I brought forward a number of miniatures he had not yet seen, and, leaving him to examine them, returned once more to my colors.

Mr. D'A— was decidedly handsome ; he had manly and yet chiseled features, a broad white brow, and a frame of elegant and faultless proportions ; a mouth which, though now compressed and almost despairing in its sternness, could evidently smile most sweetly ; and eyes—dark eyes—whose expression, soft and gentle as a woman's, could only be described by saying that they were 'filled with love' for all things good and beautiful ; a voice deep and touching, a manner kind and conciliating. Could this man be a misanthrope ?

One after another he opened the rich cases, till at length he came to one which was but lately finished, and which represented a face of no common loveliness. 'Good God !' was his unguarded exclamation ; 'can it be her ?' and his cheek changed suddenly and strangely, whilst his lip quivered fearfully. 'Forgive me,' apologized he, 'but tell me who this is !'

For a moment, which to him seemed to be an age of agonized suspense, I could not recall the name—

'Miss R. of Langton Hall, in Devonshire,' was my reply.

'Are you certain ?' said he, in breathless agitation ; 'when was it taken—you do not know—'

'Three months ago Miss R. first sat to me, but since that she has quitted England.'

'And—and—is she *still* Miss R.?' gasped he.

'She is—and at this moment the reigning beauty at some German court. My information is correct, I know, as it was given to me by her cousin, Mrs. G—n, for whom that picture was taken.'

'You do not, *cannot* mean it!' groaned Mr. D'A—; 'how I have thrown away my happiness!'—for a moment his countenance was pale, and trembling with emotion ; but soon rapture and hope illuminated his magnificent features. He shook my hand almost fiercely, and muttered, 'You have saved me ; but,' added he, more calmly, 'I owe some explanation for this most wild conduct—and you, too, dear S—, shall hear my tale.'

'Three years ago I first knew Miss R—, and to know her was, with me, to love her deeply, passionately. We were not engaged, but she well knew my adoration. When one night I saw her talking to a Mr. G—n, I did not like her manner, and I told her so—she laughed. Maddened at what I thought her contempt, in anger and in rashness I left the country, determined to forget her ! By chance I met with an old paper, and saw in it the marriage of Miss R— to Mr. G—n.

'To me there could be but *one* who bore that fatal name. Fool that I was—I know it now—I see it all ; it was her cousin ! I see it now, but *then* it drove me to despair—and cursing my fate, I wandered a very wretch ; and, as I would see no one, should have been, still deceived, but for this miniature. This beautiful face and my own folly have been the cause of my strange conduct—but I *may* now once more be happy, and shall leave England to-night to seek and to implore forgiveness from her I have so long and so madly loved.'

He left us ; but ere many months had passed he paid another visit to my studio, and on his arm leant his blushing and beautiful bride—the lost, the sought, the *won* !—Miss R. no longer !

L. D.

Naval Anecdote.

CAPTAIN BRENTON, in his Naval History of Great Britain, tells the annexed of Admiral Cornwallis.—'I remember a curious anecdote of this very remarkable and gallant officer, Admiral Cornwallis. He was a man of very few words, but they were very weighty and forcible when they fell. When he commanded either the Canada or the Lion in the West Indies, I forget which, the seamen were dissatisfied with him for some cause or other, and, when the ship was going before the wind, they threw a letter over the stern, which they contrived should be blown into the stern

gallery. In this document they expressed a determination not to fight, should they come in the presence of the enemy. Cornwallis read the letter, went on deck, turned his hands up and thus addressed them ; 'So, my lads, I find you don't intend to fight, if we meet the French ; well, never mind, I'll take care you shall be well shot at, for I will lay you near enough.' They gave him three hearty cheers, and in the subsequent battle no ship could have behaved better.'

At a banquet, when solving enigmas was one of the diversions of Alexander and his officers, the enigma given was, 'What is that which did not come last year, has not come this year, and will not come next year.' A distressed officer started up and said, 'It certainly must be our arrears of pay.' The king was so diverted by this witty reply, that he commanded him to be paid up, and also increased his salary.

Letters Containing Remittances.

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of Postage paid.

P. M. Madrid, N. Y. \$5.00 ; J. H. Jr. N. Y. \$1.00 ; J. R. & J. C. F. West Point, N. Y. \$2.00 ; C. W. B. Penn Yan, N. Y. \$3.00.

MARRIED.

In this city, on the 26th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Whitaker, Mr. John Ackly to Miss Sarah Cheney.

DIED.

In this city, on Wednesday, the 19th ult. Martha Rebecca, infant daughter of Simon S. and Rebecca Hatheway, aged 10 months and 2 days.

The following lines were selected by her afflicted mother on witnessing her extreme sufferings during the last week of her illness.

To mark the sufferings of the babe,
That cannot speak its woe ;
To see the infant tears gush forth,
Yet know not why they flow ;
To meet the mock uplifted eye,
That fain would ask relief,
That can but tell of agony—
This is a mother's grief.

Through dreary days and darker nights,
To trace the march of death ;
To hear the faint and frequent sigh,
The quick and shortened breath ;
To watch the last dread strife draw near,
And pray that struggle brief,
Though all is ended with its close—
This is a mother's grief !

To see in one short hour decayed
The hope of future years,
To feel how vain a father's prayers,
How vain a mother's tears ;
To think the cold grave now must close
O'er what was once the chief
Of all the treasured joys of earth—
This is a mother's grief !

Yet when the first wild throb is past
Of anguish and despair,
To lift the eye of faith to heaven,
And think, 'my child is there !'
This best can dry the mother's tears,
This yields the heart relief ;
Until the Christian's pious hope
Overcomes the mother's grief.

On Wednesday, the 12th of April ult. G. Wendell Prime, son of Rev. Nathaniel S. Prime, of Newburgh, in the 18th year of his age.

On the 18th ult. Moses A. G. son of George and Eliza Reynolds, in his 11th year.

On the 27th ult. Frederick, son of Franklin and Ann Maria Taylor, aged 5 weeks.

On the 28th ult. Frederick, son of Walter and Julia Cable, aged 1 year and 10 months.

On the 30th ult. Anna, daughter of Wm. H. and Phebe G. Dornin, aged 13 days.



SELECT POETRY.

From the New-York American.

To that Lock of Sunny Hair.

Pleasures of the past! rush type of pain,
Of fevered hopes, and tortured fears,
Beside my heart, thou shalt remain
For years—For years.

'Tis weakness; yet when youth despairs,
And love grows silent as the grave,
Who hath not still embraced the cares
His feelings have?

Who hath not clasped to memory's breast
The image of a rifled pleasure,
And deemed that he is not unblest
In that poor treasure?

The perfume of a fading flower,
Tho' sickly, is a perfume yet
That lives when any grateful shower
Hath wept it wet!

And so the odor of affection,
Is wakened, and revives once more,
When tears of former recollection
Bedew it o'er!

Alas! and can I moralize
With bursting heart, and burning brow?
Oh wreck of tender sympathies,
I feel thee now!

I walk the world alone, alone,
I hate,—I scorn,—I smile,—I swear
I am become a man of stone;
Without a tear!

There is no wish, there is no thought,
To strew with flowers my barren way,
To cheer the winter of my lot
With one kind ray!

But only *thee*; and ne'er could cling
The tendril to its parent tree,
So fondly in its infant spring,
As I to thee!

To *thee*; oh whither wings my thought?
I must be calm—I must control
This tenderness that sets at naught
Thy struggling soul!

To *thee*—to what? your trifling braid
Of drooping and unconscious hair,
O Hope—O Love—O Memory fade,
And leave me with despair.

From the Liberator.

The Calling of God.

The following effusion of J. G. Whittier's spirit-stirring muse, though intended only for a lady, in explanation of something he had said to her in conversation, is a gem too pure and bright to be kept in her casket—may it be set in the hearts of your readers:

Not always as the whirlwind's rush
On Horeb's mount of fear;
Not always as the burning bush
To Midian's shepherd seer;
Nor as the awful voice which came
To Israel's prophet bards,
Nor as the tongues of cloven flame,
Nor gift of fearful words;

Not always thus with outward sign
Of fire, or voice from Heaven,
The message of a truth divine—
The call of God, is given!
Awaking in the human heart
Love for the *True* and *Right*—
Zeal for the Christian's 'better part,'
Strength for the Christian's fight.

Nor unto manhood's heart alone
The holy influence steals:
Warm with a rapture not its own,
The heart of *woman* feels!
As she who by Samaria's wall
The Saviour's errand sought—
As those who with the fervent Paul
And meek Aquila wrought.

Or those meek ones, whose martyrdom
Rome's gathered grandeur saw,
Or those who in their Alpine home
Braved the Crusader's war,
When the green Vaudois, trembling, heard
Through all its vales of death,
The martyr's song of triumph, poured
From woman's failing breath.

Oh, gently by a thousand things
Which o'er our spirits pass,
Like breezes o'er the harp's fine strings,
Or vapors o'er a glass,
Leaving their token strange to view
Of music or of shade,
The summons to the *Right* and *True*
And *Merciful* is made.

Oh, then, its gleams of Truth and Light
Flash o'er the waiting mind,
Unfolding to our mental sight
The wants of human kind—
If brooding over human grief
The earnest wish is known,
To soothe and gladden with relief
An anguish not our own!

Though heralded with nought of fear,
Or outward sign or show—
Though only to the inward ear
It whispers soft and low—
Though dropping as the manna fell
Unseen—yet from above—
Holy and gentle—heed it well!
The call to *Truth* and *Love*!

From the Amulet, for 1828.

The Departed.

— And thus they flit away
Earth's lovely things.

Where's the snow—the summer snow—
On the lovely lily flower?
Where the hues the sunset shed
O'er the rose's crimson hour?
Where's the gold—the bright pure gold—
O'er the young laburnum flung;
And the fragrant sighs that breathed
Whence the hyacinth drooping hung?
Gone, gone—they all are gone.

Maiden lovelier than the spring;
Is thy bloom departed too?
Has thy cheek forgot its rose,
Or thine eye its April blue?
Where are thy sweet bursts of song?
Where the wreaths that bound thy hair?
Where the thousand prisoner curls?
And the sunny smiles are—where?
Gone, gone—they all are gone.

Youth, where is thine open brow?
What has quelled thine eagle eye?
Where's the freshness of thy cheek?
And the dark hair's raven dye?
Where's thy crimson banner now?
Where's thine eager step and sword?
Where's thine hour of dreamless sleep?
Where frank jest and careless word?
Gone, gone—they all are gone.

Where's the lighted hall; and where
All that made its midnight gay?
Where's the music of the harp?
And the minstrel's nightly lay?
Where's the graceful saraband?
Where the lamp of starry light?
Where the vases of bright flowers?
Where the blushes yet more bright?
Gone, gone—they all are gone.

Where are those fair dreams that made
Life so beautiful at first?
Were the many fantasies
That young Hope so fondly nursed;
Love with motto like a knight,
Faithful even to the tomb?
Fortune following the wish;
Pleasure with a folded plume?
Gone, gone—they all are gone.

Oh! mine heart where are they—
Visions of thine earlier hour,
When thy young hope's colors were
Like those on the morning flower?
Where's the trusting confidence
Of affection deep and true?
And the spirits, sunshine like,
Which o'er all their gladness threw?
Gone, gone—they all are gone.

From the New-York Weekly Messenger.

God is every where.

Where is God? I asked a child
Of form and feature fair:
'God?' she replied, in accents mild—
'Why, God is every where!'

Does he not reign in yonder sky,
In yon star-region fair?
She made me still the same reply—
'Why, God is every where!'

Does he creation's bounds then fill,
As the bright heaven there?
The artless creature answered still—
'Why, God is every where!'

Yes child! he's here, and he's above—
He sees thy every care:
He knows thy heart, he knows thy love—
My child! he's every where! C. W. E.

Blanks.

A general assortment of Lawyers and Justices' Blanks,
according to the revised statutes, for sale by
A. STODDARD.

THE RURAL REPOSITORY,

IS PUBLISHED EVERY OTHER SATURDAY, AT HUDSON, N. Y. BY
Wm. B. Stoddard.

It is printed in the Quarto form, and will contain
twenty-six numbers of eight pages each, with a title page
and index to the volume.

TERMS.—One Dollar per annum in advance, or One
Dollar and Fifty Cents, at the expiration of three months
from the time of subscribing. Any person, who will remit
us Five Dollars, free of postage, shall receive six copies,
and any person, who will remit us Ten Dollars, free of
postage, shall receive twelve copies, and one copy of either
of the previous volumes. No subscriptions received
for less than one year. All the back numbers furnished
to new subscribers.
All orders and Communications must be post paid,
to receive attention.



DEVOTED TO POLITE LITERATURE SUCH AS MORAL AND SENTIMENTAL TALKS, ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS, BIOGRAPHY, TRAVELING SKETCHES, AMUSING MISCELLANY, HUMOROUS AND HISTORICAL ANECDOTES, SUMMARY, POETRY, &c.

VOL. XII.—[IV. NEW SERIES.]

HUDSON, N. Y. SATURDAY, MAY 20, 1857.

NO. 25.

SELECT TALES.

From the East India Sketch Book.

The Sick Certificate.

It was towards the close of a day in August, and the sun was going down dimly and gloomily. The sea was white, pale, and death-like, as it lay quietly under the heavy clouds that girdled the horizon, forming the sea-bank, portentous of storm and wind. The air was damp and heavy, and the eye turning landwards was still impressed by sad images—by bare and rocky hills, whose summits were half hidden in the curling mist—by masses of trees, mangoes, cocoas palmiras, and plantains, whose pleasant green, gloomed through that dim and twilight atmosphere like melancholy grey. No rain had fallen through the day. It was one of those breaks in the monsoon when the sufferer actually seems to inhale steam, and when every breathing of the invalid appears to gasp for life. Not a breeze to pass over the throbbing temples or to wave the slightest leaf that ever hung on tree or shrub! It seemed to the drooping energies of the pale beings who were gazing on the scene, as if the pulse of creation had stopped.

There were two persons looking out alternately upon the land and the sea with feelings of the most painful interest—a husband and a wife. The former was evidently suffering from some severe malady; the cheek of the latter was as pallid as his own, and her eye, if its glance were somewhat less leaden, was still shaded by an anxiety which words never express. His hand was clasped in hers and his head rested against her bosom as she stood with her arm encircling his neck; and they seemed, sufferers as they were, not to be wholly without comfort, as they clung together thus lovingly.

Their silence had continued for some time, for their hearts were filled with thoughts to which neither cared to give utterance. At length Capt. Darnley, for so he was called, drawing the beloved form on which he leaned still more closely to him asked her, 'And

you do not think I improve much then—do you Anne, dearest?'

'A little, dear, a *little*, I hope and trust,' replied the wife soothingly, willing to impart the comfort she required and had not! 'You know your appearance never changes *very* much, and—'

'Oh, Anne, Anne, but it *does* change, my darling girl. Look at this vest! it is not so long since it fitted me so closely—and the sleeves—and—alas, am I *not* changed?'

'Oh, thinner, to be sure. You know in this country how soon one is pulled down! And the recovery is always so slow. One can scarcely see any improvement; though in fact one *is* improving, dear. Now *do* be cheered my own dear husband! Let us think how happy we shall be in sweet, beautiful, beloved England; how soon we hope to be there. Is it not quite delightful, Darnley?'

'Oh, yes, yes, it *is* delightful, if we were *sure*! Tell me again what Thompson said.'

'He said, "India will not do for Darnley, he must go home;" and then he asked me if I should like it; and need I tell you my dear how frankly and how cordially, and rapturously I answered "Yes, yes, yes," a hundred times? And his words were, "We must send him then." I could only exclaim, "Without delay! without delay!" And off he went, promising to come again this evening.'

'It is getting late, I wish he would come. Why does he not give me the certificate at once?'

'Oh, but after what he has said, there cannot be a shadow of a doubt on the matter, you know, dear George. An officer's word is so sacred—and a professional man too—of that profession, moreover, which so imperiously requires of its practitioners the greatest honor and rectitude and good feeling! Oh, I cannot for an instant think that he would fail us. It is impossible.'

'Heaven bless you for that hope, my dearest; and might I feel it too, if—' The appearance of the person to whom he was referring interrupted the sentence.

Doctor Thompson was the medical officer

of Darnley's regiment. In the east, every professional man is called 'doctor' by courtesy; or rather *was*, for in our days the influence of the schoolmaster, is in some unimportant details, reaching to this *ultima thule* of civilization.

Mr. Assistant-Surgeon Thompson, for such was his *bona fide* style and title, was a short, thick, bluff looking parsonage, about thirty years old, with a pair of prominent, lack-luster red eyes, sleek black hair, hanging straight, lanky, and damp, over his forehead, and leaving on the collar of his jacket evident indications of its too great lengthiness. Over his burley-looking face an expression of great meekness and loving kindness was superinduced, and it was not, until after two or three interviews that you detected in the oblique, lateral glances of his eyes, a sentiment which could be translated only into a looking out keenly after his own interest. He had the character of being a very inoffensive man. He had such a conviction of the infallibility of the commanding officer for the time being as befitted a person of his humble temper, which did not permit him to place his own judgment in competition with that of his superiors. He was fortunate in discovering the good qualities of any officer who happened to have influential connections and commendably prudent in eschewing the society of such refractory youths as ventured to canvass the doings of their betters—conducting himself altogether with a laudable discretion amongst the promiscuous society of the mess table, avoiding any intermeddling with the opinions and assertions commonly ventured there.

Captain Darnley was *only* a gentleman by birth, education, and by *principle*. He had nothing beyond his pay, and those clinging relics of youthful folly—his debts. Moreover he had a young and accomplished wife; but as *home* was his object, he economized to the utmost, and to Mr. Assistant Surgeon Thompson's gently expressed surprise, saw little company, and gave no feasts.

He had no interest in India—no expectations from patronage. His relations, aristocratic

cratic as they were, had no Indian influence. Captain Darnley was, to add to his other misfortunes, a popular man with his corps generally, and as Lieutenant Colonel Bore, at that time commanding, was very much the reverse, it follows, of course, that Darnley was no favorite at head quarters, as another necessary consequence, none with Doctor Thompson, save and except a slight saving clause on the score of prospective contingencies.

To return to the hall of Captain Darnley's house.

'Bless my soul, Darnley!' said the professional gentleman, endeavoring to light up his face to an expression of delight.—'Why you are quite another man! I declare I should scarcely have known you, you look so amazingly better!'

'Then my looks sorely belie my feelings,' said Darnley, coldly, and as quietly as he could. 'I am *very* ill to-night, Thompson, and I wish you would give me something composing.'

'To be sure, my dear sir, to be sure,' returned Thompson, with great warmth of manner; 'we shall be able to manage that very easily, that is, if we find from the symptoms, you know—But I beg your pardon, Mrs. Darnley; upon my word I was so engrossed by Darnley's evident improvement, that I really did not see you. How do you find yourself this evening? You look poorly.'

'Oh, but I feel much better,' returned Mrs. Darnley. 'You know the progress of my disorder is greatly affected by the state of my mind. And since you declared your intention to send Captain Darnley home, I am beginning to feel quite strong in the hope of seeing dear England shortly.'

'True, true, to be sure; that is, if he requires it, you know; for I should be unwilling to send him away, except in a case of absolute necessity, for his own sake,' said Doctor Thompson smoothly. 'It adds so much to an officer's term of slavery! And really, if Darnley goes on in improving at this rate, I hope and believe that it will be needless.'

'Really now, doctor, you must excuse my disagreeing with you,' said Mrs. Darnley, who saw with a trembling heart, the shadow that was settling on her husband's brow. 'It is not many hours since you saw Captain Darnley, and how the improvement has occurred, or wherein it consists, I confess myself at a loss to discover. In short, my dear Doctor Thompson, I think the certificate quite as necessary now, as it was this morning; and I think, moreover, and I assure you I am a deeply interested observer, that it is probable it will not be less necessary a month hence, if you intend keeping us here so long.'

'I intend? My dear madam, I have no

intention in the matter but that of doing my duty; and that duty requires me to assure you, that *you*, at least, ought not to remain in India another day, if it could be avoided.'

'Go without my husband!' exclaimed Mrs. Darnley, in a tone and with a gesture of horror. 'Never, if death be the alternative.'

'Nevertheless, you *must* go, my dear Anne,' said her husband calmly.—'And as for me, we will talk about that some other time.'

'No, we will talk about it now, George,' returned Mrs. Darnley, collecting herself—'we will talk about it *now* as is more fitting and proper, where interests so dear to us both are at stake. And I will assure Doctor Thompson that he, as a married man, may be excused for imagining such treason against a woman's heart, as to believe the wife capable of leaving the sick husband in a climate so hostile. But *you*, Darnley, ought to deem better of me. However, doctor, let me tell you frankly, if you think it inconsistent with your duty to send Captain Darnley away, be it so;—do nothing against such convictions. Our alternative must be to procure leave to visit the presidency, and see whether the medical gentlemen there disagree with you—whence we shall call on you for a statement of Darnley's case, and your mode of treatment.'

'You take up my words too hastily, Mrs. Darnley,' said Dr. Thompson whose naturally red face glowed purple under the searching eye of the anxious wife. 'I did not say a sick certificate for Darnley would be absolutely unnecessary; but we must take time—and think about it—and in short, I dare say we shall be able to arrange matters very well—but do not let us be too hasty, nothing like deliberation, you know; hey, Captain Darnley! Oh! we shall do very well!'

Darnley turned from him, with ill concealed disgust. But the wife had greater self-command, and she once more repeated calmly the assurance, that if, on the morrow, Darnley showed no change of symptoms either Doctor Thompson must give the necessary certificate, or Darnley would forward an application to the army head-quarters for leave to visit the presidency forthwith.

'I trust Darnley *will* be better in the morning,' was Doctor Thompson's parting wish. 'At any rate, if he is not it will be time enough then to decide on sending him away. So good night, Darnley;—keep yourself up—good night, Mrs. Darnley;—take care of yourself and be *good-spirited*—you must go home at least.' And so he left them, hastening away to prevent reply.

The husband and wife turned their eyes on the countenance of each other, and read feelings and indignation, too deep for words.

They stood in sad silence for a few minutes, interrupted at length, by Captain Darnley's continuing the train of his thoughts and saying—'Well, Anne, was I deceived? Did I not tell you yonder man was *never* to be relied on, if permitted to escape for a moment from your own immediate observation?'

'He is a base, time-serving wretch,' exclaimed Mrs. Darnley with unusual warmth, in words wrung from her by the bitterness and suffering to which she knew full well they were exposed.—'But do not droop, dearest George, believe me we *will* go home, and—'

'At least *you* must, Anne, even this idiot can see the necessity of *your* remaining no longer in a climate like this.'

'Do not talk of parting, Darnley,' said his wife, earnestly, and in a manner almost solemn. 'I will never leave you; thy home shall be my home—and where thou liest, there will I also be buried.' And she burst into a passion of tears and long they wept in each other's arms.

When they looked up from that sad embrace, the dimness of the closing day had passed away. The full moon had risen, and was shining as it never shines beyond the tropics, with a splendor that brought out every object in strong relief. The sea lay beneath its rays, one broad sheet of silver, and the outline of the hills were traced in marked distinctness. The sweet fragrance of that shrub known familiarly in India as 'the Burmese creeper,' which threw its fairy boughs, hung with bells varying through all the shades from white to crimson, over an arched trellis-work, streamed into the hall through the open venetians, inviting the invalid to approach and enjoy the balmy breeze which its perfume enriched.

Arm-in-arm, Darnley and his wife passed into the garden. They walked some time in silence unbroken by any other communication than that occasional pressure of the hand which told whither their thoughts were turning. Darnley at length seemed fatigued and threw himself on the bench beneath the Burmese creeper.

'Is this safe, dear?' said the anxious wife, inhaling the air more freely, as if she wished to ascertain whether any vapors there could injure the frail frame of a being who was the whole world to her.

'There is not a particle of moisture abroad, my dearest,' said he. 'The sea breeze has sprung up, and it is so refreshing after this dismal day! Go and get your shawl, Anne, the breeze is almost cold; come back to me quickly.'

She left him, and Darnley restless and uneasy, rose to walk. He paced to the extremity of the avenue, and he paused to look

down on the sea, as the surf, beating more violently every moment, broke upon the rocks. Every wave was crested, and his heart throbbed strongly, as if to welcome the freshening breeze. He panted for his home. His very spirit was sickening as he saw the wife of his bosom fading under the influence of the tropical sun—drooping, notwithstanding her efforts to collect her energies. And he knew that to achieve this end there was but one visible means; and whether that was to be within his grasp or not, depended on the fiat of a man, whom, in his deepest soul, he despised with absolute loathing.

Louder than the dashing of the ocean the voice of his thoughts rose within him. But what sound can drown the faintest whisper of the human being who is the object of strong passion—whether of love or hate?

Above the roaring of the surge—above his own tumultuous feelings, Darnley at that instant caught the voice of Thompson.

With no consciousness of the moral bearing of the action, panting and breathless with strong emotion, he stood leaning against one of a group of mungosas. And as he listened, he heard words like these—

‘But, my dear Captain Ashton,’ expostulated Doctor Thompson—‘If you could have witnessed the violence of Mrs. — mention no names—safe plan you know—you would have been positively shocked. I assure you, upon my honor as a medical man her threats absolutely terrified me—and really—upon the whole, I think the best thing we can do will be to send them off instantler.’

‘Ruin—ruin—my good fellow,’ returned his companion, whom Darnley would instantly have recognized, if the address of Doctor Thompson had not already pointed him out. ‘To let Darnley once quit these shores without first getting fairly out of my way, will be actual destruction to my prospects.’

‘And then consider, Thompson, how much the corps will be benefitted by such a step. It is not my interests alone that are concerned. Look at the lieutenants, nay ensigns, of seven years standing! How are they looking out for Darnley, think you? No, no, Thompson, you owe it to us to keep him here until he is fairly sickened. In another month, he will be glad to go away on any terms. Let him have the certificate in Heaven’s name *conditionally*. And what matters it to him whether he be invalid or not? His expecting ever to arrive at the majority is absurd. He keeps others back without any earthly benefit to himself—Really, I think we are positively his best friends in forcing him to do that which every rational being must see well enough, he ought to have done long since.’

‘Well, of course, you know best,’ returned Doctor Thompson. ‘I wish to do every thing I can to please the regiment. And you know, Captain Ashton, the Zilla of Bopore will shortly be vacant and a word from you at the Adjutant General’s office—’

‘Will surely not be wanting,’ added Captain Ashton; and more he might have said, but Darnley’s phrenzy was no longer to be kept within bounds. Animated by the unnatural strength of passion, he cleared the hedge at one bound, and confronted the astounded pair. ‘Scoundrels and cowards!’ he gasped, and further utterance was suspended by ungovernable emotion.

In a moment Capt. Ashton saw his advantage, and regained his usual coolness. Perhaps he had not been thrown off his equilibrium three times in the course of his life. He was proverbially cool; calm beneath looks of contempt which did all but look daggers; calm beneath the general disgust that caused his presence to be shunned almost as a contagion; calm beneath whispered taunts and innuendoes that would have maddened a sensitive man, and have nerved to mortal combat any arm but that of a coward.

And at this moment he felt he had the lion in the toils. He saw with the eye of the practiced huntsman who watches the tiger he has just chafed—with such an eye Captain Ashton marked the pale, quivering lip—the distended nostril—the foam each breath drew forth from Darnley, and he knew well that he was utterly beyond self-command. The presence of Thompson was his own safe-guard, and also, for the cool soldier was collected enough to extend a very prospective view into the future, his best evidence in the crisis to which the maddened Darnley was surely hastening.

Therefore addressing himself to his victim he inquired deliberately, with the air of a man all-unconscious of aught base or wrong, to what he was indebted for the honor of Captain Darnley’s presence at so unexpected a moment, and in a manner so utterly unprecedented.

Such an address was to throw fuel on the flame. The rage of Darnley became every instant more violent, and his body shook strongly beneath the force of his tremendous passion.

‘Ashton,’ said he, with a voice hoarse but subdued into an unnatural and frightful calmness of tone, ‘I have ever deemed you a cold, calculating, selfish knave, who, beyond the sphere of your own vile interests, cared for nothing; loved nothing;—and I have avoided you accordingly, as all honest men avoid you. I know that for your own miserable advancement, you would be content to sacrifice the lives—the hopes of tens of thousands.’

‘Sir,’ replied Captain Ashton, ‘you may spare yourself the trouble of an harangue, and of the vain expenditure of an eloquence

which cannot but prove injurious to your constitution in its present enfeebled state. I request you to leave my premises, where you are an intruder—equally unwelcome and undesired.’

‘Now mark me Ashton,’ said Darnley in a louder voice, ‘If I live till this arm is once more nerved, I will call you to such an account for this as shall try the strength of your crafty soul. I know you, sir, now; I have overheard your project, and I trust the Almighty God will not allow prosperity to your foul villainy. You pursue your snake-like course, hidden beneath the shadow of others, but leaving your filthy slime on all you touch: but for once I have tracked your windings! And for your worthy coadjutor, I shall find a day for him too; albeit the stake of one honest man’s life is all too much to set against the polluted existence of two such wretched cowards and villains. Yes, Capt. Ashton note it well—mark it well; I tell you to your teeth you are a liar, coward, and scoundrel,’ and Darnley, still nerved by his phrenzy, left the compound as he had entered it.

The excitement lasted until Darnley had reached his couch. Then, when the moment of reaction came, faint, breathless, cold dews bursting from every pore, he lay in a state of infantine weakness, or of utter unconsciousness. There needed no busy messenger to tell his wife what had occurred. When she returned to seek Darnley, she heard his voice in altercation with Captain Ashton; and the very sight of his companion explained to her that he must have been the auditor of some irritation, and that his impetuosity had urged him instantly to seek their presence and tell them so.

It was a night of terrible anxiety to that devoted wife. The husband of her choice, the beloved of her youth, lay on his couch languid, exhausted, unconscious of her care insensible of her voice. Far from bringing them nearer the longed for period of their quitting India, this event, admitting it to have only the happiest results, must retard their departure. And she felt that, of Darnley’s ultimate recovery, an immediate change to the blessed air of his native shore, afforded the *single* hope. He had experienced no improvement even when all around was tranquillity; and how would he now endure the excitement necessarily attendant on the consequences of that action, which she well knew would be construed into a military offence?

But when she contemplated those consequences, her spirit did not fail; she almost wondered at the calmness and fortitude with which she regarded that which might probably entail on them utter ruin. She knew enough of the regulations of the service to be aware that admitting the case to be proved, there was but one sentence to be pronounced by a

court-martial animated by the most favorable feelings—dismissal. And then what would become of them, destitute as they were of resources? The very circumstance under which they would, in that case return to their native country, would wear an appearance of disgrace, which might afford some plea of justification for the coldness of friends, too willing, alas! to be cold when their friendship is most needed. Such a prospect was dreary enough, but as she afterwards confessed her heart was at that trying season strongly, *strangely* supported.

Long before the anticipated visit of the adjutant, Darnley had recovered consciousness, and even composure. His wife had heard, from his own lips the conversation between Ashton and Thompson, of which he had been an auditor, and her hopes gathered strength as she listened. Darnley did not for a moment attempt to conceal from her his conviction that the harshest proceedings would be immediately instituted, and she was satisfied when she knew the whole and her fortitude shrank not. He was more—he found comfort in *her* comfort.

'Always make me aware of the real nature of our position,' she was accustomed to say. 'God gave me to you as your friend and helpmate, and how can I be useful to you in either character, if half that I ought to know, is, from mistaken consideration, concealed from me? I might as well attempt to lead a person through a dangerous road blindfolded.'

This adjutant entered the hall with a most reluctant step. Darnley was lying on a couch, and Mrs. Darnley rose to receive their visitor.—She hastened to relieve him from his embarrassment, by assuring him of a welcome. 'We have expected you,' she said; 'you must do your duty, Mr. Percy, you are come for Darnley's sword.'

'Such is the painful office that has fallen to me in this unfortunate business,' replied Mr. Percy. 'Darnley, my good fellow, the whole regiment sympathizes with you, though we have heard nothing but what that disgusting Thompson has thought fit to insinuate. We are quite satisfied that you have had great provocation.'

Darnley and his wife together explained the whole matter. 'Precious pair!' said Mr. Percy, who had listened attentively. 'Do not be discouraged, Darnley; I don't apprehend any *ultimate* evil to yourself, whatever the immediate result may be. To tell you the truth, old Bore is perfectly delighted that he has been able to lay his hand on you. He and Ashton have been closeted ever since parade this morning, and the doctor was sent for previously to the breaking up of the conference.—They have framed the charges together, of course, and cleverly framed they are!'

There was the preamble as usual, 'for conduct unbecoming the character of an officer and a gentleman,' exhibited in three instances; first, in Darnley's having unwarrantably forced himself upon the presence of Capt. Ashton, by overleaping a fence which separated their respective compounds, and remaining there contrary to the express desire of Capt. Ashton; secondly, in having, at the same time and place, without any provocation, threatened Capt. Ashton with a challenge to fight a duel; and, thirdly, in having applied to him the terms, 'liar and coward,' with other violent and abusive language—the whole being in breach of the articles of war.

Such is an outline of the charges, which Darnley read over with a smile of pure, unmixed contempt. Not that he was blind to the fact of the necessary sentence that must follow their being proved; but he disclaimed with the deepest scorn, the inagignant bitterness that had so striven for his ruin, and shrunk from encountering him where—bad and lamentable as the fact is—a soldier believes all *his* personal grievances ought to meet redress.

It would be idle to follow the thoughts of the suffering pair through all the mazes in which they deviated during the interval which necessarily intervened before the day of trial. In the all-absorbing occupation of his mind, Darnley's bodily sickness was almost disregarded. True, he was feeble as a child; but the pains that had once tortured every limb, had for the present ceased, and so far he was in a state of comparative ease. If ever woman was what God designed her to be—a helpmate for man—Mrs. Darnley was that woman. Unwearied in her attention, untiring in her patience, she listened with steady ear to all the conjectures with which his sickly mind occupied itself; she aided his weakness, by her evident fortitude, she taught him resignation; and by the piety which was her support at all times, and *now* felt indeed as a rock of defence, she was enabled to trust Him 'who tempereth the wind to the shorn lamb,' and to contemplate the future without despair.

And she had much to occupy her. There was one solitary point in which she could ask counsel of none but her own bosom; and long and frequent were her communings with that counsellor. To open to Darnley the secret with which her thoughts were occupied, would but inflict on him an anxiety ten-fold more cruel than her own. Therefore, after much consideration—after bringing every faculty of her mind to bear upon the subject—after having devoutly and humbly sought guidance and light from 'the Fountain of all wisdom,' she took courage, and did boldly that which she believed her highest duties called on her to do.

Before the charges against Darnley were returned from the adjutant-general's office, to his regimental head-quarters, a simple but copious statement of his case had been privately conveyed to one who, whatever might be the fiat of the court martial, had the approval or disapproval of it in his power. The statement took a retrospective view of the dreadful state of bodily suffering to which Capt. Darnley had for so many months been a prey; it went on to record various instances of annoyance on the part of Capt. Ashton, which, though too skillfully contrived to be tangible, were not the less likely to irritate a high feeling man, who was conscious of their design, and writhed beneath their effects. It asserted also, the hostility of Col. Bore, his close alliance with Capt. Ashton, and certain occurrences in which nothing but Capt. Darnley's interference had prevented the grossest violation of all discipline. It revealed the system under which Dr. Thompson had acted—that, alarmed by the evident danger of Darnley, he had volunteered to give him a sick certificate to England; that, so far from improving, Capt. Darnley had daily become worse up to the very evening when the events occurred on which the charges preferred against him had been framed. It disclosed the tergiversation manifested on that evening by Doctor Thompson, which had naturally tended to irritate Capt. Darnley to excess. It then went on to relate without comment, verbatim, the conversation overheard by Darnley between Capt. Ashton and Dr. Thompson, when Darnley, irritated to phrenzy by such palpable demonstrations of the evil influence that was at work against him, was impelled to that unfortunate violence which had reduced him to his present dangerous predicament.

'If the opinion of a man's fellows,' thus it concluded, 'be satisfactory evidence of his character, then let all of Darnley's brother officers be called on to bear record. Ask of them if he be not of courage as noble as ever animated the pulse of officer and gentleman, yet of heart gentle to the lowest and weakest? Ask of them whether his integrity stands not on so proud a basis, that his word alone is sufficient to authenticate any fact for which he pledges it? Ask of them whether, although he insists on subordination to the utmost, he be not the unwearied friend of every soldier under him; and patient investigator of their claims; the merciful instructor of their ignorance? the most honorable gentleman, the most upright man, the truest of friends, the most indulgent of masters, and ah! tenderest of husbands! What mighty provocation must that have been which could rouse so brave and gentle a spirit to the commission of the violence of which he stands accused? And what, after all, was that violence? Exists there a man, who, under such an out-

rage, would have done less than brand the perpetrators of it with names such as well befitted them? Were they less dark than he charged them with being? And although, to repel such charges, men of honor hourly peril their lives, with the offence of provoking them to such an act he cannot be charged; for his accusers have borne more than this, and still they and their enemies remain unscathed! They have borne the withering sarcasm, and the bitter taunt, until it has become familiar to their ears; and the first wound they have affected to feel on their honor, has been inflicted at the precise moment when they had the power to screen themselves behind the military law, and vindicate their injured reputation by bringing ruin on their opponent, for that which, after all, amounts to nothing more than a breach of military etiquette!

The day of trial arrived and Darnley, the prisoner, was carried from his palanquin into the presence of the court. Worn and attenuated as he was, pallid and changed, his calm and composed eye bore evidence that all was peace within. Many a one of the members of the court looked on him with pity and respect. Darnley was so well known for all that soldiers love as brightest and best, and the circumstances of his case came home to men's business and bosoms, that it must be avowed the convocation was hardly prepared to consider the facts impartially. Capt. Ashton, moreover, was what is technically called in the army a marked man; a party he had indeed, for he had interest; and time-servers and sycophants, the servile and selfish, are to be found every where. But it had been emphatically observed of him, by one well calculated to judge, 'He had brothers and sisters, kinsmen and wife, but he was the friend of no man, and no man was his friend.' Men felt that they could have no sympathy with one who stood aloof from them in cold solitariness; and whether he were loved or respected the least it might have embarrassed the profoundest metaphysician to determine.

It is not intended in this place to paint all the forms of the proceedings. The Judge Advocate-general was a man well skilled in all the routine of his department, and every thing, as might be expected, was regular even to the letter. The trial occupied but a few hours. Darnley's defence was read by the judge-advocate, and the sensation with which it was received, proved the force of the manly plainness with which the facts were recorded as they stood. The court adjourned till the following day, when they again assembled to record the sentence, and witness the signing and sealing of the proceedings.

When the trial was absolutely finished—when Darnley knew his fate so far was decided, he resigned himself to patient expecta-

tion of the return of the commander-in-chief. He felt that if he had hazarded the provision for his own existence—and for that of his wife, far dearer to him than life—he had now done his utmost to redeem his error. Sometimes, although he felt that his patience had been tried beyond the limits of man's endurance, he looked on the pale cheek of that beloved being once so fair, and repented in bitterness that he had given his enemy this advantage over him. But the voice of her consolation, always ready to minister to his wounds, soothed the anguish of his remorse, and awakened him to hope. Yes—to a higher and better hope than any this frail world, with all its glory and pageantry can bestow—even to that hope from which she had gathered strength to support her, when the poor body that enshrined the spirit seemed debilitated to that pitiable weakness for which there is rest only in the grave.

The proceedings returned, and a division order commanded the attendance of the general staff of the commanding officers and staff of the station, and the commanding officer, staff, and all other European commissioned officers of Darnley's regiment, at 11 o'clock, A. M. on the following morning. The whole place was in commotion. Horses, buggies, palanquins, all were put in requisition; and there was the hurrying to and fro as of men bent on an important object—after all, the inquiry perhaps of the Athenians, 'Is there any new thing?'—Whispers began to be in circulation, emanating from somebody who had been fortunate enough to obtain a sight of the important despatches. In short, many hearts beat more strongly than those of the sick prisoner and his wife; and other breasts, perhaps, trembled with more fearful apprehensions than those of that afflicted pair.

On the following day, all who had been summoned attended at the head quarters of the division. There was a splendid display of the 'pomp and circumstance' of military decoration. There was the scarlet, and the gold and the embroidery; and the rattling of swords and spurred heels; and the glitter of helmets with their waving plumes. And Darnley was there too, arrayed in his gorgeous trappings, but without that sword which had done so much good service against the foes of his country—without that sword which was perhaps to be restored to him no more.

The finding of the court was read, pronouncing him guilty of every instance of the charge, save and except the words in the preamble, describing his conduct as 'unbecoming the character of an officer and a gentleman,' and also the words 'without provocation,' in the second instance. The sentence of course was dismissal, but 'under the circumstances of the case,' the document went on to state, 'the court felt justified in earnest-

ly recommending the prisoner to the merciful consideration of his excellency. They begged respectfully to call the attention of his excellency to the long and painful illness under which Capt. Darnley had previously been laboring—an illness which, up to the present moment, exerted its distressing influence—an illness which his own medical attendant had pronounced incurable in this country, and as a remedy for which, that very medical attendant, assistant surgeon Thompson, had himself prescribed a return to Europe. The court begged strongly to remark on the evidence given by that officer, being as he was the single witness subpoenaed in support of the prosecution: also on the framing of the charge, which had been so constructed as to remove from assistant surgeon Thompson the appearance of being one of the parties against whom Capt. Darnley's unfortunately violent expressions had been directed. The court having evidence to the fact, which indeed the prisoner had not denied, were bound by their oath to find him 'guilty,' and record dismissal accordingly. But viewing the aggravated nature of the provocation—being no less than a conviction that he had been deluded in the hopes extended by the very man who had appeared on his trial as evidence against him—the court felt it their high and imperative duty, earnestly to repeat their recommendation of Captain Darnley to the most favorable consideration of his excellency the Commander-in-Chief, that a valuable and greatly respected officer, might not be lost to the company's service, for an offence which, grave as it might be in its military character, involved not the slightest taint of moral turpitude. The court therefore, relying on the known, &c. &c.

And then came the remarks of the Commander-in-Chief, commencing, according to the formal routine, with his excellency's disapproval. The very finding, it said, ought to have guided the court to pronounce a less severe punishment, since they had exonerated the prisoner from 'conduct unbecoming the character of an officer and a gentleman,' and had also founded their recommendation of his case to the favorable consideration of his excellency, on the grounds of the extreme provocation that had led Captain Darnley to so violent an expression of his feelings, as had unfortunately placed him in jeopardy. Much as the Commander-in-Chief lamented the intemperance of which Captain Darnley had been guilty, his excellency concurred with the court in pronouncing the provocation extreme; indeed he had satisfaction in bearing his testimony to its being altogether unprecedented in the course of his experience. He congratulated Captain Darnley on the almost unanimous testimony his brother officers had so nobly borne to his high and un-

impeachable integrity. The Commander-in-Chief expressed his satisfaction in being able to restore to their fellowship an officer so greatly, and, as far as he could be guided by the records now submitted to him, so deservedly beloved. He directed in conclusion, that Captain Darnley should be released from arrest, and return to his duty forthwith.

Scarcely did the impatient audience allow the sonorous voice of the assistant adjutant general to subside into its concluding pause, before, forgetful of the etiquette of the meeting, hands were extended to grasp Darnley's, and eyes were beaming with congratulation and delight, and whispered praises were hailing his restoration to his proper place. The lips of many a brave man trembled then, with emotions such as sterner natures blush to display; and poor Darnley, weak in body, overwhelmed with the sudden rush of feelings, with the unutterable zeal of the fiery spirits of his band of devoted friends, oppressed by the effusion of friendship and applause that would not be restrained, covered his face and wept aloud.

The meeting dissolved, and surrounded by a gallant cavalcade, the palanquin of Darnley passed swiftly down the line of the cantonment.—They arrived at his door, and his happy friends parted with him there, for they knew well *who* was awaiting with fear and trembling within his home.

It was a moment of deep joy. Darnley felt that its peculiar character singled out from all other moments of his life, when he clasped in his arms the being who had been saved from utter destitution, and who now, looking in his face, exclaimed, 'tell me nothing—I read it all *there*. You are acquitted and triumphant; I am sure you are.'

And he confirmed the blissful assurance, and detailed, so far as his agitation would permit, the occurrences of the morning. And he tasted yet another honey drop in the cup of that day's bliss; for he learned then for the first time, the effort on which she, in the depth of her wife like devotion, had ventured, unassisted by advice or influence; and he rejoiced the more, to think that, in part, at least, he owed the preservation of his professional reputation to the firmness of the gentlest being that ever smoothed the pillow of sickness.

In the division orders of that day, there appeared an extract from the general orders, removing Colonel Bore from the command of Darnley's regiment; and, almost at the same hour, Mr. Percy visited the happy pair, to notify them that Ashton and Thompson had both been placed in arrest, and that charges against them, framed at the Presidency had actually arrived by the very aid which conveyed Darnley's acquittal.

That was a day of loud revelry at the mess.

It was not what was called a public day, but every officer brought so many friends with him, that it seemed as if the whole cantonment had gathered there to celebrate a festival. Many a health was quaffed to Darnley and his wife, and loud and long were the encomiums lavished on them. They enjoyed a deeper and holier thankfulness in the quiet of their own home—as happy in their prosperity, as they had been resigned under their trial.

Darnley went to the presidency so soon as his evidence had been given on the trials of Captain Ashton and Doctor Thompson. Indeed their conspiracy had already been sufficiently proved in the former investigation, and form only rendered the repetition of it necessary. Darnley felt no triumph when he knew his adversaries were disgraced and ruined. The moment of their own restoration to happiness had been that of forgiveness. And very shortly, India, with all its train of sorrow and suffering, and gaudy misery, where life is a skeleton dressed in glittering robes, became to them as a land viewed in the visions of the night. For Darnley at the presidency procured the certificate that enabled him to return to his father-land, and he quitted it no more. By representations in the proper quarter, and the kindness of a friend, he realized an income abundantly sufficient to afford him and the beloved of his heart every comfort, and some few of the luxuries that tempted their moderate wishes. In one of the southern counties near the sea, stands his rose covered home, the cynosure to which many an Indian wanderer's eye has been turned, and where hospitality has never cheated the expectations of those whose past kindness gave them the slightest claim to seek it.

MISCELLANY.

Recollections of a Portrait Painter.

'THE FAMILY PICTURE.'

It was a lovely morning, and the calm of the country slept deliciously around, when I arrived at the ancient and stately home of my best and earliest patron. Descended from a long line of knightly ancestors, Sir Robert V—— was, in the noblest sense of the appellation, a 'good old English gentleman' for, to the hospitality and frankness which belong to that honored name, he added the knowledge of a man of the world, and the refinement of a man of taste. It was the wish of Sir Robert that I should paint him a 'family picture'; and as with graceful pride Lady V—— introduced me to her children, I felt that imagination could not have pictured a more exquisite beauty than that which I beheld, and which, in its varied forms, made them the loveliest group I had ever seen. One only differed in character and expression sufficiently to call for

an observation; it was the orphan nephew of Lady V——.

The hours which I passed in the midst of that happy family are amongst the brightest of my life, and when at length my picture was completed, it was with feelings of sincere regret that I left a spot where sorrow and discord seemed unknown, even in name.

Little did I dream of the realities that were soon to change that vision—the young and beautiful beings who were blooming on my canvass. Their gentle mother first fell a sacrifice to the fearful scourge which had made young Edward D—— an orphan! The rich warm blood which mantled on the cheek of the eldest boy soon dyed the crimson fields of Spain, and his dark flashing eyes closed amid shouts of victory! The rest—all, but one—ere long sank beneath the fatal summoner which had deprived them of a mother; theirs was the panting breath, the severed lip, the gradual decline, which only can bestow the beaming eyes and flushing cheeks, so beautiful—in death.

One, whose calm and thoughtful face seemed to proclaim that even in early youth the spirit was *not* of this world, sank as he was reaping the first fruits of a genius too mighty for his slender frame.

One was called from the triumphs of a first season to exchange its sweet sound for silence—its brightness for a shroud—love for the grave!

Another * * * but it matters not, all died, as I have said, save one, the youngest and the loveliest! Her father strove to live—for her—but even this very anxiety might have hastened on another fate; and mourners, 'in deed and in truth,' shortly after bore the broken hearted Sir Robert to his tomb!

During the fearful sorrows of my beloved patron I had been laboring on, and had only heard, at their most sad conclusion, that the young Helen V—— was heiress to her father's wealth; a small portion only having passed with the title to a distant relation.

Years passed away, and I mixed much in the gay world, for I had won that which is courted and flattered by the great—a name.

One night I was standing amidst the gay crowds assembled at the Duchess of ——'s seeking an artist's inspiration in the fair faces before me, when, familiarised as I am with beauty, I was struck by one 'bright particular star,' standing near a vase filled with flowers; she had turned away from a crowd of admirers to address a young and elegant looking man, whose pale cheek flushed as her eyes met his.

Tall, and slightly formed, every look and movement was grace;—the dark deep eyes, so beautiful in their pure brightness, the cheek, whose rich tint came and went at every word, the fascination of her exquisite smile,

but more than all, a something which seemed like the memory of some half-forgotten dream, induced me to ask her name.

'Not know her? the beauty! the heiress—*Helen V*——!' was the astonished answer.

Delighted, yet sorrowing over the past—I procured an introduction, and she welcomed me as the friend of her father. For some moments we conversed upon indifferent subjects, when suddenly turning round, she said,

'You must allow me to present to you my cousin Edward D——; he is altered—since he—since you'—she hesitated—'since those happy days.'

She stopped; and as her thoughts flew back to the 'Family Picture,' and her now deserted home, her bright face was clouded by the deepest sorrow.

From that time I frequently met her, and found her cousin at her side; but it grieved me to remark that, by his wasting frame and brightening eye, he too, seemed to be a 'stricken deer.'

One day he came to my study—and slowly and sadly did he tell me that he had been ordered to Madeira, as a 'last chance, a forlorn hope;' and that he wished his picture 'to be to his lovely cousin a frail memorial of one who had loved her from her earliest childhood.'

As I sketched the traits of the young and gallant Edward D——, I felt that, if consumption is *sad* in women, it is far more fearful, when its death-grasp is laid on the 'strong man.'

That picture sealed the fate of Helen V——.

What passed when it was given I know not, but Helen, the beautiful and the heiress, left her bright orbit, left her home, though one of wealth and of pride, to sooth the last hours, to pillow the dying head of her cousin!

For a long time she, too, hovered on the brink of the lonely and distant grave, to which she had consigned her husband; but youth prevailed in the long struggle; and, recovering by slow degrees, she returned to England; and she now dwells in her father's halls—in silence and in solitude—a mourner and a widow.

The 'Family Picture' alone remains to tell what once *has* been; and when, in her hours of sorrow, she looks upon the bright faces still smiling *there*—how must she feel!—alone.

Mutability of Fortune.

OCCURRENCE IN IRELAND.

A DISTRESSED boy met a gentleman on horseback, of whom he asked a shilling for the purpose of purchasing some school article of which he was in need, for he was what is called a poor scholar. The gentleman told him he would if he could tell him what God

was then doing.—Whereupon the boy replied that 'he was turning a wheel, and that those who were up this year would be down perhaps, the next!' The gentleman pleased with his reply, gave him the shilling and rode off. Several years after this circumstance took place, a clergyman preached a charity sermon, the collection of which was to be appropriated to the aid of the parish.—After service, those persons for whom the proceeds of the sermon was intended, collected before the door of the vestry to receive their respective shares. One old man stretched out his hand to receive his complement, but was refused. He tried again, but met with no better success.—He was unable to account for this apparently strange conduct; however, he remained until all the rest had got their portion, and had went away, when the clerk informed him that the clergyman wished to speak with him. Accordingly he was ushered into the presence of the clergyman who asked the old man if he knew him, and was answered in the negative.—He was asked if he did not recollect once meeting a poor boor boy on the road, who requested a shilling of him—that he told him that he would give him one providing 'he could tell what God was then doing, and the boy told him he was turning a wheel. After pausing sometime, the old man said with a sigh, 'Ah, yes I do; I remember, and I have found the boy's words to have been true, for I was then *up*, and am now *down*.' 'Well,' said the clergyman, 'the boy to whom you then gave the shilling to, is the man who now speaks to you, and who is able and willing to relieve you in his turn.' The clergyman then made him an offer to come and live in his house, which was gratefully accepted by the old man.

The Present and the Future.

OUR minds should often dwell on the instructive truth, that every object in this life is unenduring. We should be prepared to part with them, or to withdraw from them, at God's pleasure. Families must separate. The fondest ties must be dissolved. The endearing sympathies of friendship and affection have no pledge of perpetuity, even while here. Estrangement will sometimes intrude, and, like the serpent in the garden, poison many an earthly paradise, that seemed designed to be the home of lasting pleasures. Yes all below that can allure our eyes, or kindle our imagination, is short lived. It is our wisdom, therefore, to set lightly by the world, and by God's grace to estimate its smiles and frowns, according to the holy oracles, and in the balance of the sanctuary. If our devout trust reposes on the bosom of our Saviour, we may complacently bear all on earth for his sake, be comforted amid the instabilities of life, and in the prospect of a

tearless, sighless, painless world of immortality and glory, breathe the devout spirit, and depart with the triumphant emotions of *those who die in the Lord*.

French Women.

THERE is a facility of amusement about the French quite unenjoyable by the English, and inconceivable to them. Our ideas of good fellowship and society are substantial; we like to be excited and entertained highly when we come together; but to be dressed, and to go out, and to chat, is enough for the Parisian dame! she looks neither for feasting, nor wit, nor yet for any intellectual intercourse! she will dress in all her jewels to appear at her friend's *soiree*, when she and all the company will feel themselves sufficiently amused by a child set to dance, or to prate with naivete; this, with a sorbet or an ice contents her; she is the most amuseable being in life. Not so the English woman; and one, I believe, cannot be found disinterested, and at the same time experienced on the point, that would not pronounce the choicest French society a bore.—*England in Italy*.

Great Odds.

'Ye'll nae ha'e sae meikle *sna*' siller as would break a note?' said a woman to a retailer in Newburgh. 'I canna just say,' returned the dealer, turning the key of his till, 'but I'll look an' see;—'after having counted the money, he put it down;—'Weel,' remarked the woman, searching her pocket; 'is na that unco funny o'me to come and forget the note? but that mak's nae odds, for I've come or sen' it t'ye the morn.' 'Odds,' replied the dealer in sundries, hurling the silver and copper promiscuously into the till, 'odds! my faith, but it mak's a' the odds in the world.'—*Dundee Advocate*.

'SIRE, *one word*,' said a soldier one day to Frederick the Great, when presenting to him a request of a brevet lieutenant; 'If you say *two*,' answered the prince, 'I will have you hanged.' 'Sign,' replied the soldier. The monarch, surprised at his presence of mind, immediately granted the request.

Letters Containing Remittances,

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of Postage paid.

T. T. Quaker Spring, N. Y. \$7.00; F. M. H. Clatsenbury, Ct. \$1.00; W. A. W. Hoosick Falls, N. Y. \$1.00; A. V. Little Falls, N. Y. \$10.00; E. C. Cooperstown, N. Y. \$2.00; A. H. M. Troy, N. Y. \$1.00; G. S. A. Watervliet, N. Y. \$1.00; S. M. Zanesville, O. \$1.00; H. S. A. Canaan, Center, N. Y. \$2.00.

DIED.

In this city, on the 5th inst. Mrs. Catharine Stow, in the 37th year of her age.
On Tuesday the 16th inst. Eunice Coffin, widow of the late Stephen Coffin, in the 83d year of her age.
On the 15th inst. Mrs. Mary Carpenter, wife of Mr. William A. Carpenter, in the 25th year of her age.
On the 14th inst. Mrs. Hannah A. Morrison, wife of Casper V. H. Morrison, in the 30th year of her age.
On the 8th inst. Mr. David Crumby, in his 66th year.
On the 27th ult. Sally Ann, wife of Mr. Silas Sprague, in the 38th year of her age.



SELECT POETRY.

The Dead Mother and Sleeping Child.

BY THOMAS CAMBRIDGE JONES.

A young woman, with her child, not more than a year old, called at the house of a farmer, and modestly craved a lodging for the night.—Her speech, manner, and appearance indicated that she had seen better days—that hers was no common misery. Early on the morrow the child was heard crying, and the farmer's daughter entering the room of the wanderer, the babe lay reposing on its face fast asleep—but its mother was dead!—*Newspaper paragraph.*

They knew not whence she came—she craved
A lodging for the night—
A shelter for herself and child,
Until the morrow's light
Once more o'er vale and mountain lay,
That she might trace her lonely way.

They knew not where her home, nor who
The wanderer might be;—
Sift seemed abandoned by the world;
Perchance no home had she,
A lover's scorn—a father's rage,
Might have urged her wretched pilgrimage!

No matter from what cause she roamed,—
No matter for what end,—
In woe a friend proves stranger oft,
A stranger oft a friend.
The mother and her infant bland
Are welcomed by a stranger's hand.

Night wears away—the sleeping child
Clings to its mother's breast!
Oh! who can utter half the thoughts
Which breaks the mother's rest?
She sleeps not—though her babe is sleeping;
A change—she sleeps!—her babe is weeping.

The babe hath ceased to weep. The lark
Upspringing greets the morn!
There's music in the blessed woods—
Earth seems as newly born.
Approach the wanderer's quiet bed,
The babe's asleep—the mother, dead!

He Came too Late.

BY MISS ELIZABETH BOGART.

He came too late! Neglect had tried
Her constancy too long;
Her love had yielded to her pride,
And the deep sense of wrong.
She scorned the offering of a heart
Which lingered on its way,
Till it could no delight impart,
Nor spread one cheering ray.

He came too late! At once he felt
That all his power was o'er;
Indifference in her calm smile dwelt—
She thought of him no more.
Anger and grief had passed away,
Her heart and thoughts were free;
She met him, and her words were gay—
No spell had memory.

He came too late! The subtle chords
Of love were all unbound;
Not by offence of spoken words,
But by the slights that wound.

She knew that life held nothing now
That could the past repay,
Yet she disdained his tardy vow,
And coldly turned away.
He came too late! Her countless dreams
Of hope had long since flown;
No charms dwelt in his chosen themes,
Nor in his whispered tone.
And when, with word and smile, he tried
Affection still to prove,
She nerved her heart with woman's pride,
And spurned his fickle love.

The Rose of May.

I SAID the flower-would bloom no more,
That wither'd yesterday;
That morning dews would ne'er restore
My lovely rose of May.
The future was too cold a thing
In my sweet dream to be—
The present rose, the present spring,
Are all of life to me.

I do remember well my grief,
When died my flower—and then
My joy, when time brought, leaf by leaf,
As sweet a flower again,
And then I said, 'Farewell, despair!
Thou art no guest for me;
Whate'er I lose of bright or fair,
I hope again to see.'

Alas! I've often wept since then,
And Death has robbed my bowers
But e'en amidst the grief of men,
I've comfort found in flowers;
For, if the bloom of love be brief,
And if fame's crown be riven,
I would not mourn life's fading leaf,
But look for spring in heaven.

The Neglected Boy to his Mother.

THERE WAS a time when all was joy,
And gladness overspread thy face,
You'd call me then your 'darling boy,'
And clasp me in your fond embrace.

'Tis not so now—for when we meet
A sadness seems to reign,
And should a smile obtrude to greet,
'Tis chased away again.

Why is it so? I cannot tell—
This heart is true as ever,
Though I am forced to say 'farewell,'
For shortly we must sever.

Mother—before my father died
I've often heard you say
I was your *all*, your only pride,
When he was far away.

Then, when he slumbers in the tomb,
Why look so cold on me?
Why am I now not welcomed home.
As once I was by thee?

Mother—one word before we part—
'Tis this I'd have you know:
I hate thy husband from my heart—
He was my father's foe!

Cling not to Earth.

CLING not to earth—there's nothing there,
How ever loved—however fair,
But on its features still must wear
The impress of mortality.

The voyager on the boundless deep,
Within his barque may smile or sleep;

But bear him on—he will not weep
To leave its wild uncertainty.

Cling not to earth—as well we may
Trust Asia's serpent's wanton play,
That glitters only to betray
To death—or else to misery.

Dream not of Friendship—there may be
A word, a smile, a grasp for thee—
But wait the hour of need and see—
But wonder not their fallacy.

Think not of Beauty—like the rest
It wears a luster on its crest—
But short the time ere stands contest
Its falsehood; or its frailty.

Then cling no more so fondly on
The Flowers of earth around thee strewn,
They do a while to sport upon,
But not to love so fervently.

PROSPECTUS

OF THE

RURAL REPOSITORY,

Devoted to Polite Literature, such as Moral and Sentimental Tales, Original Communications, Biography, Traveling Sketches, Amusing Miscellany, Humorous and Historical Anecdotes, Poetry, &c. &c.

On Saturday, the 24th of June, 1837, will be issued the first number of the *Fourteenth Volume (Fifth New Series)* of the *RURAL REPOSITORY*.

On issuing the proposals for a new volume of the *Rural Repository*, the publisher tenders his most sincere acknowledgements to all contributors, Agents and Subscribers, for the liberal support which they have afforded him from the commencement of this publication. New assurances on the part of the publisher of a periodical which has stood the test of years, would seem superfluous, he will therefore only say, that it will be conducted on a similar plan and published in the same form as heretofore, and that no pains or expense shall be spared to promote their gratification by its further improvement in typographical execution and original and selected matter.

CONDITIONS.

THE *RURAL REPOSITORY* will be published every other Saturday, in the Quarto form, and will contain twenty-six numbers of eight pages each, with a title page and index to the volume, making in the whole 208 pages. It will be printed in handsome style, on Medium paper of a superior quality, with good type; making, at the end of the year, a neat and tasteful volume containing matter equal to one thousand duodecimo pages, which will be both amusing and instructive in future years.

TERMS.—The *Fourteenth volume, (Fifth New Series)* will commence on the 24th of June next, at the low rate of *One Dollar* per annum in advance, or *One Dollar and fifty Cents* at the expiration of three months from the time of subscribing. Any person, who will remit us *Five Dollars*, free of postage, shall receive *six* copies, and any person, who will remit us *Ten Dollars*, free of postage, shall receive *twelve* copies and one copy of either of the previous volumes. *No* subscriptions received for less than one year.

Names of subscribers with the amount of Subscriptions to be sent by the 24th of June or as soon after as convenient, to the publisher,

WILLIAM B. STODDARD,
Hudson, Columbia Co. N. Y. 1837.

EDITORS, who wish to exchange, are respectfully requested to give the above a few insertions, or at least a notice, and receive Subscriptions.

Blanks.

A general assortment of *Lawyers and Justices' Blanks*, according to the revised statutes, for sale by
A. STODDARD.

THE RURAL REPOSITORY,

IS PUBLISHED EVERY OTHER SATURDAY, AT HUDSON, N. Y. BY
Wm. B. Stoddard.

It is printed in the Quarto form, and will contain twenty-six numbers of eight pages each, with a title page and index to the volume.

TERMS.—*One Dollar* per annum in advance, or *One Dollar and Fifty Cents*, at the expiration of three months from the time of subscribing. Any person, who will remit us *Five Dollars*, free of postage, shall receive *six* copies, and any person, who will remit us *Ten Dollars*, free of postage, shall receive *twelve* copies, and one copy of either of the previous volumes. *No* subscriptions received for less than one year. All the back numbers furnished to new subscribers.

All orders and Communications must be post paid, to receive attention.



DEVOTED TO POLITE LITERATURE SUCH AS MORAL AND SENTIMENTAL TALES, ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS, BIOGRAPHY, TRAVELING SKETCHES, AMUSING MISCELLANY, HUMOROUS AND HISTORICAL ANECDOTES, SUMMARY, POETRY, &c.

VOL. XIII.—[IV. NEW SERIES.]

HUDSON, N. Y. SATURDAY, JUNE 3, 1837.

NO. 26.

SELECT TALES.

From the Ladies Companion.

The Borrowed Pelerine.

In a fancy millinery establishment situated in the Faubourg St. Germain, was seated a young girl—lovely as spring, gay as a lark and confiding as goodness itself. She was busily engaged trimming a dress which she was anxious to finish in order to be at liberty to set out on a party of pleasure. 'Mon Dieu! I hear St. Sulpice sounding Vespers,' she exclaimed, 'and I have promised to be at a house in the Champs Elysses by four o'clock, where the lady awaits to accompany me to Versailles, and I have no time to dress myself. My dear Rose, pray finish this trimming and I will oblige you in the same way when it is your time to go out.'

Rose could not refuse the supplicating Julie, but pouting, took the dress of her companion, saying, 'you will have a superb day—rain and tempest reserve themselves for my visiting day.'

Without replying to this ill-natured observation, Julie prepared to quit the counter, but stopped with an air of indecision at the door of the back shop—fear and desire were both expressed on her charming countenance, she hesitates—but vanity overruled discretion in her heart, and pretending to have forgotten something, she returned to the counter. She cast a glance at Rose, who was seated at a distance occupied with the trimming, and quickly opening a box, she took from it an embroidered Pelerine, and covering it with her pocket-handkerchief, tripped up to her chamber. 'Madame will not come home until after I have returned,' she said, 'and I can replace the Pelerine in the box, and no one will ever know I have borrowed it—and then Gustave will be so charmed, for Gustave does so admire elegant dress.'

Gustave was the head clerk of the merchant who supplied the shop to which Julie was attached. It was there they first became acquainted. Affection soon followed, and as the young man was ardent, and Julie candid, their vows were soon exchanged. Gustave

had frequently urged Julie to ride out with him into the country, but she had refused; but when he proposed taking a relative with him, she consented to the wishes of her lover.

'I am afraid I have kept you waiting, Madame,' said Julie, as she entered the parlor of Madame Mulner, the relative of Gustave. The lady assured her she was in time, while Gustave presented a friend of his, who, he whispered, was soon to espouse the widow Mulner. A delta which was waiting at the door, received the four young people, and they were soon on the route to Versailles.

The hours pass quickly to those who love, and while our party were wandering among the shady lanes, illuminated by the moon's rays, and inhaling the fresh air, fragrant with the perfume of orange trees, the clock struck ten.

'Is it so late!' exclaimed Julie, with dismay, 'I shall be locked out, do let us go home.'

'We shall soon be in Paris,' said Gustave, 'and if it should happen that your house is closed, Madame Mulner will with pleasure receive you at hers.'

'That will never do,' cried Julie, weeping, and heedless of the offers of Madame Mulner and Gustave. The carriage stopped a few steps from the shop, and Gustave, who cared not, on Julie's account, to be seen with her, begged his friend to give her his arm to the door. It was, however, in vain they called and knocked; they received no answer. Probably the inmates had been ordered not to arise, and seeing their efforts were useless, the young man led Julie back to the carriage.

The distress of the young girl was great. 'Oh, Gustave,' she exclaimed, 'you have ruined me forever.'

In vain were all their efforts to soothe her, and Gustave regretted the pleasure he had enjoyed should have been the cause of sorrow to his Julie. When they arrived at the house of Madame Mulner, he wished to entertain and console her, but she begged him to leave her.

'Come to-morrow,' she said, 'to encourage me to appear before Madame, for she is so severe, especially towards an orphan who has no one to defend her.'

'Can I not defend you, Julie?'

She shook her head while the tears dropped from her eyes. 'Ah, by what title can you declare yourself my protector?'

Gustave embraced her in silence and departed, promising to return in the morning. Julie slept so ill that night, that she arose at six o'clock, begging Madame Mulner to accompany her home, and speak for her to her mistress.

'Then you will not wait for Gustave?'

'No I cannot, but you will see him and make my excuse to him.'

Julie appeared so wretched, that Madame Mulner consented to accompany her. In vain, however, was her intercession; Madame B. would not listen to Julie, but ordered her instantly to collect her clothes and never appear before her again. Madame Mulner endeavored to speak a few words in her favor, but with a glance, of contempt, Madame B. turned from her and entered another apartment.

'Come with me,' said the irritated Madame Mulner, 'I will send by and by for your things.'

She seized Julie's hand and carried her off, while she, overcome with grief at being so roughly dismissed, lost all recollection of the fatal borrowed Pelerine.

Seated at the bar of a court of justice, is a young girl, her head sunk upon her bosom, her hands clasped at her knees, and so pale, so motionless, as to resemble a marble statue of Grief. She had been weeping, but the tears had dried upon the cheeks they had withered. A curious crowd was around her, gazing on her with various sentiments, among which, however, compassion prevailed.

'Poor child,' said an old man, 'they say she is already condemned.'

'She is pretty,' said another, 'but what a pity she is so pale.'

'Of what is this young girl accused?' asked another who had just entered the hall.

This was addressed to an orange woman, who had left her shop to the care of a neighbor, that she might sooner learn the determination of the jury, who were shut up deliberating the case.

'They say,' she replied, 'the young girl is accused of stealing an embroidered Pelerine from the lady for whom she was working. A friend of the accused affirms on oath, that the unhappy girl only borrowed it to wear one evening, with the intention of replacing it, and was about to send it back, when she was arrested, on the suit of that wicked woman whom you see there. But let me tell you, she will fare the worse for having brought that poor child here, merely, on account of a vile piece of flowered muslin!'

'Mon Dieu!' exclaimed an old soldier, gazing at the accused, 'it is Mademoiselle Julie, the daughter of our colonel, who was killed at Wagram!' and dashing the tears from his eyes, he disappeared from the court.

While the audience in the court-room were thus occupied gazing upon, and talking about, the unfortunate Julie, the jury were busily weighing the case, and at last felt forced, by the laws, and by their consciences, to condemn her. One jurymen alone listened in silence and earnest attention to all which had been said, and felt great regret that one so young, and hitherto so good, should have her young days so cruelly blasted, merely for a movement of vanity, and without having committed a premeditated fraud. He addressed the jury with fervor, and the holy eloquence of charity spoke to their hearts, softened their rigor of justice, and at length every one concurred in the opinion of the defender of Julie. As the jury entered the court a solemn silence prevailed. The foreman stood forth, and declared the case had been faithfully examined, and the jury pronounced the accused acquitted.

Thunders of applause burst from every voice and every heart around. A young man rushed through the crowd and stood beside Julie. She started on hearing his voice, and crying,—'Oh, I am not a thief!' fell insensible into the arms of Gustave, and the crowd gave way as he passed out with his tender burden. Madame Mulner joined them, whispering, 'A carriage awaits us before the court house;' and the party disappeared from the eyes of the joyful and commiserating spectators.

The above narrative was obtained from the compassionate jurymen, who had the pleasure of saving the young girl from a sentence of infamy. He has often said, that was the happiest day of his life.

Lawsuits.—A person once remarked, that 'Going to law was the art of cutting one's throat with a pen.'

BIOGRAPHY.

From the Pearl and Galaxy.

James S. Buckingham, Esq. M. P.

As this gentleman is reported to be on his way to this country, it may not be amiss to give a sketch of his life: after which, our readers will agree that the interest excited is not unmerited.

Mr. Buckingham was left an orphan, while an infant, and entered the East India Company's service at the age of eight years as a cabin boy. His intelligence, personal beauty, and amiable disposition soon won the affections of the officers, who nursed and played with him as if he were a baby rather than a friendless sailor boy. But it seemed as though Providence had set a hedge round about him, for these caresses, instead of spoiling, made him perform his duties with the more alacrity. He was taught to read and write in the fore-castle by the sailors; and with this elementary knowledge, he procured books and soon acquired an almost incredible amount of useful information. About a year after entering as cabin boy, an event occurred, in which he exhibited that contempt of danger which has ever marked his subsequent career. The particulars of this event, we but faintly remember; but he was instantly promoted to the quarter deck. He continued his studies under the direction of those officers who had taken an interest in his welfare; and, after examination, was declared youngest and first midshipman on board.

In an action, in which he took part before he was fourteen, he displayed a prudence and foresight so much above his years that he was immediately promoted to a lieutenantcy. His conduct far from exciting the jealousy of his brother officers, won their esteem. At eighteen, he was made first lieutenant, and at nineteen, commander of one of the best ships in the company's service; being the youngest captain on naval record. Thus, without a friend in the world, he had attained the highest naval appointment in an honorable service. During this period his character for morality is unimpeachable. At this period, he had made several improvements in naval mechanics, but arrogance assumed the reward, to which he alone was justly entitled. His professional career was distinguished by many gallant actions, worthy of the best days of chivalry.—However, the fact that he was made commander of an East Indiaman, at nineteen years of age, is a sufficient recommendation; for in that service, 'success is merit.'

At what age he resigned his command, or what were his reasons for so doing, we are unable to determine. But his connexion with the navy must have closed in a manner honorable to himself, for we next find him editing

a newspaper in the company's East India possessions, and their official organ.

According to the company's old charter, no foreigner could reside in India without its permission. It likewise had power to banish from its territories, all whom it deemed dangerous. To effect this banishment, no ceremony was necessary, farther than the Governor's sign Manual, at whose caprice property might or might not be declared confiscated:

In a short time Mr. Buckingham's journal became celebrated for its temper and ability. He had amassed a large fortune, and his family was increasing. His influence over the commercial interests of India excited the jealousy of the company, and they were anxious to find a pretext for his banishment. This was soon afforded. The Governor had been guilty of one of those oppressions, which make the Indian History a tale of horror, and Mr. Buckingham made the official announcement. But this was not all, he commented on the Governor with great severity, and with all the eloquence of which he was master, pleaded the cause of the poor natives, whose only crime was the possession of a few paltry ounces of gold. This article afforded the wished for pretext; a party of soldiers was instantly ordered out and valiantly marched against Mr. Buckingham's establishment; defaced the types and broke the presses. He was also ordered to quit the territories within forty-eight hours; this time was afterwards lengthened to ten days.

This treatment, of course, destroyed his prospects, and being obliged to dispose of his remaining property at so short a notice, his fortune was almost confiscated. To this arbitrary proceeding he had no alternative save submission; but candor must allow, that in this case, success is not the criterion by which we ought to judge of his merits.—Thus was the germ planted, which was destined to become the Upas to the East India Company's absolute power, and which, its officers had so cruelly, shamefully, and tyrannically exercised. It may be added that the governor offered to rescind the banishment, and indemnify Mr. B. for his loss, if he would apologize, and retract the offensive remarks. But, as the government might have known, he was not a man to be cajoled into a compromise of his principles. They might have put him to the torture, and he would have borne it without a groan, but to basely truckle, he had not a drop of blood in his veins which would permit it! He thus proved himself a man whom no power could intimidate.

In returning to England, or during his connexion with India, he made that tour through Mesopotamia, Egypt, and the Holy Land, the publication of which, has showed

him to be a historian of profound mind, as well as a dauntless traveler. Had Mr. Buckingham been engaged in no other work his name would be immortalized and himself a great man.

On his arrival in England, he prepared his work for the press, and commenced those lectures which have created such a sensation and revolution in the mercantile world.—These lectures were delivered in almost every large town in Great Britain, and raised a feeling against the East India Company, which with all their vast resources, they could not soothe, and finally caused the overthrow of that wicked monopoly. In this, some men might have been actuated by personal feeling, but we never heard of Mr. Buckingham alluding to his own case. Individual pique does not appear to have governed any part of his conduct; indeed, some have accused him of not telling the worst. Even his enemies admit, that his statements are incontrovertible, nor on any occasion, has he been accused of divulging secrets, which in honor, he was bound to keep. Truth was truly his buckler, and integrity, literally his shield.

It must be admitted, however, that Mr. Buckingham was placed in a situation of peculiar delicacy. It might have been urged that had he never been oppressed, he never would have come out. But it was well known that while in India, he advocated the same principles. Therefore, had such an argument been advanced, by a reference to the files of his journal, it would have been controverted.

We have already trespassed on our space, therefore, we close rather abruptly, but we shall resume the subject at a future time.

MISCELLANY.

A Mother's Love.

BY MISS H. M. WINCHESTER.

Oh, what on earth is purer, or more like those glorious beings who inhabit the regions of light and holiness, than a mother's love? What is so durable—so blended in continuance with life itself, so powerful, and yet so gentle, in the human soul, as that rich fountain of affection—a mother's tenderness?

The forbearing, the devoted mother—what change of circumstances, of character, or of fortune, can bring a blight upon the deep, still, and eternal flow of her affection! what can fling a shade over the unearthly brightness of that flame which burns on the altar of her secret soul, and which would sooner consume existence itself, than be darkened or diminished! Go, search the wide world over, and then return and sit down in the quiet of thy own dwelling, give thy fancy wing and let it dwell on all that's beautiful and deathless in the human character, and learn if thou canst find a thing, or imagine a perfection more

akin to the high-born nature of angels, than a mother's love. A MOTHER'S LOVE! Oh what magic is in that sound! how it vibrates through all the soul, and attunes every string to the softest harmony. It recalls to mind the day of ignorance and innocence, when we were fondled upon a mother's knee, when we were tenderly pressed to her bosom, and soothed and caressed by her ever gentle voice.

Oh, what season of life is like that of childhood! so fraught with thornless roses, and the delicious music of the heart! Who that has felt the bright glow of that sunshine fade from his brow, and sees the dark cloud of riper years gathering around him, would not most joyfully shrink back into the bosom of blissful ignorance, and be forever a sinless child? for Knowledge, with all the rich streams of felicity which she pours upon her favorite child, still plants a pang in his bosom as unending as her own duration.

I have looked on a fair and joyous child, and thought on the depth of a mother's love, until I have fancied myself almost in the regions of purity, surrounded by those bright streams which forever gush from the Fountain of Life Eternal—and then I have awaked from that blissful spell, and thought how the innocent being, (if spared by death,) was doomed to pass far beyond his then beautiful path, and find his feet among thorns and pitfalls, and deadly snares, to struggle with anxiety and disappointment, to meet the contempt of the heartless world, to see friendships decay, and perhaps to be led away by the pretended lovers of virtue, and plunged into the midst of infamy and wretchedness! Then there was a bright, enduring star, which shone out upon this dark and mournful picture, to illumine the heart of the desolate wanderer, and to fling the ray of pure light over the gloom of his weary path. This star, which will follow him through every misfortune, vice, and degradation, and which will linger with mornlike radiance over his lowly grave—this star, the rich light of every filial bosom, is—A MOTHER'S LOVE.

The Family of Logues.

THE crier of a neighboring County Court was upon a certain occasion, required to go to the Court House door and as is usual in the absence of a witness, call out for Philip Logue, one of the sons of Erin, who was summoned in a case then pending. The man of the baton accordingly stepping to the door, sung out at the top of his voice, 'Philip Logue!' A wag of a Lawyer, happening to be passing the door, at the time, whispered in his ear 'Epilogue, also,'—'Epi Logue,' sung out the crier. 'Decalogue,' said the lawyer, in an under tone. 'Deca Logue,' again sung out the crier at the top of his

voice. Apologue whispered the Lawyer.—'Apo Logue,' reiterated the crier, at the same time expostulating with the lawyer, 'you certainly want the whole of the family of the Logues.' 'Prologue,' said the persevering lawyer. 'Pro-Logue,' rung again through the halls of the Court House, from the stentorian lungs of the public crier, attracting the attention of every body, and shocking even the tympanum of the dignitaries on the bench themselves, who, not understanding the cause of his vociferousness, despatched the Sheriff, with all haste, to stop the constable from his further summonses of the family of the Logues.

Peace.

THERE are moments in life when we sigh for peace. When the heart is wearied with life's excitements, and would be at rest. When there is no pleasant sound in the merry laugh, and even the smiling lip reflects no pleasure. When we turn this from the hollow and troublesome vanities of life let us not forget that there is a peace which passeth all understanding; a rest for the soul, even in this life—a repose that cannot be broken rudely upon by the wild commotions of a restless and contending world.

The Rural Repository.

SATURDAY, JUNE 3, 1837.

CLOSE OF THE VOLUME.—The present number closes the volume. We return our thanks to all who have in any way aided us in our labors, by their patronage or otherwise, and trust to merit a continuance of their favor. All papers will be discontinued, as is usual at the end of each volume, until again ordered. We hope Agents and others, who have heretofore showed their good will by obtaining subscribers, will not forget us these hard times, when their exertions are so much the more needed.

New Subscribers can be furnished with all the previous numbers of the present volume, and all the back volumes except the 1st and 2d.

Notes under Five Dollars taken in payment for the REPOSITORY, as usual.

Letters Containing Remittances.

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of Postage paid.

O. R. C. Clinton, Mich. \$075; P. M. Warwick, Mass. \$5.00; A. E. O. Granville, N. Y. \$1.00; M. L. South Hingham, Mass. \$1.00; W. W. Manchester, Vt. \$1.00.

MARRIED.

At Auburn, on Wednesday, the 10th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Hopkins, Mr. C. J. Seymour, (late of the Cayuga County Bank,) to Miss Nancy, daughter of William Woods, Esq. formerly of this city.

At Charleston, Kane Co. Ill. on the 11th inst. Mr. Edward Runker, of Milwaukee, Wisconsin Territory, to Miss Maria Ann Howard, of the former place.

DIED.

In this city, on the 20th inst. Charlotte, daughter of Nathan Jessup, in her 3d year.

On the 20th inst. Ephraim, son of Henry Asable, in his 9th year.

On the 25th inst. Charles, son of Peter and Lydia Mellus, aged 17 months.

On the 27th inst. Jane L. daughter of James and Jane Eliza Van Buren, in the 3d year of her age.

On the 29th inst. William, son of Nathan Jessup, in his 9th year.



SELECT POETRY.

From the Philadelphia Saturday Chronicle.

O! What are Earth's Flowers!

O! WHAT are earth's flowers?

A perishing race,
Whose brightness the beams
Of the mid-day efface.
The Autumn wind sweeps them,
So brief is their stay,
Like dews of the morning,
Forever away.

And what are earth's pleasures?
Alas they are frail
As the reed which is broken
By summer's soft gale,
Like the flowers, they wither
And die ere the light
Which awoke them to beauty
Is shrouded in night.

The joys of our childhood,
Though first to depart,
Are purest and brightest,
And fix on the heart
A something to gaze on
In long after years,
Like the smile of an infant
When seen through its tears.

It is dear to look back
On the days which were ours
When Hope, promise-laden,
Cast around us her flowers.
Still they smile from afar,
Like the sunbeam when thrown
On the iceberg that floats
Through the cold sea alone.

Walter Scott and Washington Irving.

BY JAMES NACK.

God bless thee, Walter Scott!
For thou hast blessed mankind,
And flung upon their lot
The brightness of thy mind,
And filled the soul with pleasures
None other can impart,
And stored the mind with treasures,
And purified the heart.
Shame on them who abuse
Their gifts of peerless price,
And prostitute the muse
To passion or to vice!
Who pour into the mind
The bitterness and gall
Which makes us hate mankind,
Ourselves, and heaven and all!
We leave their withering page
For *thine*, with healing rife,
The fevered soul assuage,
And drink the stream of life!
Thy shrine is virtue's altar,
Thy fame without a blot;
God bless thee, dear SIR WALTER!
God bless thee, WALTER SCOTT!

One only son of light
Attends thy cloudless path,
In purity as bright
As thy own spirit hath;

To charm away distress,
To comfort, to delight,
To teach, to aid, to bless,
He shares thy wizard might.
His muse from virtue's shrine
Hath never turned astray,
Nor ever breathed a line
That love could wish away;
The temple of the free
Is radiant with his fame,
His country's glory he—
And IRVING is his name.

God's blessing on ye both!
Twin heirs of glory's prize!
How often, when I loathe
All that around me lies,
When in the crowded world
I feel myself alone,
From all communion hurled
That by the rest is known,
Debarred, by fate's control,
From every human sound,
And burying my soul
In solitude profound—
Oh, then, ye glorious pair!
I seek the world ye give,
And find a kindred there
With whom I love to live.
Your precious magic nerving
My soul to bear its lot—
God bless thee, gentle IRVING!
God bless thee, WALTER SCOTT!

Mrs. BARBAULD, the author of many admired pieces, died at Stoke Newington, March 9th, in the 82d year of her age. In her 80th year (says the *Troy Sentinel*) this eminent woman wrote the following lines, entitled 'A THOUGHT ON DEATH.' The truth of the concluding stanza is said to have been most beautifully and impressively exemplified in the calm triumph of her own departure.

A Thought on Death.

WHEN life in opening buds is sweet,
And golden hopes the spirit greet,
And youth prepares his joys to meet,
Alas! how hard it is to die!

When scarce is seized some borrowed prize,
And duties' press; and tender ties
Forbid the soul from earth to rise,
How awful then it is to die!

When one by one those ties are torn,
And friend from friend is snatched forlorn,
And man is left alone to mourn,
Ah! then how easy 'tis to die!

When trembling limbs refuse their weight,
And films, slow gathering, dim the sight,
And clouds obscure the mental light,
'Tis nature's precious boon to die!

When faith is strong, and conscience clear,
And words of peace the spirit cheer,
And visioned glories half appear,
'Tis joy, 'tis triumph then to die!

To a Group of Playing Children.

LAUGH on, while yet the rosy flush
Of childhood's morning tints your skies;
Laugh on, while yet the kindling flush
Is on your cheeks and in your eyes;
I would not tell to make you grieve,
How soon that mirth will pass away;
That morning fade, and only leave
The broad, dull light of common day.

It makes my very spirit glad
To see your mirth and careless joys;

And may you never be more sad
Than you are now, my bright eyed boys!
But I can read on every face—
A something upon every brow,
Which will not pass without a trace
Of things you are not dreaming now.

First, passions wild and dark and strong,
And hopes and powers and feelings high!
Then manhood's thoughts, a rushing throng,
Shall sink the cheek and dim the eye,
And brows shall grow all pale with care,
And lips shall writhe in scorn or pain,
And age come on with hoary hair—
And sadly tend to earth again.

And cherished fancies, one by one,
Shall slowly fade from day to day;
And then, from weary sun to sun
Ye will not have the heart to play.
But oft, amidst the shifting scene,
You'll smile on childhood's thoughtless joy,
And wish you had forever been
A careless, laughing, happy boy.

PROSPECTUS

OF THE

RURAL REPOSITORY,

Devoted to Polite Literature, such as Moral and Sentimental Tales, Original Communications, Biography, Traveling Sketches, Amusing Miscellany, Humorous and Historical Anecdotes, Poetry, &c. &c.

On Saturday, the 24th of June, 1837, will be issued the first number of the *Fourteenth Volume (Fifth New Series)* of the *RURAL REPOSITORY*.

On issuing the proposals for a new volume of the *Rural Repository*, the publisher tenders his most sincere acknowledgements to all contributors, Agents and Subscribers, for the liberal support which they have afforded him from the commencement of this publication. New assurances on the part of the publisher of a periodical which has stood the test of years, would seem superfluous, he will therefore only say, that it will be conducted on a similar plan and published in the same form as heretofore, and that no pains or expense shall be spared to promote their gratification by its further improvement in typographical execution and original and selected matter.

CONDITIONS.

THE *RURAL REPOSITORY* will be published every other Saturday, in the Quarto form, and will contain twenty-six numbers of eight pages each, with a title page and index to the volume, making in the whole 206 pages. It will be printed in handsome style, on Medium paper of a superior quality, with good type; making, at the end of the year, a neat and tasteful volume containing matter equal to one thousand duodecimo pages, which will be both amusing and instructive in future years.

TERMS.—The *Fourteenth volume (Fifth New Series)* will commence on the 24th of June next, at the low rate of *One Dollar* per annum in advance, or *One Dollar and Fifty Cents* at the expiration of three months from the time of subscribing. Any person, who will remit us Five Dollars, free of postage, shall receive six copies, and any person, who will remit us Ten Dollars, free of postage, shall receive twelve copies and one copy of either of the previous volumes. No subscriptions received for less than one year.

Names of subscribers with the amount of Subscriptions to be sent by the 24th of June or as soon after as convenient, to the publisher, WILLIAM B. STODDARD, Hudson, Columbia Co. N. Y. 1837.

EDITORS, who wish to exchange, are respectfully requested to give the above a few insertions, or at least a notice, and receive Subscriptions.

THE RURAL REPOSITORY,

IS PUBLISHED EVERY OTHER SATURDAY, AT HUDSON, N. Y. BY
Wm. B. Stoddard.

It is printed in the Quarto form, and will contain twenty-six numbers of eight pages each, with a title page and index to the volume.

TERMS.—*One Dollar* per annum in advance, or *One Dollar and Fifty Cents*, at the expiration of three months from the time of subscribing. Any person, who will remit us Five Dollars, free of postage, shall receive six copies, and any person, who will remit us Ten Dollars, free of postage, shall receive twelve copies, and one copy of either of the previous volumes. No subscriptions received for less than one year. All the back numbers furnished to new subscribers, *provided by*

All orders and Communications must be *post paid*, to receive attention.

AUG 18 1933

